

THE BOY'S BOOK OF ADVENTURE



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Milwaukee
Wis.

James Woody
From
Mother

Sept. 6, 1913.

Feyedeleme

To Chris
from Grandpa

VALENTINE WARD
10 PINE
NORWALK, OHIO
44857



**THE BOY'S
BOOK OF ADVENTURE**



"The scarlet man and the woman in blue foot it lightly
on the sward" (see page 33).

THE BOY'S BOOK OF ADVENTURE

BY

ERIC WOOD

Author of "Famous Voyages of the Great Discoverers"

WITH FOUR COLOUR PLATES AND TWELVE FULL-PAGE
BLACK-AND-WHITE ILLUSTRATIONS



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THE BOY'S BOOK OF ADVENTURE

STALKED BY MAN-EATING LIONS

Perils of a Railway Pioneer in Africa

AFRICA is the land of big game—and big adventures hunting it—but in all the records of the Dark Continent there are few adventures that equal, certainly none that surpass, those of Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Patterson, D.S.O., while engaged in building a railway bridge at Tsavo.

Colonel Patterson had a great band of coolies working for him—many hundreds of them, in fact. Now it is no light task, at the best of times, to manage coolies and keep them up to the mark, but when every now and again a lion makes a raid on the toilers and carries one of them away, the difficulties are increased a thousandfold.

At first the king of beasts—rather it should be kings, for there were two of them—confined their depredations to the cattle, but after a while, fancying a change of diet, they turned their attention to the already terrified blacks.

Then set in a veritable reign of terror. Night after night the lions marched into the camp; night by night the number of the coolies decreased. The inky darkness of the African forest was made hideous by the fear-filled screams of coolies awakened by the crunching of

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a limb in the strong jaws of the man-eater. But screams are useless when one is in the grip of a lion; the only thing they will do is to arouse the camp—generally too late to do any good, for by the time the trouble is located, the lions and their prey are well away.

So Colonel Patterson found time after time; neither huts nor tents were safe from the foes, and though strong zarebas of thorns were built around the sleeping places, the lions either forced their way through or sprang over the barriers, and carried on their depredations.

The camp was moved, but to no avail; and the coolies almost broke loose when the marauders attacked the hospital and carried off sick and helpless men.

Not only were defensive measures fruitless; offensive ones were just as ineffectual. All the time-honoured traps were set; and all failed to land the quarry. Clearly it was time for drastic steps to be taken.

Wherefore one night the Colonel and Dr. Brock decided to sit up in an open railway truck and wait for the lions. They hadn't long to wait. The lions came—not after the blacks this time, but after the stalkers. Sniffing and prowling, the beasts soon located the watchers, who all the while sat crouched low in the wagon, waiting for a chance to pepper the brutes. It was no good firing at random; they must hold their fire till the lions were almost on top of them, for the night was inky black.

Suddenly, one of the great beasts leaped towards the wagon. Quick as lightning, the Colonel and the Doctor let fly simultaneously, and the lion, dazzled by the flash, turned to one side in the very act of springing.

That swerve saved life; had it not been made, probably one of the two watchers would have fallen a prey to the lion; maybe, on the other hand, the lion would have come to the end of his tether. As it was,

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however, the brute went right over the wagon, brushing the Colonel as it passed; and once more the stalkers knew their quarry had escaped.

Night after night the lions played high jinks around the camp; they had tasted human flesh, smelt human blood, and there seemed no chance of their taking to less precious food again.

The affair was not without its own grim humour, for one night the inspector of the permanent way heard a thud, thud, at his door, and thinking it was a drunken coolie feeling his way to camp, yelled:

“Get away, you black lubber; get away!”

It was no black lubber, but a tawny-skinned lion that was prowling about for provisions! It was well for Mr. Inspector that he didn't open that door!

Things were getting too warm for the coolies by now.

“These lions are devils,” they said, and many of them, dreading the time when they, too, would make a supper for the lions, made a bolt for it, deserted the camp, and set off for Mombasa. This was another thorn in the Colonel's flesh; he had not only to guard against the incomings of the lions, but to look out and keep a sharp eye on the outgoings of the coolies. These were stirring times—too stirring.

Yet the bridge must be built; the bridge should be built; and so more precautions were taken. Iron houses were erected instead of the less substantial huts and tents; flats were built on the water towers, the top ones being in great demand, and fetching high rents! Though these precautions lessened the dangers somewhat, there was still a wholesome fear present in the camp, which kept everyone within bounds when evening began to set in; and altogether things were in an unsatisfactory state.

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Colonel Patterson sent for help, and the District Resident, Mr. Whitehead, came down the railway to help bring the lions to account. At the very beginning he met with a rough reception. Accompanied by his native servant, the Resident set out from the station for the camp, but hadn't gone very far when he met one of the lions. Before he had time to shoot, the lion sprang at him and knocked him down, and then, startled by the sound of the carbine which Mr. Whitehead fired as he fell to the ground, left him alone, and turned his attention to the servant. That servant ended life as a meal for the lion, and Colonel Patterson, sitting up in a tree waiting for his visitors, heard the lion making his repast, but couldn't see him. The Colonel soon left his tree perch, and came to Mr. Whitehead's assistance. Fortunately, the latter had escaped with only a few claw marks on his back.

"I'd given you up for to-night," said the Colonel when they reached camp. "We've been expecting you all the afternoon."

"Well, we should have been here before," said the Resident grimly, "only you see one of those lions had the audacity to hold up the station, so that our train couldn't come in!"

Such are the things that worry pioneers in Africa!

Mr. Whitehead was not the only one to enjoy a face-to-face encounter with the lions. Night after night the Colonel kept lonely vigils in the thornbrake; time after time, the lions turned up, only to escape in the darkness; as often as he stalked the lions, the lions stalked him.

Sometimes the brutes, taking courage from past successes, turned up in the daytime, and on one of these occasions the Colonel found himself less than a couple of dozen yards away from one of them—staring him in

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the face ! It was in a narrow track, bounded on either side with thornbrake, through which it would be difficult to force a way, even if one wanted to. But the Colonel had no inclination to get through ; this was too good a chance to be missed. Raising his rifle—not his own, but one he had borrowed—he pulled the trigger, and—the wretched thing missed fire !

Horror-stricken at this contretemps, the Colonel clubbed his useless gun, and prepared to meet the lion's rush. The brute, however, was apparently startled by the sight of the man with the rifle, and bounding into the thornbrake, disappeared ; for which the gallant Colonel no doubt heaved a sigh of relief—for it is no joke to meet a lion face to face, knowing that your rifle is no more good than a walking stick !

A few days later, however, that lion met his doom. Nearly all one night the Colonel had sat on a rickety platform he had erected, waiting for the brute to put in an appearance. He knew very well that he was being stalked, but could not locate the animal sufficiently to fire at him. At last, however, he spotted him ; and, crack ! the lion was dead.

This event put more heart into the coolies, who from that day simply worshipped the Colonel, and went about their bridge-building with renewed vigour ; and when at last he laid the second lion low, there were no bounds to their enthusiasm. Free from their haunting dread of the lurking lions, they worked like very slaves, and eventually the bridge was finished.

TRAPPED !

Sir Harry Parkes and the Chinese

A YELLOW bearer of a white flag appeared before the allied British and French armies arrayed against Pekin in September, 1860. The Peiho forts guarding the Imperial city had been taken, and, slowly but surely, the allies were making their way onwards, caring naught for opposition. They were on a mission of vengeance ; the Chinese conduct towards foreigners had left much to be desired, and, diplomacy proving of no avail, force of arms was being appealed to with such good results that the Chinese, finding it impossible to check the foreigners' advance by fighting, resolved to try other means.

Hence the flag of truce.

It was a reversion to diplomacy.

" Let your troops," said the emissary, " stay in their advance some miles short of Pekin, and we will agree to your proposals."

The allies agreed ; the point where the army was to encamp was fixed upon, and Sir Harry Smith Parkes and Lord Loch (then both plain Mr.'s, by the way), set out in advance of the main army to make final arrangements for the treaty agreed upon in general. Parkes, accompanied by twenty-four soldiers as a kind of body-guard, soon arrived at the spot where it was arranged to meet the Chinese Commissioners, but to his surprise found, instead of these officials, the whole Chinese army,

drawn up and ready for battle. Clearly, John Chinaman was living up to his reputation, and if the allies were not warned in time, they would walk into the trap all unprepared for battle.

They must be warned!

"Ride like the wind," Parkes said to Loch, "and tell the General to be ready!" and while Loch returned the way they had come, Parkes and the rest of the advance party rode straight on before them—to what?

Parkes did not know; neither did he care very much. He had been entrusted with a mission which he meant to do his best to carry out, despite all the soldiers in China. He was going to find those Commissioners, and see what they had to say about what was evidently a dastardly, treacherous plan.

To find them was no easy task, for of course they had never intended to meet him. They were not in the Chinese camp, but, by dint of much perseverance, Parkes located them in a certain house, and all alone he bearded them in their den.

"What does this mean?" demanded Parkes diving right into his subject. "Why have you thrown your army into our camping ground? Why are you not ready to carry out the terms of the agreement?"

"Peace has not yet been signed," said the Commissioners.

"But are you not going to withdraw your troops?" asked Parkes, resolved to get at the bottom of the mystery, which was no mystery the next moment, for with an emphatic "No!" the Chinese made it clear that their diplomacy was treachery, and that they meant to fight once more!

Parkes returned to his men, who had by this time been rejoined by Loch. The latter, having delivered

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his message to the General, had determined that he would go back to Parkes, and had therefore ridden through the whole Chinese army, only to find that negotiations were over, and that there was a perilous six miles between the allied forces and themselves—with the yellow army barring the way. They had not gone far before they could tell that a battle was in progress, and that they were in the midst of the enemy's lines. Time after time they thought that the end was near, and the only thing that saved them from being shot down was their flag of truce. But even that was to fail them! Suddenly a band of Chinese soldiers hailed in sight, seemed about to shoot the Englishmen down, despite their flag, then changed their minds, and took them before an officer.

"Kneel!" said the officer.

"We refuse!" said Parkes.

"Make them!" said the officer to his men.

Throwing themselves on the prisoners, the Chinese attendants hurled them to the ground, and then Parkes, indignant at the outrage, cried:

"Can you not see that we are under a flag of truce—that we have come at your own request?"

Nothing that he said, however, made any impression on the traitors, who bound them all hand and foot, flung them into carts, and sent them to Peking, whither the whole Chinese force was now going, finding that the allies were once again proving too strong and irresistible for them.

That was an awful journey. The bonds cut deep into the prisoners' flesh; the heat was terrific; the madness of thirst was upon them, and beg as they might for water, the yellow devils refused them even a drop to moisten their parched lips. It seemed that each

moment must be the last, for the now almost panic-stricken, fleeing soldiers gathered round the carts, brandishing their swords at the captives, seeming to restrain themselves only with difficulty from falling upon their prey.

Pekin was reached at last, where, after a short preliminary examination by the Board of Punishments, the captives were separated from one another and, loaded with iron collars and iron fetters for hands and feet, were cast into filthy, loathsome prisons.

"Cheer up!" said Parkes to one of his Sikhs as they were parted. "Don't be afraid!"

"Afraid?" cried the man. "I'm with *you*! I do not fear!"

Had they but known it, there was much to make many a bold man fear.

Tired out with the exertions and excitements of the day, Parkes soon fell asleep, only to be awakened at midnight, and hurried off to the Board of Punishments once more.

"Kneel!" said the President.

"An Englishman does not kneel," said Parkes in Chinese, "save to Her Majesty the Queen!"

"Throw him to the ground!" cried the President. "There is but one Emperor of the whole earth!"

Once more, though not without resistance, Parkes was hurled to the ground, and held there throughout the examination which ensued.

"That's right!" said the President. "It's time we taught you foreigners to respect Chinese nobles. You deserve death, for you have not only insulted us, but you have brought soldiers into the Imperial Province, and captured the Peiho forts; and unless you answer me truthfully you shall die!"

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The tyrant then proceeded to rain question after question upon the prostrate man. To those concerning the strength and objects of the allied forces, Parkes answered truly, believing that to do this would impress the Chinese with the power of their enemies.

"What are the plans of the army outside Pekin?" said the President at last.

"I refuse to say!" said Parkes boldly.

The only reply was a shower of blows from the attendants.

Undaunted, Parkes faced his questioner as best he could in his ignominious position, refusing time after time to reveal the dispositions of the allied armies.

Exasperated at his stubbornness, the President tried another tack.

"Will you send instructions for your people to retire?"

"I am not in command of the troops," replied Parkes fearlessly.

"It's a lie!" replied the President furiously. "You're Parkes, and you're always at the head of the troops! Sign a truce, and withdraw your men to the coast."

"I have no power whatever to bind my Chief; I cannot agree to anything," said Parkes calmly.

Finding that argument was of no avail the President, enraged at being baffled by the prisoner, suddenly gave a sign to his attendants, who threw Parkes face downwards on the ground, and jerked his ears backwards and forwards at such a rate and with such a force that the pain was almost unbearable.

Needless to say this torture failed to bring about the desired effect, and at last, realising it was impossible to move the bold foreign devil in his determination, the President cried:

Trapped !

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“ Remove him ! ” and once more Parkes was pushed and jostled back to the prison where, fettered and collared, he spent four awful days in the common jail, amidst filthy, nauseating, vile surroundings, sufficient punishment in themselves, apart from the indignities and privations to which he was subjected.

On the fifth day he was given a cell to himself—except for his keepers—a luxury which he found later was allowed him not for his own sake, but for that of Hang-Ki, Assistant Commissioner, who was deputed to visit him continually, and endeavour by fair means or foul to force him to sign the treaty of peace on his own responsibility. Hang-Ki had a rooted objection to the odour of the common jail ; hence the change of abode.

Threats were made, visions of what might be were held before him—all to no purpose ; Parkes refused absolutely to do what was required of him.

“ I have no power to do so,” was his constant reply, “ and even if I had I would not ! ”

All this made the authorities very angry, of course, but they hid their rage under a smiling countenance, as it were, for their next move was to provide Parkes with almost palatial accommodation, with unlimited food and cleansing facilities—the last greatly needed and much appreciated !

Parkes entered his suite of rooms (made ready for him in a temple in the city) in surprise and delight. There was a greater pleasure in store for him, for suddenly the door opened, and in walked Loch.

That was a silent meeting, but the hand-grip was more eloquent than a thousand words. This companionship—for they were now allowed to share the same rooms—meant much to them both ; increased determination, renewed spirits, and courage to face whatever might

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happen, which was just the very opposite to what the Chinese had hoped would be the case! They thought that gentle treatment might succeed where force had failed, but they were wrong!

Day after day Hang-Ki continued his visits, seeking to cajole the Englishmen into submission; day after day he left disappointed and filled with rage. Then Hang-Ki had a fright. Lord Elgin opened up negotiations for the surrender of the prisoners, and vowed that Pekin should be consigned to the flames if they were not given up.

Hang-Ki told Parkes what had happened, but it was sorry comfort to the prisoners. The knowledge that if one is murdered, one's country will take a fine revenge, is after all not calculated to bring overwhelming joy. The only hope was that the threat might deter the captors from murdering them.

As a matter of fact the Chinese had a great dread of these "impious" threats of the foreign devils—a dread which Parkes and Loch did all in their power to foster. And Hang-Ki and his confrères from that day went in fear both of their lives and of sacred Pekin.

Wherefore they responded to Elgin's diplomatic efforts, taking the precaution to get Parkes to write that he was being decently treated, and that he hoped the negotiations might make war unnecessary. But diplomacy failed once again; the Chinese were laggard and would not come up to the mark, and at last Elgin decided that the die must be cast for war.

Of course, there was the risk that the prisoners would be murdered outright, but it was a risk that had to be taken, and meanwhile, efforts would be made to rescue the prisoners.

One day the attendants brought Parkes a parcel of

clothes: Parkes knew, of course, that it would have been thoroughly overhauled before he received it, but that did not stop him from feverishly turning it over and over again in the hope of finding some message from their friends outside the city. There was no sign of a letter, however, as was only to be expected. One thing that struck him as remarkable, however, was the inclusion in the parcel of an embroidered dress shirt. Who on earth wanted a dress shirt in Pekin under such circumstances? Why was it sent? There was a mystery attached to that embroidered shirt, a mystery which Parkes intended to solve.

Suddenly the meaning dawned upon him. Snatching up the shirt for the hundredth time, he stretched out the embroidery and held it up to the light. And there was the message they had sought! It was worked into the embroidery in Hindustani, and Parkes, trembling with excitement, read the ingenious letter:

“Bombardment will commence the third day. Let us know where you are confined.”

This was the first news they had received of the actual breakdown of the negotiations, and it filled them with mingled feelings. They were glad to know they were not forgotten by those surrounding Pekin; they were fearful of what the beginning of battle might mean for them. It was almost certain death; and they could not communicate with their friends to tell them where they were confined.

Meanwhile, the Chinese were divided amongst themselves as to what was to be done. The Emperor and his Court had fled to Jehol, leaving Hang-Ki in charge of the prisoners. Some of the officials who had followed the Emperor were for killing the foreigners at once;

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others advocated making peace, but in the end the former had the day.

Now, Hang-Ki, lingering on at Peking, was of the peace party, and had devised a little plot whereby his prisoners might be released. He had sent a spy to Jehol with instructions to bring him the Emperor's decision post-haste. The spy brought it :

"The sentence of death is to be sent immediately," he said, and Hang-Ki knew that he must hurry if he was to carry his plot through.

But further complications had arisen ; the Council of State, which was still at Peking, had received a message from the allies demanding the surrender of one of the city gates as a pledge of further negotiations. The Council refused, at the same time deciding to take the law into its own hands, and to execute the prisoners without waiting to see what the Emperor's instructions might be.

The attack on Peking began ; sentence of death was passed and conveyed to Parkes and Loch ; twelve hours and the end would come ! They gave up the long-cherished hope that their friends would arrive and rescue them—gave up hope when those friends were almost there !

Hang-Ki, however, did not give up hope ; he had made up his mind to have his own way and to set the prisoners free somehow, and thus endeavour to stop the war before it assumed too serious an aspect.

By some means he managed to get the Council's sentence of death postponed pending the arrival of the Emperor's orders, all the while keeping to himself his knowledge of what those orders were. This, however, was only delaying the execution, whereas he meant to stop it altogether. Therefore, his next move

was to try to induce Prince Kung, Chief of Council, to consent to the prisoners being smuggled out of the city. It was no easy task ; Kung hated the foreign devils as cordially as any of his compatriots, and it went against the grain to allow any of them to escape death. He also had another reason.

“ You must remember,” he said to Hang-Ki, “ that if I let these foreigners escape, *I* shall be held responsible ! ”

“ You must not forget,” said Hang-Ki in reply, “ that if you allow them to be executed without the Emperor’s orders, you will find yourself in a difficult position ; the Emperor’s orders may not be for death after all, and you would be held responsible by both the Emperor and the allies ! ”

Prince Kung saw the force of the argument and temporised.

“ If,” said he, “ the Emperor’s messenger has not arrived by two o’clock to-morrow, I will agree to their escape.”

Hang-Ki felt mighty pleased with himself. He informed the prisoners that they were reprieved, and next day sent for them to come into his presence.

Despite the fact that they had been told they were reprieved, Parkes and Loch, who knew the craftiness of the Chinaman, were not at all sure that they were not going to be put to death after all. Hang-Ki politely told them that no terms had been come to between the parties ; and then ordered tea.

That tea-party consisted of various mandarins and officials, who discussed all sorts of things that didn’t concern the Englishmen in the least, who were on thorns to know what was going to happen to them. They were filled with alternate hopes and fears, and all the time they pondered over their position, those

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Chinese devils talked and talked and talked about the problem of whether the earth revolved round the sun, or the sun round the earth !

Hang-Ki was watching them very closely ; and although he wished to set them free, it was not for their own sake, but because he could see that it was in the better interests of China ; and he no doubt expected them to show some signs of nervousness. Whatever Parkes and Loch felt, however, they succeeded in hiding it from the watchful Chinaman, who at last, wondering at their apparent callousness, said :

“ You do not care for life ? ”

“ We do,” said Parkes, “ but that's no reason why we should fear to die ! ”

“ Be easy,” said Hang-Ki ; “ perhaps at two o'clock I may release you and send you to your friends. It may be that at some later date I shall be able to tell you why I cannot do so immediately.”

This message, cryptic though it was, was full of new hope and life, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they managed to keep cool and listen to what they considered the irrelevant discussion of the Chinese mandarins. Hour after hour they sat and waited for two o'clock to come, and all the time they could hear the booming guns outside the city walls, telling them that the battle was going on ; and ever and anon, above the noise of the firing, came the shouts and cries of a frenzied mob of Pekin citizens.

Feverishly and eagerly they now and then bent to talk quietly to Hang-Ki.

“ Shall we really be able to escape ? Will it be possible to get through that crowd of soldiers and citizens ? ”

“ I cannot tell,” said Hang-Ki. “ I cannot tell.

There are many difficulties." One thing he did not tell them, and that was that if the Emperor's messenger came before two o'clock there was no hope for them! It was perhaps as well for their peace of mind that he withheld this little tit-bit of information!

"At last! Two o'clock!" Both men drew in their breath expectantly.

What was going to happen? They were not held in suspense, for Hang-Ki was no less grateful than they when he knew that the time had come—and the messenger had not arrived.

Without losing a moment, for every minute was precious, Hang-Ki gave them a cloak each, led them out to the courtyard, had them helped into separate carts with heavy curtains closely drawn, and then bade them farewell. The gateway to the courtyard swung open, and the carts issued forth—into a howling, frenzied mob, which swarmed around the carts as they made their way through the city streets. Time after time the escort which Hang-Ki had sent with them, were compelled to force back the crowding populace, and it seemed to the crouching prisoners that they must be stopped. The way seemed interminable; the time taken was an eternity to them; but at last they knew by the sounds, and the freshness of the air, that they were out of Peking. They were free!

It was not yet time, however, to descend from the carts; they must wait until they were nearer the English lines. Suddenly, through the openings in their curtains, they saw an English sentry, and, like a shot, they were out of their carts, bounding across the intervening ground till they reached the English camp. They were free. They were safe!

Not a second too soon. At the moment they

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sighted that English Tommy on sentry-go, the Emperor's messenger was rushing through a gate on the opposite side of the city, bearing the sentence of death !

Too late ! The quarry had fled ! Within a few days, however, they were back, riding in triumph at the head of a victorious army.

Theirs was a narrow escape, but it had been an escape, which is more than can be said about the majority of their companions in distress, ten only of whom survived their tortures and imprisonment.

ROOSEVELT'S RIDE FOR LIFE

How the Cowboys Averted a Stampede

COWBOY, big-game hunter, author, politician! Such is the record of Theodore Roosevelt, and though in the course of these varying experiences he has passed through many trying ordeals, yet he says he remembers nothing more trying than his ride for life before a herd of cattle which had been frightened by a terrible storm.

It was the last day of a great round-up on one of Roosevelt's ranches in the Bad Lands of Upper Missouri. It had been drizzling and dreary all day, and when the cowboys of the day-shift settled down for the night, there was every indication that the storm long brewing would break upon them before morning.

It broke—with a vengeance! Flashes of vivid lightning, followed by rolling, pealing thunder crashes, filled the air, and the rain fell down in torrents. Away in the distance the cattle took fright, the loud bellowing warning the cowboys to look for trouble.

The whole gang was quickly aroused out of their uncomfortable night quarters, and set to work to prevent the stampede that might mean considerable loss of property—if not of life.

Horses were saddled and mounted, and sent flying over the prairie in the direction of the herd. It was

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no easy task to travel over the sloppy, sticky ground with the wind blowing a hurricane in the teeth, but at last the herd was reached.

The night's work then began in real earnest. Forming a long line in front of the cattle, the cowboys endeavoured to keep them steady and stay them in the advance that would end in the stampede they all dreaded. But do what they would, step by step the maddened beasts gained on them—and no wonder, for there were a couple of thousand of them, scared and terror-stricken—and increasingly so as the storm gained in fury every moment.

There is probably no more terrifying sight in all the world than a herd of maddened cattle—glaring eyes, swishing tails, and tossing horns—a sight calculated to make even a stout heart flinch. But to flinch means death at such times, and cowboys love life as much as anyone else, and there was therefore no thought of flinching. So, for hour after hour they fought the bellowing beasts—fought until their horses were exhausted and could hold out no longer. They gave way—the stampede had begun!

Across the prairie the cattle raced, those behind hustling and crowding to get to the front, and sending headlong to the ground those that were weakest, trampling them to death. Woe betide any horse and man becoming engulfed in that living tide!

There was but one hope, and that was to head them into one of the corrals. It was a task difficult enough in ordinary circumstances, but rendered a thousand times more so when the night was inky black, and a blizzard was blowing. Racing like mad at the head of the tearing, roaring herd, Roosevelt, during one of the vivid flashes of lightning, noticed that straight before them was a great



"To lose speed meant being submerged in that maddened herd, to be trampled and crushed to death!" (see page 21).

Roosevelt's Ride for Life

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empty corral. It was like a gift from the gods, and Roosevelt, quick to seize the opportunity, gave instructions to a couple of men riding at his side; they rode off for the pens as fast as their horses would carry them, and within a few minutes were throwing down barriers between some of the posts.

Roosevelt headed straight for the opening. Would the beasts follow? They did—and then began the great ride; to lose speed meant being submerged in that maddened herd, to be trampled and crushed to death! Roosevelt and two others took the lead in that dash for the opening, slashing and spurring their almost spent horses until—ah! they were there, they were through, the cattle fighting, jamming, jostling to get through after them. Roosevelt and his companions immediately made for a smaller opening, pointed out to them by the men who had made the big one.

But the end was not yet. In fact the most difficult part of the work remained to be done. The crush of animals at the opening was simply awful; many of them were unable to get through, and, led by one seemingly more frantic than the rest, they formed themselves into a circle and went at top speed round and round the corral. Something had to be done; that ring had to be broken; someone had got to break it. Like lightning two or three of the ranchers dashed into the ring, and at last, at the risk of life and limb, they managed to turn the animals outwards, holding the leaders back until the great herd was formed once more.

This done, the great race began all over again. Tearing across the prairie in a wide detour in order to get once more into line with the opening in the corral the cowboys drew the great bellowing herd after them. The rush, of course, was not so great this time, but it was great enough,

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and it was with more than one sigh of relief that at last the cowboys saw the animals dash into the pen—safe ! The stampede had been stopped before it had got quite out of bounds. The barriers were put back again, and the cowboys of the night-shift dragged themselves to their quarters to take a well-earned rest.

THUGS !

A Tale of Mystery and Retribution in North-West India

ONE of the hardest tasks that confronted the British masters in India was the suppression of the strange and terrible sect known as Thugs, who were the ever-present terror of harmless natives—and also of white men. The Thugs' methods were simple, but swift: in the dead of night one of the devotees would silently creep up behind a victim, and, *roomal*, or strangling cord, in hand, silently squeeze the life out of him—a sacrifice to Kali. Every night had its victims, not in ones and twos, but in scores, and, do what they might, the British were unable to cope with the villainy sanctified by religion. The Thugs were always busy, but every now and then they would break out into tenfold ferocity, and with wonderful daring would perpetrate crime after crime on the very borders of great cities; they would literally run amok for weeks on end.

In the latter part of 1864 the North-West Provinces witnessed one of these outbreaks, and, aroused at the terrible state of things, the authorities at last determined to make a supreme effort to suppress wielders of the *roomal*, and Colonel Keen and a company of soldiers were sent out to carry this resolution into effect.

It was no light task that confronted them, for they were but a small body of men—about sixty, all told—and they knew not the number of the Thugs whom they intended to rout out.

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The first thing necessary was to locate the place where the foe was encamped, and in this matter Keen received valuable information from Lieutenant Brackley, who, eager to take part in the war of suppression, volunteered his services. Brackley had more than an official interest in the work ; he felt that to some extent it was a personal matter, for only a few days before one of his most faithful native servants had fallen a victim to the *roomal* almost outside Brackley's residence.

By some means or another Brackley had received information which led him to believe that the Thugs were in the Chenab Valley, thirty miles below Ganni, a belief which received confirmation when the startling news reached Keen that about half a dozen miles from the Chenab Valley sixteen natives and a British officer had fallen foul of the fatal strangling cord.

Keen, then at Lahore, quickly struck camp and set out for the Chenab, taking with him the native who had brought the news of this latest tragedy. Before ever they reached the Chenab Valley, however, the work began, for they almost ran into a Thug encampment on the bank of the Ravi River. With a swoop, the British descended upon the camp, and in a very few minutes had captured every Thug there—fourteen of them, fresh, no doubt, from a night's gruesome work. Keen's orders were to exterminate, as these fourteen found to their cost. Without loss of time they were placed in front of a firing company, which at the word of command sent the death-dealing bullets into the men who, giving no mercy, received none.

This was the first success ; but though the Britishers knew it not they were to pass through some terrifying experiences and run some narrow escapes from death before their work was done. The forced marching

alone played havoc with the men, and after a few days, Keen, realising that when the great fight came, as it was bound to do, his company must not be worn out and fatigued, resolved to rest a day and then press forward with all speed.

That night, therefore, the men settled down for a long rest, although Keen had the pickets strengthened and the outposts relieved every hour.

Soon after midnight the whole camp was aroused by the sound of a rifle shot. One of the pickets had seen a tiger lurking near and had fired at it. To the men who had been awakened from their sleep this seemed a small thing to worry about. Thugs were different ! Had they but known it, there was less difference than they thought ! As it was, Keen and Brackley were, for some reason, worried over that tiger ; earlier in the night it had been seen prowling round another picket, and had slunk away as soon as it saw that it was observed and was likely to receive a bullet in its skin.

However, the night passed without any further trouble. But the morning light revealed fresh outrages of the Thugs. Floating down the river near which they had encamped, there came half a dozen dead bodies, each bearing the mark of the *roomal*. The Thugs were near at hand and had been at work !

That rest day brought with it still further news. Across the plain there came tearing towards the camp a terrified native. Almost dead with fright, he managed to gasp out the startling news that the night before a large band of Thugs had raided his village, and, silently and relentlessly, had used their *roomals* to such purpose that thirty natives had been strangled in their sleep. The few that had been able to resist had fought

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for life ; others had made for the river, only to be overtaken and strangled, their bodies being flung into the river. Keen now knew whence those floating bodies had come !

It was too late to do anything that day, and when night fell the pickets were again strengthened, so that there should be less danger of the camp being surprised by the Thugs, who, doubtless knowing they were being pursued, would not stop at raiding the encampment if they got the least chance.

That night the tiger came again. He seemed to be making a tour round the pickets, seeing which was likely to provide the best meal ; and the men grew fearful, and their fear increased a hundredfold when, soon after midnight, it transpired that Brackley was missing—and with him a picket of five men !

No one could tell how it happened. All that was known was that at twelve o'clock Brackley had started out to inspect the outposts, but after visiting the first had disappeared into thin air. The second picket waited for some time, and then sent one of their number to Keen to ask why they had not been relieved as usual.

Keen was thunderstruck. He knew that Brackley had gone out in the ordinary way, and upon inquiry found that no one had seen him after his visit to the first picket.

The whole thing was a mystery. Surely Brackley had not set out with five men to attack the Thugs ? The suggestion was scouted as utterly foolhardy. Still, where had he gone ? He *might* have gone after the tiger. The neighbourhood of the camp was searched, but it was so dark that the searchers could not go far, and had to return without having discovered any trace of the missing lieutenant.

Keen himself now took on the work of inspecting the outposts. Next to the disappearance of Brackley the thing that worried him most was the presence of the tiger, which various pickets reported. It did not worry him very much longer!

"See! there it goes!" cried one of the men suddenly, and even while Keen looked there was the crack of a rifle shot, and the tiger leapt into the air, and after several attempts to escape by walking on its hind legs, lay still.

Here, surely, was another mystery. Tigers do not walk on their hind legs! It was a mystery that was soon cleared up, for while the men were struck dumb and motionless with amazement, Keen, drawing his sabre, rushed over to the tiger and gave it a kick. There was a groan very untigerlike in sound.

"Here, boys!" cried Keen. "I reckon we've got to the bottom of this tiger mystery. It's only a skin with a man in it! We'll take him to camp and see what we can get out of him."

Once in camp, the tiger skin was peeled off the spy, who, however, was past giving information: the shot had been true. He was dead.

There was little rest for the British during the remaining hours of the eventful night, and everyone was thankful when the order was given for the march to be resumed. Hour after hour they marched, and at last they were told by some terrified natives that the Thugs, a hundred strong, were but four hours ahead of them. A few hours' rest, and at three o'clock in the morning the British force set out on the last stage of their mission. Away in the distance could be seen the camp fires of the Thugs, who were all unsuspecting of the proximity of their pursuers. The awakening soon

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came, for under cover of the darkness Keen and his men quickly reached the Thug camp, and, bursting in upon the miscreants, had the majority of them safely bound before they realised that the end had come. Some of them, indeed, showed fight, and for some time a pitiless conflict ensued, the Thugs fighting like very demons. Surrender, they knew, meant death, and they fought for life. Hither and thither amongst the Britishers they rushed with flashing scimitars and murderous-looking knives, but all in vain. Keen's men had caught the fighting fever; their blood was up, roused by the dastardly outrages of these knaves of the *roomal*, and in a very little while the miniature battle was over and nigh on a hundred Thugs prisoners, their career of murder at an end.

Keen had lost four men, besides having eight others pretty badly wounded; but it had been a good night's work.

When all was quiet once more and the men were preparing to take a little rest after their hurried march and subsequent strenuous fighting, one of the Thugs desired to be taken before the colonel.

"Bring him along," said Keen to the man who brought the message. "We might as well hear what he's got to say."

"Sahib," said the Thug haughtily, when he was in Keen's presence, "I know my fate according to your laws, but grant me pardon if I give evidence against these others."

After a short conference with his officers, Keen replied:

"Supposing I promise that, how can I tell that you are not lying to me?"

"Sahib," said the Thug proudly, "since you seem

to wish for proof, let me ask you whether you have not recently lost some men during your march?"

"Yes," said Keen shortly. At once he divined the Thug's meaning, and remembered that mysterious man in the tiger's skin. "Yes; and if you can tell me what has become of them, I'll believe what you say and grant you pardon."

"They are dead, Sahib!" said the Thug, waiting with apparent satisfaction to see how the news was received.

"Dead?" yelled the Britisher.

"Yes!" was the taunting reply. "Dead! We knew what time you changed your guard—our 'tiger' told us that—and when your brother and his men came twenty of us were waiting for them. Ha! ha! They were as babes in our hands! We bound and gagged them, and in less than an hour we had offered them all to Kali, the great destroyer! The men we buried; the officer we stripped, burnt his clothes, and flung his body down a well. Now you know the *truth*, Sahib!"

The man's effrontery was astounding, and during the recital of his gruesome tale Keen and his brother officers had had the greatest difficulty in restraining themselves from falling upon him and killing him on the spot.

"You hell-hound!" cried Keen, with blazing eyes and maddened look. "You hound!" and, drawing his sabre, rushed at the Hindoo and would have run him through.

Not an inch did the Thug move.

"If you kill me, you break faith!" he said calmly, "for you promised me pardon."

With a savage imprecation Keen turned away and sheathed his sabre.

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"Bah!" he said; "we'll inspect that well on our way to Lahore."

"The Sahib will find his brother," said the Thug coolly.

"Take him away," cried Keen, "or—my God, I'll——"

The Thug was led away, with a grim smile twitching his cruel mouth. The soldiers rested, and after a few hours the whole company of captors and captives set out on their march to Lahore. The Sahib found his brother, a discovery which nearly cost the Thugs their lives, so enraged were Keen's men at the sight of Brackley's body, and but for the colonel's stern commands they would have fallen on the Hindoos and killed them there and then without waiting for the trial at Lahore.

At last Lahore was reached, and, without delay, the Thugs were tried, the chief evidence being from he who had turned Queen's evidence. His fellow murderers, maddened at his treachery, struggled in their bonds that they might fly at the traitor's throat, but all to no avail. He was safe there, and knew it, and taunted them as the sentence of death was passed on them.

But vengeance was at hand.

On the eve of the execution of the condemned men the sentry outside the traitor's cell heard a faint movement inside, and, peeping through the grating in the door, saw the last act in the tragedy. There, kneeling on the traitor's chest, the sacred *roomal* round his neck, was a Hindoo, slowly choking the life out of the man who had sent his fellows to death! Unbarring the cell door, the sentry rushed in. But he was too late—the traitor was dead, the assassin had gone, and, though

the place was searched high and low for him, he was never found ; neither was it ever discovered how he gained admittance to the cell, nor where he had made his exit !

The only traces of his presence were the traitor's corpse, marked on the forehead with the sign of the traitor—an incision made with the murderer's knife—and a piece of paper containing, in Hindostani :

“ So fare all traitors ! ”

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

Some Stories of Claude Duval

THE lumbering coach was making its noisy way, carrying a good knight and his charming wife across Blackheath, when my lady noticed well ahead of them a little batch of waiting horsemen. There was little need to ask who they were, or for what they were waiting; without doubt they were knights of the road—one of those bands of highwaymen which infested the country during the seventeenth century. Standing out from amongst them all was a gallant-looking man; clad in scarlet coat broidered with white, a long green sash around his waist, green breeches, well-kept riding boots upon his legs, and a broad-brimmed hat upon his head, he looked like a gallant straight from Court.

By the time my lady had had time to take in all the details, the little band had advanced towards the coach. There was no chance of escape—those well-groomed mounts of the robbers would soon overtake the coach horses.

With a sudden inspiration, my lady seized her flageolet, with which she oft beguiled the time of riding, and, assuming a nonchalant air which she far from felt, fell to playing a lively tune for all the world as if Blackheath had never known a highwayman, and the advancing band were a company of well-tried friends.

And the knight knew 'twas idle to attempt aught in the way of resistance; these cursed highwaymen were

a menace and a terror to all farers by the way—you simply had to empty your pockets into their waiting hands !

No sooner did the man in the scarlet coat hear the music of the flageolet, than he too pulled one out of his pocket and began to keep the lady company. A fine accompanist for a lady from Court ! The highwayman's horse kept step with the tune, and in a few moments the masked man was abreast of the coach.

Ceasing his playing for a moment, he bowed low to the knight, and with a graceful flourish of his plume-crowned hat, said :

" Sir, your lady plays excellently, and I doubt not that she dances as well."

" True, for you," said the knight. It was always well to answer these knaves courteously ; you had to disgorge your wealth in any case, and it was as well to escape with a whole skin, even though your pockets were empty !

" Then, sir," said the scarlet man, " I pray you step out of your coach while I dance with your lady upon the heath."

" I dare deny nothing, sir," said the knight, " to a gentleman of your good behaviour and quality."

The footman hovering near by, wondering at the strange affair, was at the coach door in an instant ; the knight stepped down, the robber was off his horse in a second, and handing my lady down with all the courtliness of a gallant squire.

And then to a tune on the flageolet by the knight, the scarlet man and the woman in blue—Duval (for the highwayman is none other than he) thinks he has never seen a colour so suit a lady before—foot it lightly on the sward. My lady is light upon her feet, Duval is

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none the less so. Duval is enjoying himself immensely, This is an adventure after his own heart; he could have wished for nothing better. But my lady is doubtful, it seems; she is a little indignant, somewhat timid, yet withal the charming highwayman is a good dancer, and although his face from the nose upwards is hidden by the mask, yet the flashing eyes have a fascination of their own.

Meanwhile, what of the coachman? What of the footman? Duval's companions, used to the foibles of their leader, are leaving nothing to chance. On either side of the driver is a masked man with a cocked pistol; the lackey is standing with his hands above his head, and looking down the barrel of another pistol, while the rest of the band of robbers stand idly by waiting for this trifling to end, and for the more serious business to begin.

At last the play is over. Duval thanks my lady for the favour she has conferred upon him; perforce she does the same. Then as the slightly breathless woman approaches the coach, Duval steps forward and begs yet another favour—that of handing her up. It is done, and the knight thinks that it is time that he, too, resumed his seat.

He is a little premature, it seems.

“Pardon me, sir,” says Duval, “you forget to pay for the entertainment.”

With profuse protestations that he never forgets such things as that, the knight, with one foot on the step and one on the ground, reaches forward and puts his hand under the seat of the coach, pulls out a hundred guineas and hands them to the highwayman.

“I thank your worship,” says Duval, as though he were but receiving his due. “Your liberality shall give you no cause for regret, for a hundred guineas given thus

freely is better far than ten times the sum taken by force."

The knight is grateful for this, because he knows that if force had been used, three times as much more would have been found beneath that seat. Thank Heaven, the scarlet man does not know that!

He is mistaken, it would seem. Duval does know.

"For your generosity you may keep the other three hundred guineas which you have in the coach," he says.

So the rogues had evidently been waiting for him! And how had they found out what he carried? One of those wretched servants, under the influence of a friendly cup of wine, no doubt, had found it difficult to keep a still tongue.

Still, things were not so bad as they might have been, and the knight, glad to have escaped so lightly, passed along on his way once more, with Duval's assurance that if any others of the band should stop him on the road, he might tell them that Duval had already had his toll.

Claude Duval, who was fond of such adventures as the foregoing, had not always been a highwayman, although most of his life he had been a robber; sometimes he tried more delicate things than robbing and holding up coaches on the highway.

Beginning life as a stable-boy, he passed through various stages of domestic service. The restoration of Charles II. of England brought large numbers of French noblemen to the English Court, and Duval, believing that the merry land presented opportunities, engaged himself as footman to the Duke of Richmond, and crossed over to England, where he almost immediately took to the road.

After a time England became too warm to hold him, and he went back to the land of his birth, taking with

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him a good deal of money. Here also he pursued his calling of a knight of the road, but as most of his adventures were of the kind common to highwaymen, there is no need to linger over them. But there is one incident which is worth the telling because it displays the ingenuity of the rogue.

The confessor to the king was an avaricious man whose craving for riches was never satisfied, and it was common knowledge that he had great stores of wealth. Duval made up his mind that he would make the confessor share them with him, and to that end devised a cunning plan.

Dressing himself up as a scholar, he obtained an audience of the Jesuit, and addressed him with many specious lies. The following account of the conversation is taken from the pages of the historian who gathered up the records of many a freebooter of the highway, and as it is nearly contemporaneous, is likely to be more interesting than if summarised.

“ ‘May it please your reverence,’ said Duval, ‘I am a poor scholar, who has been several years travelling over strange countries to learn experience in the sciences, principally to serve mine own country, for whose advantage I am determined to apply my knowledge if I may be favoured with the patronage of a man so eminent as yourself.’

“ ‘And what may this knowledge of yours be?’ replied the father, very much pleased. ‘If you will communicate anything to me that may be beneficial to France, I assure you no proper encouragement shall be wanting on my side.’

“ Duval, upon this growing bolder, proceeded :

“ ‘Sir, I have spent most of my time in the study of alchemy, or the transmutation of metals, and have

profited so much at Rome and Venice from great men learned in that science, that I can change several metals into gold, by the help of a philosophical powder which I can prepare very speedily.'"

Now the priest, like many of his contemporaries, was filled with yearning to discover the philosopher's stone, and it is to be feared that although he told Duval that his discovery, if true, would be of great service to France, he was thinking more of the service it would be to him.

"The king," said he, "stands in great need of such a curious invention. But you must let me see some proof of your skill before I credit what you say so far as to communicate it to his majesty, who will sufficiently reward you if what you promise be demonstrated."

Inwardly laughing at the gullibility of the learned confessor, Duval assured him that he was only too anxious to give him all proof, and in a very little while found himself installed in the priest's house, provided with sufficient money to erect a laboratory and to purchase the materials which he asserted he must have in order to make his experiments.

One thing the crafty priest was careful about; he insisted that Duval should keep his object secret from everybody—which, of course, was an arrangement fallen in with immediately. It suited Duval admirably!

In the course of time Duval's laboratory was fixed up, the various vessels containing the mysterious compounds were ready for the demonstration, and a day was fixed for the priest to see gold produced.

The priest came. Everything was in readiness; the crucible was waiting to receive the strange assortment of base metals, which were laid out upon the bench. One by one, after examination by the Jesuit, these bars of metal were placed in the crucible and melted down,

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the two men standing over the pot—one wondering what was going to happen, the other knowing.

Then Duval did a little conjuring trick. Before the priest had arrived on the scene, he had prepared a hollow tube, in which he had cunningly hidden several pieces of pure gold. With this tube he now began to stir the mixture in the crucible. In a few minutes the stirring was done, the tube itself had melted, and with it, of course, the gold inside.

When the great demonstration was over, the confessor was almost mad with joy ; at the bottom of the crucible was an ounce and a half of gold ! Not to be wondered at when one knows the trick ! But the priest was in the dark, and, believing that at last the long-sought philosopher's stone had been found, hailed Duval as a great discoverer, and became his sworn friend.

Duval now saw that he was well on the way towards sharing the priest's riches ; he had won his confidence and had the full run of his establishment. The only thing now was to find out where the treasures were kept. In a very little while, the confessor, charmed by the simple manner of the poor scholar, and charmed still more by his devotion to himself, showed him all his treasures, and where he kept them.

Duval had been very careful as to the way he had revealed his own great secret ; in fact, he had told very little, for he by no means trusted his reverence, who he knew would not hesitate to take extremely strong measures to get him out of the way once he had divulged the great mystery.

Day after day the priest urged him to show him all the process ; to explain the composition of his wonderful powder ; and time after time Duval put him off, waiting until the time was ripe for the great coup.

At last he could hedge no longer; the priest grew dangerously importunate, and fearing that unless he promised to make a clean breast of everything, a too searching inquiry might be instituted, Duval appointed a day to disclose everything.

He took care not to fix the day until all his plans were laid, and then just before the appointment fell due, proceeded to carry out his scheme.

The confessor was a miser, who loved to be near his treasure as much as possible, and he made it a rule to have an afternoon nap in the chamber where his riches were secreted. There Duval found him, and, as his biographer says, "gently bound him, then took his keys, and unhoarded as much of his wealth as he could carry off unsuspected, after which he quickly took leave of him and France."

One can imagine the rage of his reverence when he awoke to find himself bound; one can also imagine his disgust at having been so admirably fooled. But there are some things on which it is best to draw the curtain.

As for Duval, if England did not receive him with open arms, she opened her pockets to him—under the suasion of a loaded pistol or so—and the highwayman reaped a rich harvest on the king's highway. But like most of his tribe, he came to a violent end, for the gallows claimed its own. Duval swung at Tyburn, and as the historian referred to before says, very delicately, and perhaps a little too feelingly, "Many a bright eye was dimmed at his funeral (for his handsome figure had rendered him a favourite with many people), and his lifeless corpse was bedewed with the tears of beauty." Which is a rather high-falutin epitaph for a common robber and a thief!

THE END OF MICHAEL HOWE

Hunting a Bushranger in Van Diemen's Land

IN the early days of the Australian colonies the settlers went in dread of both their treasure and their lives, for the "Bush" was simply filled with desperate gangs of bushrangers, who hesitated at no sort of crime. One of the historians of the period has left a graphic picture of the terrible state of affairs: "The settler tilled his fields with his pistols in his belt, and smoked his evening pipe with his rifle ready to hand. More than five hundred bushrangers were 'out' at one time. They rode about in gangs, held councils of war, posted sentries, and took oaths of secrecy. They attacked the town jail and liberated their companions. They even issued proclamations against the Governor himself!" Peaceful colonists, journeying from one station to another by coach, went in fear and trembling of being stuck up by bands of brigands who, from the shelter of a clump of trees, announced their presence with a villainous "Bail up!"

Michael Howe was one of the most desperate of these early bandits. He was transported to Van Diemen's Land in 1812, but in a very little time managed to escape into the Bush, where he joined a gang of twenty others, who, under the leadership of a man named Whitehead, simply terrorised the whole community.

With startling suddenness the bandits would appear at one of the small settlements, "hold up" the inhabitants, and scour the place for valuables. Nothing



"Announced their presence with a villainous 'Bail up!'"
(see page 41).

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was sacred to them, not even life—for without any provocation whatever they would run amok through the place, sending a hail of bullets amongst the terrified townsfolk. After a few attacks of this kind, Howe found himself leader of the gang, for Whitehead was killed in a fierce fight at Pitt Water.

The depredations of the gang aroused the fury of the colonists and authorities, and a relentless hunt was set up which resulted in Howe surrendering on condition that his life was spared. His terms being agreed to, he was sent to prison, but, soon tiring of restraint, he conceived a plan of escape. Feigning illness, he obtained permission to take walks abroad in the custody of a constable. But one day, becoming "well" quite unexpectedly, he made a dash for the Bush, and within a few days was once more at the head of a gang of bushrangers, and began his old game of terrorising and robbing the community.

Without loss of time the authorities offered a big reward for Howe's head; and, amongst others, a man named Worrall resolved to effect his capture.

By dint of much perseverance Worrall found out where Howe's hut was situated, and, in company with two other men named Warburton and Pugh, set out on the trail.

The plan was for Warburton, who knew Howe very well through having met him while on several kangaroo hunts, to fall in with Howe apparently by accident, just as the latter was returning to his hut after one of his "hold ups."

Watching their time, Pugh and Worrall entered the empty hut, while Warburton, unarmed, so as not to arouse suspicion, dallied about in the bush on the chance of meeting Howe. The plan worked excellently;

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Warburton met Howe, and, entering into conversation, accompanied him back to the hut where Pugh and Worral were hidden. In due course the bandit and Howe reached the hut, stood talking outside for some time, and then the former entered, with rifle presented and cocked, as was his wont—for he was never sure that some of his pursuers might not be waiting for him!

Dim though the interior of the hut was, Howe immediately caught sight of the two men, and with a shout of rage, cried :

“ So this is your game, eh ? ”

There was a flash and a crack, but Howe's bullet passed through the roof, for quick as lightning Pugh had hurled himself upon him, and knocked his rifle up.

Howe flung himself out of the hut, and took to his heels, running for dear life, followed by a shot from Worral's gun. The bullet missed, and, flinging his rifle away, Worral tore after him, pistol ready cocked. Pugh followed hard upon Worral's heels, and a long chase began. There was no time to take aim ; to fire without doing so would be to waste precious shots ; it was a case of waiting until they came to close quarters with the fugitive. Unfortunately, this seemed to be an unlikely happening, for yard by yard Howe gained upon his pursuers, and he must certainly have escaped but for the fact that he suddenly fell down a bank. Before he could get to his feet and start away again, Worral was up to him, and presenting his pistol at his head cried :

“ Hands up.”

Only fifteen yards separated the two men, despite which Howe pulled out his pistol, and crying : “ Black beard against white beard for a million ! ” (alluding to his own black beard and Worral's white

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one), fired without taking deliberate aim. He missed ; Worral let fly at him and wounded him, but Howe even then rallied himself and once more set out on his race for life. At that moment, however, Pugh ran up, and, clubbing his empty rifle, knocked him down and killed him, even as he was opening his clasp-knife.

And Van Diemen's Land was freed of one of its most ferocious bushrangers. But it was many a long day before the last of the outlaws was taken.

A TREACHEROUS GUIDE

A Story of Adventure on the Argentine Pampa

"WELL, M. Moustier," said the old settler, "if you'll be advised by me, you'll not go off to your farm for a month or so, until the Government has sent out the soldiers it intends to send."

"But, friend," replied Moustier, "here I've bought that farm with all the money I'd got, and if I don't go, goodness only knows what I shall lose."

"Ah, well, you think you know best, but one thing I know at any rate, and that is, that the whole region out there's simply infested with Indians, and if you go you're likely to lose your life. So stay here!"

But Moustier was not to be persuaded. A few months since he had arrived in the Argentine, having been fortunate enough to escape from a French prison to which he had been committed for participation in a plot against Napoleon III. Realising that the best means of a livelihood in the Argentine (it was in 1868) was to turn sheep-farmer, he had invested his all in about eighteen square miles of land, with an *estancia*, or house of unbaked bricks, already built. It was not until after he had made his purchase that he was apprised by the old settler of the fact that the neighbourhood was filled with Indians, who every now and again made sudden attacks upon the lonely *estancias* scattered about the region. Sometimes, indeed, they waxed bolder and descended in large numbers upon small townships, striking terror into the

inhabitants and leaving dozens of dead and wounded behind them to mark their trail. So serious an aspect had matters assumed, that the Government were meditating sending a force of soldiers to Rio Quarto, the nearest large town. It was for the going of these that Moustier was advised to wait, but hot-headed, eager to get to work, he had, as we have seen, refused to do so, and the best the old settler could do was to give him an introduction to Professor Parfitt, a well-known South American explorer, who, so Moustier was told, would be only too pleased to help him all possible.

The letter of introduction was presented, a close friendship ensued, and Parfitt, finding that Moustier was not to be moved from his resolution, agreed to accompany him some distance out into the pampa, and, on the way, to give him such advice as might be useful to him in his new life.

Without loss of time preparations were made for the journey; special clothes were packed, guns, blankets, and a host of other necessities, not forgetting a large medicine case. The first stage of the "trek" was to be covered by the railroad from Buenos Ayres to Fraile Muerto. This was the longer way but the better, for had the whole of the journey been taken on horseback by a shorter route, there would have been certain dangers to encounter, not the least arising from shortage of water and pasture for the horses, for it was during the dry season.

Fraile Muerto was reached without incident, and there horses and a guide were hired. The guide, the only one procurable, was a villainous-looking rascal, a half-breed, whom Parfitt determined to keep a sharp eye upon for the least sign of treachery; from long experience he had learned to distrust these half-breeds,

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and moreover, he had been warned against hiring this particular one. In the circumstances there was nothing else to be done, for a guide was absolutely essential.

That first day's journey lay through a weary, trackless pampa ; one broad expanse of grass met the eye, with never a hill or a tree to break the monotony or to serve as a landmark. By sunset they had arrived at the *estancia* of a Mr. Ball, who made them welcome and housed them for the night. Ball gave them news both good and bad ; good, inasmuch as he told them that for some time past the Indians had not visited the neighbourhood on plunder intent ; bad, for the reason that he was not at all pleased with their choice of a guide.

" He's a traitor ! " Ball said to Parfitt, when out of hearing of Moustier ; " he's in league with the Indians, and on more than one occasion has given them information that has enabled them to surprise travellers. So keep your eye on him ! "

As this warning confirmed Parfitt's own suspicion regarding the half-breed, he resolved to keep an even closer watch upon the rascal, determining to shoot at the first sign of treachery.

Parfitt and Moustier stayed at Ball's *estancia* for a day or so, and while there were joined by another settler, a German. The day after their arrival it was decided that the whole party should go out on a puma hunt, and in the evening, rifles all being ready, Ball, the German, and the two travellers set out for a large laguna some distance from the house, where Ball knew the pumas went at night for water.

The banks of the lake were well wooded, and afforded plenty of cover for big game, and also for hunters in search of it. Ball soon found the tracks of the puma, and in a few minutes the various members of the party had

taken up hiding places at the edge of the laguna, to await the coming of the prey. Parfitt and the German hid themselves in the thick underbush, while Ball and Moustier climbed up a tree. For an hour that seemed an age they waited there in silence.

Suddenly the stillness of the night air was broken by the bursting of the underwood at the edge of the laguna, and a herd of red deer bounded into sight. With eyes staring, noses sniffing high in the air, and their whole bodies quivering as from some great fright, they stood there, waiting. For what? The answer soon came, for, suddenly, with a bound the whole herd took to the water and began to swim across the laguna, and at the same instant a large puma showed itself through the trees, only a few yards from where the hunters lay in concealment. Noiselessly, stealthily, the puma moved to the water's edge, and for a few moments stood watching the deer swimming across in fright. Then he quietly turned in his tracks, and lay down within a few yards of the watchers.

Ball immediately signed to his companions to hold their fire, and in a short time three other large pumas and two cubs appeared on the scene. Now was the time to fire, and Parfitt and the German, to whom the honour of first shots had been given, noiselessly cocked their rifles. Taking careful aim, the German pulled the trigger; his shot was true, for the puma rolled over, gave a convulsive leap, and then dropped to the ground dead.

Parfitt immediately after put his finger on his trigger, but when in the act of pulling it, was startled by the loud cries of his companions, and the next moment felt a smooth gliding body pass over his back into the brushwood. He knew at once what it was, nothing less than a huge snake, which, coiled up in the tree above

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Ball and Moustier, had been startled out of its hiding-place by the sound of the German's shot. It was a narrow escape, not only for Parfitt, but also for the men in the tree, for the snake glided down between the bodies of the two men, and fell on Parfitt. The snake's presence had spoilt the night's sport, for when he had disappeared into the brushwood, and the hunters looked at the place where they had seen the pumas, they were only just in time to see them disappearing into the thicket. One of them was limping on three legs, for Parfitt's interrupted shot, which had failed to kill, had broken one of the puma's forelegs. Quickly reloading, the hunters set out in pursuit of their prey, but after wandering about the thick underwood for some time, and failing to locate the pumas, they decided that they had better return for the one they had shot, skin it, and set out for home before the night became too dark.

A day or so afterwards, Parfitt and Moustier left Ball's *estancia* and continued on their way across the pampa. After journeying for half a day, Parfitt happened to look at his small pocket compass, and discovered that instead of going south-west, they were heading due south! It aroused Parfitt's suspicions of the guide, and without letting him know how he had found out, asked him the reason for changing the direction.

Confused at the discovery, and wondering how the Englishman knew, the half-breed muttered:

"Señor, it is necessary, in order that we may avoid some marshy ground!"

Dissatisfied with the answer, Parfitt drew his revolver, saying:

"Plenty of time to avoid the marsh when we see it. You'll take the proper course at once, and at the first sign of treachery I'll put a bullet through you!"

Without answering, the guide changed the direction to south-west, and so for the rest of the day the little party pushed on without any incident. That night they made their camp upon the pampa, and having secured the horses, and taken supper, rolled themselves in their blankets, and resigned themselves to sleep.

Parfitt dreamed a dream, and it was well for him that he did so ! He fancied that the guide had changed into a puma wearing spectacles, and was asking them which he should devour first ! The nightmare awoke the traveller, who, sitting up, peered out into the darkness to the place where the guide had lain down for the night. There was neither a sound nor a sign of the guide where he should have been, but looking towards the spot where the horses had been tethered, Parfitt fancied he saw one of them loose. Keeping his eyes glued on the moving horse, his suspicion was soon confirmed, and he saw that the animal was coming towards him, and as it drew nearer Parfitt could see the guide walking by its side, leading it.

Scenting trouble, Parfitt lay down again to counterfeit sleep, at the same time drawing his revolver. In a few minutes the guide was within a dozen yards of the sleepers ; then, leaving the horse, he advanced to Moustier's side, and bending over the sleeping man, began undoing his blanket, intending, no doubt, to steal his revolver and money. Quietly raising himself, Parfitt was about to fire at the traitor, when Moustier stirred in his sleep, and the guide drew himself up. For a second he stood there, silent as the grave ; then, drawing his long murderous-looking knife from his belt, he once more bent over the prostrate form. Even as he did so Parfitt's revolver spat out its leaden message, and the thief's right arm fell useless at his side, the knife dropping with a

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sharp click to the ground. The next instant Moustier jumped up, unfortunately coming between Parfitt and the guide, so that before the former could fire again, the latter slipped off to his horse, mounted it, and in a moment was racing over the pampa, taking with him the two spare horses the travellers had brought with them—at the guide's earnest entreaty, be it said.

It was useless, of course, to follow him, for neither of the men knew their way about the pampa in the day-time, leave alone at night, whereas the guide naturally knew every yard.

Realising that the man was not likely to return again that night, Parfitt and Moustier rolled themselves up in their blankets once more and resumed their interrupted sleep, to awake only when the morning sun blazed down upon their faces.

The question that now presented itself was whether the journey should be continued, seeing that they had lost the services of the guide. After a time it was decided to keep on till they reached Rio Cuarto, Parfitt being confident that with the aid of the map and his pocket compass, he could find his way without very much difficulty. So pushing on as quickly as possible, in order to cover as much ground as they could, they went on their way across the trackless pampa, keeping a good look out in case the faithless guide should be in the vicinity with any of his Indian friends—who they knew would not hesitate to attack them. The day, however, passed off without anything untoward happening, and night found them encamped on the open pampa. Before rolling themselves up in their rugs, they took the precaution of coupling the two horses together, and passing one end of the rope round Parfitt's arm, so that the horses could not stray far without waking him.

Then, throwing themselves down on the ground, they were soon fast asleep. Suddenly Parfitt was aroused by a sharp tug at the rope round his arm, followed by the neighing of the horses. Quickly awaking Moustier, both travellers sat up to listen, but for some while could hear nothing. Just as they were about to lie down again, however, there came the sound of a moving herd of horses. Thinking that a troop of wild horses was near at hand, Moustier saddled their own steeds in order to be ready to get away, while Parfitt crept through the high grass to see what danger there might be out in the darkness.

When about fifty yards away from the camp, he could hear the tramp of horses coming nearer and nearer the spot where they had made their camp. While he stood there waiting and watching, he suddenly felt his left arm seized in the jaws of some animal. Drawing his knife, he thrust it several times into the body of the animal, which, howling with pain, slunk off through the grass. From the howling which followed the stabbing, Parfitt knew that the animal which had attacked him was an Indian dog; and it did not need the human yells which followed to tell him that a band of Indians was near at hand. In fact, in a few minutes they came into sight—twenty or thirty terrible-looking savages, making direct for the camp.

Hurrying back to Moustier, Parfitt told him the news, and the two men leaped into their saddles, leaving most of their belongings behind them. At that moment, however, a loud cry pierced the stillness; they were discovered, and from all sides they could see the Indians advancing towards them. The natives had formed themselves into a circle at about fifty yards' distance from the camp, and were gradually reducing its size,

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intending, no doubt, to rush in and overwhelm the little party of two. Suspecting that this was the work of the treacherous guide, Parfitt had a good look for him, and was certain that he could distinguish him amongst the crowd, and registered an inward vow that if it came to a fight, the traitor should be his first target.

Round and round the natives circled, drawing closer and closer each time, making terrifying cries, brandishing their spears, and whirling their lassoes around their heads as if preparing to cast those most fatal weapons of warfare.

Suddenly one of the Indians rode out of the circling ring of riders, pointed his lance, and got ready to throw it. Like lightning Moustier's revolver spoke, and the next second the Indian was lying prostrate on the ground.

At the same instant Parfitt, knowing that the next move would be with the lassoes, leapt from his horse and took shelter behind it, but Moustier, who had not had time to do this, suddenly felt his horse stumble: the lasso had caught his fore-legs, and the beast fell to the ground, pinning Moustier to the ground.

"Shoot me!" he cried to Parfitt, "and do not leave me to the cruelties of these wretches!"

Telling him, however, to keep up his courage, Parfitt quickly cut the thongs from the horse's legs, enabling him to stand up and set Moustier free.

Putting the horses side by side, Parfitt and Moustier took up their positions between the two, in order to be sheltered from the fatal lassoes. With a rush the Indians made for them, but as quickly fell back, for their victims, bending low, fired beneath the horses' heads, sending a couple of natives to their last account.

Finding that rushes were no good, the Indians tried the lassoes again. Time after time the noose of thong sang through the air, now whipping the horses into a

fury, now falling upon the shoulders of the travellers, who, later, when the fight was over, found that their shoulders were black and blue from the sharp blows the lassoes had dealt them. Yet almost every cast of the lasso cost an Indian his life, for no sooner did one show himself than a revolver spat out death, until about a dozen of them lay on the ground.

Things were getting too warm for the natives, who had not expected so stubborn a defence, and they presently withdrew to a safer distance, leaving four of their number to keep watch on the two men. Thinking that this was a favourable opportunity to mount their horses and try to make a run for it, Parfitt and Moustier proceeded to get into their saddles. The move was noticed, of course, and the whole pack of savages started across the pampa towards them, but before they could get within striking distance, Parfitt and his companion were in the saddle. In the hurry, however, the former dropped his revolver from his belt, and, dismounting to get it, received a spear thrust in his leg before he could leap back on to his horse.

Staggering with pain, he at last managed to mount, though not before another spear had pierced his right thigh. That was the last spear that Indian ever threw, for Moustier shot him down even as the spear left his hand, although in return he received a spear wound in the neck.

"Huh!" he cried, "I'm fainting!" and seemed about to fall from his horse, when Parfitt, reminding him of the fate that awaited him if he did so, called upon him to spur his horse forward. The terrors of what-might-be roused Moustier to action, and he set off after Parfitt as fast as his horse could carry him.

Yard after yard the horses raced on, followed by the

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Indians, who seemed to be gaining, for their horses were of much the finer mettle. Turning in his saddle, Parfitt fired the last shot he had left. It missed! Yet was it not without effect, for the Indians, realising that these men were determined to sell their lives dearly, immediately wheeled about, and made off in the opposite direction! It was well for the travellers that they did so, for had they persisted in their pursuit, nothing could have saved them; their last cartridges had been fired, their horses were nearly done, and it would have only been a matter of a few minutes before the end came.

Thanking their lucky stars that the Indians had retreated, Parfitt and Moustier urged on their jaded horses. For two hours they raced across the pampa, and then, seeing no signs of the Indians, stopped at a small laguna in order to bind up their wounds, quench their thirst, and revive their horses. Their troubles were not even over yet; after dismounting, Parfitt found that he was unable to stand, owing to the wound in his leg, the spear having penetrated the muscle and broken the small bone. His boot was filled with blood.

As for Moustier, that worthy's wound in the neck was a very serious one, the flesh being torn away for over two inches, exposing the veins and nerves. Parfitt, who was skilled at such work, bound up the wounds with strips of linen from Moustier's shirt, and then, weary and exhausted from loss of blood, the two men lay down to rest, caring not whether any Indians came or not. They wanted rest.

After three or four hours, Parfitt tried to remount, but found he was much too stiff to do so, and Moustier thereupon went to a small wood near by to see what he could find to eat, as their provisions consisted of nothing but a few biscuits. Luck was with him, for presently

he returned with a small red deer, which he had caught in a novel way. Having no ammunition, his revolver was of course useless, and he had therefore driven the deer into the brushwood until its horns had become entangled. Then tying a hide rope round its neck, he had driven it to the edge of the laguna. Moustier soon killed and cooked the deer, and after what was to them a most delicious meal, both men felt refreshed, and by the morning were so far well as to be able to mount their horses and set out for Mr. Ball's *estancia*. They had given up the idea of reaching Rio Cuarto; they were far too weak to ride the considerable distance that still lay between them and that town.

Their next difficulty, of course, was to find their way back, and for three days they wandered about the pampa without hitting the trail. On the fourth day, however, they came to a small ranch owned by a native, who made them welcome, and then set out with them for a little native village about four leagues away. Here there was a station of the Central Argentine Railway, and after a few days' rest, Moustier embarked on a train for Rosario in order to get medical advice for his wound, which continued to be very serious. Parfitt, judging that rest was the best thing for his wounded leg, decided to remain at the village for a little while longer, arranging to meet Moustier in Buenos Ayres. When at last the leg was better, Parfitt set out to keep his appointment with Moustier, but on arriving at Buenos Ayres, found that after his wound had healed, Moustier had shaken the dust of South America off his feet, saying he had seen enough of a land where a man could not go to his own property without running all sorts of dangers.

Poor Moustier! It would have been well had he taken the advice of the old settler!

THE KING OF THE GIPSIES

The Stirring Adventures of a Runaway Schoolboy

WHEN young Bamfylde Moore-Carew and his fellow-scholars in Blundell's school at Tiverton, issued forth with the school hounds on a certain day in 1709, they little thought that it would mean more than the death of the stag they hunted ; and if they had been privileged to gaze into the crystal of the future and see what would be the result, it is to be feared that Carew would have been not a little pleased, while the rest might have known fear. For young Carew had more than his share of the wander-spirit that sends men out into the world, anywhere and everywhere so long as their desire for adventure be satisfied ; and if he had more than his share of the spirit, he certainly had more than two men's share of the adventures. Therefore, he would no doubt have interpreted the secret of the crystal to mean that the death of the stag was the beginning of life for him.

However, Carew did not number amongst his gifts that of seeing into the future, and so remained in ignorance of what was in store for him.

It came about in this way. As has been suggested, Blundell's school had its own pack of hounds, and one day the scholars set out to follow it after a fine stag which they had been told was in the neighbourhood. They had a good day's sport, ending in the death of the stag ; but there was to be a reckoning day, too, for in the course of the hunt they had considerably damaged

some fine fields of ripening corn ; which naturally gave the farmers not a little annoyance. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that next day one of them stalked into the school in a terrible rage, had a stormy interview with the Head, and then stalked out again, shaking his indignant fist at the school building, and looking as though he would derive the greatest pleasure from razing it to the ground.

The sequel to his visit came very soon after his departure, when the headmaster gave notice that he wished to see the whole of the school after the classes were over for the day.

Now, whatever some of the other culprits may have felt, Carew and three of his friends, Thomas Coleman, John Escott, and John Martin, had no desire to meet the dominie ; and their antipathy eventually resulted in a determination to run away from school.

Carew was their leader in this bold course, as he was in most other things that required daring and pluck. It was a position he was well fitted for, seeing that, although he was only sixteen, he was hugely built, had the strength of a Titan, and the pluck of a bull-dog. He had finely chiselled features, remarkable eyes, which, so it is said, though they were generally open and frank, had a knack of changing into the eyes of an idiot when occasion required ; and in the course of his adventurous life Carew found that these occasions were many ! For all these qualities he was renowned in the school, and out of it ; but what eclipsed them all was the strange power he had over animals ; he could make the hottest-tempered horse as docile as a lamb, and could get a dog to follow him anywhere.

" See here, you fellows," said Carew when the morning class was closed, and they had a chance to talk things over ;

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"the Head's in a beast of a temper, and we're in for it hot!"

"Aye!" said Escott, "hotter than we think. Wait till one of those other farmers has been, too!"

"Well, I'm not going to wait," said Carew. "I'm going to make a run for it!"

For a moment the others stared at him in amazement.

"What!" cried Martin, "you're going to run away? But——"

"There'll be no 'buts' when the Head begins the whipping!" said Carew grimly, with reminiscences, no doubt, of former whippings.

This aspect of the case, presented still more forcibly by Carew in the course of the next few minutes, seemed to appeal strongly and vividly to the others; and eventually broke down any opposition they had had to the idea of running away.

Those four boys were missing when the roll was called that evening, and next morning found them in an alehouse at Tiverton town, called "The Brickhouse," whose landlord was an old friend of these young bloods.

As the four youngsters sat in one of the rooms of the alehouse, a procession of Romany caravans drew up at the door, and while the men were drinking Carew entered into conversation with one of them over the merits of a certain horse.

"He seems a good-looking nag," said Carew, "and I fancy I've seen him before. Where'd you get him, eh?"

The Romanies were quick to catch the implication in Carew's question; and like good honest gipsies resented it.

"You never saw him in this country anyway," said the man to whom Carew had addressed himself. "I've had him ever since he was foaled four years ago!"

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Now Carew knew as much about horses as anyone around there, and all he said in answer to the gipsy's assertion was :

"Seven ! "

"See, here, youngster ! " cried the gipsy waxing furious. " You think you know a bit, but what would you say if that nag knew my voice out of a thousand, and at a word from me would throw the best rider in the country ? "

"I'd like to try him," was the quiet reply.

"Right ! Come outside and have your *try* ! "

Then Carew did a foolish thing : he accepted the gipsy's invitation. It was foolish because he ought to have known that there was danger in being outside the alehouse ; searchers from the school were almost bound to be about ; but the youngster was too excited at the prospect of showing the gipsy what he could do to take any notice of the whisperings of his friends.

So out he went, and as soon as the gipsy led the horse up to him prepared to mount.

"Be careful, young man," said the Romany. "Can you ride ? "

"Oh, a little," said Carew carelessly.

"You'll need to ride more than a little," said the shrill voice of a gipsy woman. "But don't let him be killed," she said to the man, "although he did hint that we stole the horse ! "

"Come on, young man, and mount ! " said the swarthy wanderer.

Carew, with the halter round the left hand, gently patted the horse's neck with his right. The beast gave a low whinny, and tried to caress the boy's face with his nose.

"He seems gentle enough," said Carew.

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Then, as he gripped the mane and prepared to mount, the gipsy gave a quick cry. The effect was marvellous, the horse reared, and plunged, and kicked, almost throwing Carew to the ground. He managed to retain his hold, however, although as every moment passed the frenzy of the horse grew greater and greater.

The lookers-on were now filled with alarm, and above the noise of scattering stones and plunging hoofs, Carew could hear them calling upon him to let the horse go.

"It's death, boy, to hold on any longer! Let him go!"

But even when the horse's fury was at its highest, and when it seemed that the flying hoofs must batten in his head, Carew suddenly bent towards the horse and said something in a low voice. Here was another miracle, for the maddened horse immediately stopped his plunging, and stood stock still. As he did so Carew leapt on to his back, whispered something else into the horse's ear, and the last lingering remnants of the passion died away.

The gipsies were awestruck, and they could be heard muttering to one another:

"The lad's got the 'whisper'!"

Excitement ran high, but it ran much higher in a few minutes, for suddenly above the uproar rang Martin's voice warning Carew of the approach of the school search party. The landlord quickly explained things to the gipsy chief, who, after what he had witnessed, was filled with admiration for the youngster, and gave orders for the horses to be untied, saying:

"A youngster like him should do something else than bury himself in school and book-learning," and hardly before they were aware of what had happened the four runaways found themselves each on a horse behind a gipsy, speeding away from the men who had come

to find them and take them back to school and a whipping.

Thus Carew entered upon a life of adventure and freedom, for the day after his exploit with the gipsy's horse he and his three friends were admitted into gipsy fellowship, Carew in a very short time becoming a person of no little importance in the "tribe." A little while after he tried to settle down to a respectable life, returning to his father's house, where he was received with great rejoicing. But the wander-lust was strong within him, and it was not long before he once more left the old homestead and returned to his gipsy friends.

His life after this was as varied as it was extraordinary, he was known as a "mumper," sometimes posing as a shipwrecked sailor, sometimes as a poor unfortunate farmer; now as a clergyman whose principles had made him resign his office; yet again as a Quaker in poor circumstances. His disguises were without number, and he carried them off with the skill of a born mimic.

The adventures he met with while on the road were tame, however, compared with some of those he experienced further afield. Shortly after he had been elected King of the Gipsies, on the death of the old king, Carew was caught and charged with obtaining money under false pretences. Of course he was guilty; and Justice Lethbridge, before whom he was taken, having a grudge against him, probably from having been a victim of Carew's wiles, passed sentence of seven years' deportation to Maryland as a slave. The ship which bore him over the Atlantic had hardly reached port before he escaped, but in a short time he was captured. A couple of Devonshire captains offered to buy him his liberty, but he would not allow them to do so, saying he would rather serve his time than have freedom bought.

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He had, however, no aversion to being assisted to escape, and by the secret help of the two captains he managed to do so. He passed through many dangers and ran several risks of recapture, for of course everyone who saw him knew what he was, seeing that he still carried round his neck the mark of the slave—the heavy iron collar ! After a time, however, he met some Indians who proved friendly, and relieved him of his insignia of shame. He spent some days with them ; in fact, he found it difficult to get away, for the Indians had discovered his strange power over animals and wished him to remain with them. At last he succeeded in eluding them, stole one of their canoes, paddled across a river to Pennsylvania, and, assuming the character of a distressed Quaker, gathered in the shekels to a large amount, by the aid of which he made his way to New London, intending to sail for England.

At New London, however, he had a near shave of capture ; a press-gang was out “ ‘listing,” and laid hands on Carew, who, with artful cunning, retained his liberty by assuring this captors that he had contracted small-pox ! They let him go !

He eventually reached England, but did not stay there long, for a press-gang very soon caught him, and he had no such luck as on a previous occasion. It happened that while he was paying a visit to his wife at Exeter (for Carew had married the daughter of a surgeon of Newcastle), a press-gang met him, overpowered him by sheer weight of numbers, and carried him off to the good ship *Phillory*, where, as he still refused to submit, he was ironed with a company of convicts. On the way out the captain died, the mate was on the brink of death. It therefore fell to the sailors to look after the ship, and it was only by sheer good fortune that they ever made port. The mate recovered before they did so, and Carew, who,



"Overpowered him by sheer weight of numbers" (see page 62).

although he caught a fever, was not deserted by good luck, quickly made friends with him, inducing him, when they arrived at Annapolis after a four months' voyage, to try to get him a post there as gardener. The mate failed to do this, however, and so when the vessel set sail once more, Carew was still aboard.

Arrived at Miles River, Carew's chance of escape came; some planters came on board, and while they were being entertained below he slipped over the side into a canoe and made for the shore. He had not gone very far when his escape was discovered, and several canoes set out after him. But night had fallen, and in the darkness Carew managed to elude capture and reach the shore, where he immediately plunged into the woods, followed by the search party. Climbing a tree, he hid himself in the dense foliage hoping that the searchers would give up before morning came. He had to stay up that tree all the next day, for ever and anon there came to him the sounds of the trackers beating through the wood. The following day he left his tree of refuge, and after eleven days of wandering, suffering all sorts of hardships, he found himself on the banks of the Delaware. The way of safety lay across the river, but there were no canoes which he could filch; and as the river at the point where he found himself was three miles across, things seemed pretty hopeless, for he knew it was useless to try to swim.

Carew was a man of resource, however, and, seeing some horses grazing close by, he determined to swim one of them across the river. The task of catching one presented no difficulties to him, and seizing that best suited to his purpose he made his handkerchief into a bridle, mounted the horse, and headed it for the river.

Then began a most amazing feat. Before very long

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the horse lost its footing, but there was a firm hand on the impromptu bridle, and the beast stuck bravely to the task set it. Time and time again the bold rider thought that the next effort on the part of the horse must be the last, and, slipping off his clothes one by one, he rolled them into a bundle, preparing to take to the water and swim for it when the horse could go no farther. Digging his heels into the horse's flanks he urged it on and on, whispering encouraging words to it the while, and after a most desperate fight for life the brave animal made the shore, and, panting and staggering up the bank, stumbled and fell senseless, its rider beside it.

After a short rest Carew once more set out on foot and in due course reached Boston, where he embarked on a ship sailing for Merrie England. Here, naturally, he received a joyous welcome from the friends who had long since given up all hope of his return.

Not long after this Carew, finding that he was not growing any younger, and feeling a desire for a quieter and less adventurous life, decided to resign the sovereignty of the gipsy kingdom. He therefore returned to his native town, and, later on, moved into a house in the country, where he spent his remaining years in peace and quietness.

A CHASING TERROR

A Hairbreadth Escape from a Prairie Fire

AWAY on the horizon hung a thick cloud that seemed to betoken the coming of a wild storm, and at the same time Bill Cummins and old man Hunter and his son heard a sound as of thunder afar off.

"It's going to break right in upon us!" cried Cummins.

"You're right, lad," said old man Hunter grimly. "You're right, but it's not what you think. That's no storm; it's a prairie fire! It's no thunder, but a stampeding herd of buffs!"

Old man Hunter was not new to prairie signs, he knew them all by heart; he knew, too, that the next hour or so would be pretty warm ones. And he was not going to be caught napping.

"Mount, lads!" he cried. "We've got to get away from here sharp, or—well, I'll tell you after—if there is any after!"

Even while he spoke he had flung himself into the saddle, Cummins and young Hunter following his example. Cummins had a great admiration for old man Hunter. He was new to the prairie, and Hunter's stories of life in the Wild West had taught him to respect the old man's opinion. So when he saw him slip into his saddle, caring nothing that they had had a long, rough day of it, and needed rest, he knew there must be danger at hand.

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"Now, then," cried Hunter, "ride—for your life! See?" pointing to the thick, heavy cloud.

But it was no mere cloud now, for here and there Cummins saw tongues of fire flash up and out, seeming to be hungry for more fuel wherewith to feed itself, and it appeared to him that the thunderous roll was growing louder and louder every moment.

"Come!" cried Hunter. "You'll see enough of that fire before the night's out, without stopping to watch it now!"

Putting his spurs to his horse, Hunter raced over the prairie, followed hard by his son and Cummins, who knew that the old man had some plan in his head, some destination of safety in view. As for Hunter, although during that mad ride he said little, he knew that every moment was precious, and that everything depended upon whether the horses could hold out. They had had a stiff day, and badly needed the night's rest denied them, but Hunter trusted they would be able to bear them to safety.

The beasts seemed to scent the danger behind them, for they were putting forth every effort, flying like the wind, straining every nerve. For an hour they held out, but they gained nothing on that chasing terror. There was little cloud behind now; it was one mass of flaming, leaping fire, which licked up the dry prairie grass, spreading and growing with every yard.

Above the clatter of the rushing hoofs of their steeds, above the roaring of the raging fire, the fugitives could hear the thunder of the oncoming buffalo herd. They were not near enough yet to be distinguishable, except as a rushing mob of frenzied beasts, but they were gaining with every yard.

"A quarter-mile away now," panted Hunter; "and these horses are about done!"

Even as he spoke his own horse stumbled and fell on its knees. Quickly pulling him up, Hunter spurred him on once again, and the beast, terror-stricken by the crackling fire and the roars of the buffaloes behind, gathered himself up as if for a final effort. Now it was Cummins's turn; with a crash his horse hit the ground, rolled over, and lay there kicking in terror. There was no time to stop and bring him up again, and Cummins, who had luckily fallen clear of the struggling horse, raced after his companions, who were now some yards away.

"Go on, father," cried young Hunter. "My horse is fresher than yours; he'll carry Cummins all right for a time any way." Without waiting for an answer he pulled up and waited for Cummins to come up.

"Jump up!" he cried as Cummins reached him. "It'll kill the poor beast, but it will mean a few yards farther."

With a spring Cummins was up behind the youngster, and the horse, notwithstanding his double burden, and his own well-nigh spent strength, took the bit, and, with flying hoofs and throbbing heart, set out once more on his ride for life.

But not for long! Time and time again he stumbled, recovering himself with greater difficulty on each occasion; and then—the end! He lay there panting and kicking—done!

Hunter and Cummins quickly disentangled themselves from the poor beast, grasped their rifles, and, with one fleeting glance behind, took to their heels—knowing that nothing could save them unless they could reach the river that old man Hunter had had in mind in all that mad ride, and was even now making for.

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That quick glance backward had shown them their danger. A lurid background of leaping flames, in front of that, not more than a hundred yards behind the fugitives, was the seething mob of frenzied, maddened buffaloes, with lashing tails and swaying horns. The noise was terrific, the roar of the fire, the thunder of the pounding hoofs, the bellowing of the frightened, rushing herd—all joined to make the night hideous and to strike terror into the hearts of the three men flying over the prairie.

Suddenly, with a crash, old man Hunter's horse went down under him, and the three of them ran side by side, to finish their race for the river.

"Heaven send the river quick!" panted the old man, "or we're done."

Still they raced, and still behind them came the double death, gaining upon them at every step. They could distinguish the hoof beats of the leaders of the herd now; they could feel the hot air rushing upon them; the ground trembled beneath their flying feet.

Cummins was almost spent, stumbling at every other step; and old man Hunter was little better. The boy was freshest of them all, he was leading them by a dozen yards.

Suddenly he cried out—as best he could with parched lips and ever-shortening breath: "Ten yards more, father, and we'll be safe!"

The men behind heard him faintly through the deafening noise—heard him fling himself into the waters below, and then gathered themselves together for the final spurt, and, with the breath of the foremost bull coming hot upon their back, neck-and-neck they tore over that last ten yards to—safety!

With a leap and a bound they flung themselves into



“ With a leap and a bound, they flung themselves into the river.”

the river. Just in time, for the leader of the herd was but a dozen paces behind them when they reached the brink. With the suddenness peculiar to a buffalo confronted with an obstacle in his path, the huge beast turned aside, just missing falling into the river. Off he galloped to the right, followed hard by others of the bellowing herd. The two men in the river, making their way as well as they could, hampered with clothes and rifles—for the dwellers on the prairie stick to their guns to the last—could hear the scurrying hoofs as, to right and left, the buffaloes turned off, crushing and bellowing in their attempt to avoid the river and the fire.

Within a few minutes Cummins and old man Hunter stood on the farther bank safe from fire and from buffaloes, panting for breath, yet thankful to have finished that awful ride for life.

“Near shave, that!” said Cummins presently.

“Aye, lad,” replied old man Hunter quietly; “nearest I’ve had, and I’ve had some near ones, too!”

THE FEDERAL FUGITIVE

A Stirring Story of the American Civil War

“ HALT ! ”

Denis Thompson, Federal lieutenant, knew that the owner of the voice giving that imperious order had him covered ; so he halted.

“ Dismount ! ”

For the same reason as before, Lieutenant Thompson dismounted. You never can tell what a man with a gun will do !

Standing by the side of his horse he now located the holder of the covering rifle ; he stood safely hidden behind a stone wall, with his finger on the trigger, and Thompson knew that the least movement on his part would mean—well, a crack, a flash, and a bullet.

So he stood stock still. The man behind the wall did so too, but all the time the rifle pointed straight to Thompson's heart. The two men were in this position when three more Confederates rode up and effected the capture which the stone wall had rendered impossible to their companion. And Thompson was a prisoner of war.

He had been out reconnoitring on behalf of the retreating Federal army under General Sheridan, which had been surprised by Generals Early and Stonewall Jackson. Thompson was not the only prisoner taken that day, for before night fell about fifteen hundred Federals were brought in and put under a strong guard,

each man bringing news of the dire position of the retreating army.

Presently, however, things altered; there were fewer prisoners brought in, the fortune of war turned, and the hitherto victorious army began to fall back before the rallying Federal forces. Still, whatever hope of escape any of the prisoners had was shattered when they heard the officer bellow:

“Prisoners! Fall in! March! Guards, shoot every man who tries to escape!”

Notwithstanding this, when night had fairly settled in, Thompson felt an almost uncontrollable longing to escape. Ahead of him he saw a scrambling crowd of Confederates in flight, unarmed, as far as he could judge, and wearing all sorts of uniform. It gave him an idea. steadily but surely he wormed his way through his own particular column, and, under cover of the night, while the guard's attention was taken up, started off for the Confederate fugitives. He had taken but a couple or so paces forward when the guard came back to his place and nearly collided with him. Luckily he took him for a straggler from the mob in front, and called out to him:

“Hi! there, get out of the way!”

Thompson obeyed with alacrity, joined the crowd ahead, worked his way through to the side, and, after a while, slipped out and hid behind a tree until both the fugitives and prisoners had gone by.

Now, Thompson didn't delude himself that he was safe, and it was quite as well, for after a time he found himself up against a line of pickets, barring the way to liberty. Suddenly he heard voices and footsteps, and in another moment saw a number of men foraging round gathering sticks to keep the picket-fires going. They

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were hardly a dozen yards away from him, and it was only by sheer luck that he escaped being seen.

As soon as all was safe, Thompson set out to put as much ground as he could between himself and the pickets. To do this he had to alter his course from north to west, and when he felt that he was at a safe distance he determined that it was time to take a well-earned rest, seeing that he had had no sleep for nearly twenty-four hours. Before lying down on a rough bed of leaves he took the precaution of putting a stick in the ground, pointing to the north, so that he should be able to go in the right direction in the morning, when he would not have the North star to guide him on his way.

When he awoke he felt refreshed and fit to pursue his journey. Striking out westwards, for mile after mile he tramped, and then with a start drew himself up and turned to fly, for, turning a sudden bend in the road, he almost trod on three sleeping Confederates. He was not quick enough, however, for the men had aroused from their sleep, laid hold on their rifles, and stood facing him.

Thompson, of course, was in the uniform of a Federal officer, which the Confederates were quick to notice.

Putting on a bold front, however, he walked up to the three men, calling out :

" Mornin', boys ! "

" And who the deuce may you be ? " asked one of the grey-clad Confederates.

" Why, one of Stonewall Jackson's men, of course," replied Thompson. " Lost my company in the scramble last night. Having a look for it now."

" But where'd you get that uniform, eh ? "

" Oh, changed over with a Yank officer I captured ; mine were pretty much the worse for wear, and—" with

a shrug of the shoulders, "these were better, so I took 'em!"

Thompson could see that the Confederates did not quite believe him, so thought he had better get away as soon as possible, and, with a jauntiness of spirit he far from felt, called out:

"Well, ta-ta, boys," and made off. His sang-froid saved him, and the Confederates laid themselves down for another nap.

But Thompson was not out of the wood yet, for a few hours after he had another fright.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

He halted; a couple of men with ugly-looking revolvers stood in front of him.

"Who are you?" demanded one of them. "Where are you going?"

"I'm a Confederate," said Thompson.

"Command?"

"Smith's Brigade, Harden's division, Stonewall Jackson's corps."

Now, Thompson had heard this answer given the night before by one of the Confederates flying from the victorious Federal army and he had treasured it in his mind, hoping that it might prove useful under such circumstances as those in which he now found himself.

Unfortunately, his answer by no means satisfied the Confederates, who were "up against" that Federal uniform. So, under the compelling power of those two revolvers Thompson found himself being marched along—a prisoner once again! He was handed over to a picket just about to set out for the main body of the army, and as there was no time to be lost, and no horse to be found for him, he was compelled to go afoot, doing his best to keep pace with the mounted picket.

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The captors found themselves in a big difficulty over their prisoner; he did not go fast enough for them, in view of the fact that the Federals were scouring the surrounding country for any Confederate stragglers. This little picket, of course, had no liking for prison. Yet, although Thompson was a hindrance to them, they did not feel inclined to let him go scot free. As the day lengthened, however, the prisoner lagged more and more behind, and at last the sergeant called a halt. Something must be done.

"See here!" he said. "We've got to move faster than this, or we'll have Sheridan's crowd down on us. Something's got to be done!"

"Well," said one of the others, "let's shoot the Yank; then we can get along faster!"

Thompson's heart almost stood still as he heard the suggestion made, and—agreed to! Yet he showed no signs of his fear, facing his would-be executioners defiantly.

"Who's going to do the shooting?" asked the sergeant when they had made up their minds the course to take.

No volunteers.

"Will you?" demanded the sergeant of one of the men.

The only answer was an emphatic "No!" echoed by each of the Confederates in turn, some of them blending with their answer copious oaths as if to give additional force to their refusal to do the deed they had just acceded was most necessary.

"Cowardly trick, I reckon!" said one of them fiercely, "to shoot a chap after he's surrendered! Wish we'd never seen him, anyway!"

"Same here!" said another. "Let him go—we

can't get along fast enough with him, that's clear, and I, for one, don't want to go to Libby Prison!"

"Nor I," said the sergeant. "But we can't let him go, man; we'd be court-martialled. We'll have to take him along after all!"

So once more Thompson found himself trying to keep up with the trotting horses; and once again he failed to do so to the satisfaction of the picket.

"Look here," cried one of them suddenly with an oath. "We'll have to shoot him!" and at that moment Thompson thought it was all over, for the man drew his pistol and seemed about to use it.

"Well, you kill him!" cried the others, anxious for the cowardly thing to be done, yet fearing to do it themselves.

But the man put his pistol back again, and it seemed that the matter would end as it had done previously, when one of the men, named Bradley, said to the sergeant:

"You lot get along, and leave him with me for five minutes. I'll do it!"

The picket moved off, leaving Bradley and Thompson standing face to face. The Federal gave himself up for lost.

"Come here!" said Bradley in a minute, making for the wood close by, drawing his pistol at the same time.

"My God!" cried Thompson at last, "do you mean to kill me like this, man?"

To be shot like a dog! It was awful! Thompson was no coward, and in fair fight would have not flinched from the idea of death. But this—this was a cold-blooded murder!

"I promised to, and I ought to," said Bradley.

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"But I guess I don't like the job after all. Say! Take off your coat and vest, and give 'em to me, with any little things you may have on you. Hurry!"

Wondering what on earth the man could mean, and half-hoping that he was going to let him escape after all, Thompson did as he was told, and a minute afterwards almost leaped into the air as Bradley's pistol went off three times. But the bullets went skywards, and the next thing he knew was that Bradley was galloping away from him, doubtless to swear with many oaths that he had committed the foul deed!

As for Thompson he took to his heels and ran, and ran, and ran; for half a score of miles he ran, forgetting his fatigue in the joy of liberty. At last, footsore, weary, and hungry, he dropped to the ground, crawled into some kind of shelter, and knew no more till the next morning. Feeling somewhat refreshed from his sleep, he once more set out, this time taking a northerly course.

An hour or so later he found himself on the outskirts of a farm, and, what was more, looking into the farmer's face! There was no chance of flight, so he walked up to the man as boldly as he could. He presented a strange appearance, dirty with much travelling, half naked, and almost fainting for want of food.

"What do you want? Who are you?" asked the farmer.

"I'm a Federal officer, and I want some food," said Thompson. And then, hardly caring what happened, he told the farmer all that had happened to him.

"Well, bless my eyes!" cried the farmer when the tale was ended. "You've had a pretty rough time. I'm a Confederate myself, but I'm hanged if I'll push you into any further trouble. Come along and have some breakfast."

Thompson did ample justice to that meal, for it was the first he had had for about thirty-six hours, and he almost overwhelmed the farmer with thanks.

"That's enough," said that worthy. "Guess you'd better be getting along, eh? I'll put you on the road now, if you're ready."

Thompson was ready, and once more set out on his journey north, the farmer giving him the address of a Union man some distance away. This man gave him food and shelter, told him where to find another Union farmer farther along the road, and so by degrees Thompson made his way north, getting nearer and nearer to safety every mile, but always running the risk of being caught by scouts and pickets on the look out for stragglers.

The narrowest escape he had was in a place where he thought he was safer than he had been for many a day. While on his tramp to the north he picked acquaintance with a man who proclaimed himself a Unionist, and who invited him to his house for the night. Next morning at breakfast his host told him that less than four miles away was a Federal picket. Staying only for a bite and a sup, Thompson thanked his new-found friend, shook hands, and prepared to hurry over the last bit of ground to safety.

He went back into that homestead quicker than he had come out, for as he put his foot outside the door one of the negro servants came tearing round the corner crying :

"Go back ! De rebels is comin' !"

With a bound Thompson rushed into the house again, and was hustled up to the room where he had passed the night. The door had hardly closed upon him than he heard the thunder of horses' hoofs, and the clatter of a cavalry squad as they came to a halt outside the house.

"Hi ! there !" cried the officer in command. "We're

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comin' in to search around for Yanks, so look sharp and open the door."

The door was opened without any hesitation, and the man in the room upstairs trembled in his shoes. What was that? It was the sound of revelry, of men laughing over their drink. What did it mean? It meant, although he didn't know till afterwards, that his host was plying the rebels with drink and filling up the time by telling them stories that tickled them and got them into such a good humour that they quite forgot all about the object of their visit, and rode away on good terms with themselves and their generous host!

As Thompson heard their horses clatter along the road, he breathed more freely. That danger was over, at any rate, but both he and his host deemed it best for him to lay low for a few days in case the Confederates were staying in that district. So for the next three days the fugitive kept upstairs, wondering, whenever a horse came along the road, whether it was a rebel coming to take him.

The fourth morning he was awakened by a dreadful din below stairs, and, leaping out of his bed, had just managed to get into some of his clothes, when the door flew open and there walked into the room a towering man in Confederate uniform.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded of Thompson.

"Trying to sleep, sir," was the tremulous reply.

"What command d'you belong to?"

"Nineteenth Army Corps."

"Oh, a Yank are you?"

"Yes," cried Thompson in desperation. "And you may take me if you can, for I'm about sick of this dodging about!"

But he meant to make a fight for it, and gripping a heavy chair he lifted it above his head and was about to "rush" the "Confederate" when that worthy simply yelled with laughter and, stepping out of range of the chair, said :

" Allow me to introduce myself to you. I'm Captain Young, Sixth Corps, Massachusetts Cavalry, and Provost-Marshal of Winchester."

With a thud the chair fell to the ground, and Lieutenant Denis Thompson knew that his run for freedom was over. He was free ! The officer was a Federal masquerading in Confederate uniform.

UNDER THE BLACK FLAG

Stories of Pirates Old and New

THE steamship *Shui On*, bound from Canton to Hong-Kong, officered by Britishers and flying the British flag, was in difficulties. For some time she had been forging her way through the river, doing battle with the tide, and now her nose was pointing straight to the land. She would not answer to the wheel, and Captain Johnson, standing upon his bridge, was doing his utmost to turn her away from the threatening danger, for unless he could set her once more on her course, there was bound to come a grinding sound to tell him that the vessel was aground.

Yard by yard the *Shui On* was making for the shore, yet the captain still hoped to be able to turn her round and so keep her from beaching.

All in vain! The wheel spun round and round, the ship sped on and on, and then—crash! She was aground, and the men were clutching at anything handy to save themselves from nasty knocks.

There was nothing to be done now but wait for the tide to turn, and both crew and passengers prepared themselves for a long stay. They had forgotten one thing, however—at least the passengers had. From the moment he had seen that the accident was inevitable, the captain had been thinking of the rakish-looking Chinese junks that even in these days have a nasty habit of turning up when least wanted, and as the men

sailing them were generally pirates, the prospect of their appearance at this moment was anything but pleasing.

Johnson nursed his fears, however, not caring to alarm the passengers unnecessarily, for, after all, the thing he dreaded might not happen.

That hope was doomed to disappointment, for less than half an hour after the *Shui On* had run aground, he heard the look-out man call :

“ Sail ahead, sir ! ”

Taking his glass, the captain turned it in the direction indicated by the sailor, closed it with a snap and a scarcely audible imprecation, and called out to the mate below :

“ There’s more than one, Nicholson, and I’ll bet they’re pirates ! ”

In a few minutes these fears were confirmed. The news spread like wildfire through the ship, and passengers and crew peered over the river to make out the oncoming terror ; for all knew that the pirates would stop at nothing in order to get their hands upon the cargo and money they would correctly believe to be in the ship.

On board were three Chinese passengers, who, knowing the ferocity of their piratical countrymen, were bustling about seeking to hide both their treasure and themselves. As well try to hide from the last great enemy when he has set his mark upon you ! It was no use trying to leave the ship, for the neighbouring shore was barren, and each man knew that if he did manage to escape, he must leave his treasure behind—and a Chinaman never likes to part up until he is absolutely compelled. Besides, the junks were almost within firing distance, and there was no time to get away.

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Swiftly the pirates were coming along the river, and Johnson knew that it would not be long before they reached the *Shui On*—knew too that when they did arrive, the crew and passengers would be powerless to oppose them.

In a few minutes the junks were within range, and without any parley the one-sided action began. Across the water came a hail of shot, which was the sign for a general stampede amongst the passengers who had dared to remain on deck, whilst those below trembled with fear and sought out yet farther retreats.

Another volley was poured in, and this time the mate fell shot through the body. It was the first blood. In awful agony, the poor fellow managed to crawl away to his cabin, but hardly had he reached it than he fell down all in a heap—dead!

Shouting with joy at their murderous work, the pirates still kept up their firing, and yard by yard the junks drew nearer. Then they closed in upon the *Shui On*, there was the sound of crashing timber against the side, and in the twinkling of an eye the thieving rogues were flinging themselves on to the deck.

From the moment he had sighted the junks, Johnson had not budged from his bridge, and there he now stood, waiting for the rush he knew would come.

It came! With yells and imprecations, the pirates pelted along the deck, forced their way up on to the bridge, threatened the captain with death if he resisted, and then, having made it impossible for him to resist, began a systematic loot of the ship.

From cabin to cabin they went, rifling chests and smashing anything that lay about and was likely to contain treasure. Then to the hold, where they seized everything that was worth having and dragged out any

passenger they found lurking in the shadows hugging his store in terror.

In a few minutes the ship presented a strange appearance. Huddled together in fear, the passengers had to stand by and look on whilst the pirates gathered up all the valuables they could find, and hauled up the cargo and put it on board the junks lying by the side of the stranded steamer.

There were fresh terrors to come. When the cargo had been accounted for, the thieves turned their particular attention to the passengers. One by one, at the point of either a sword or a gun, they were compelled to empty their pockets; and no man dare refuse, although many of them knew that they would be ruined for life.

Little cared the pirates for such things as that; they were getting a rich haul, and that was all that mattered to them. Before they left the ship, however, they put a characteristic Chinese finish to the affair: while their three trembling compatriots stood trembling with fear for their lives, and livid with rage at having had to disgorge the wealth they had hugged, the pirates fired point-blank at their feet—a very common punishment in the land of the yellow men. It is a dreadful one, too, for it generally leaves the victims cripples for life.

Then, well satisfied with their work, the pirates boarded their junks, and flinging coarse jibes at their robbed and disconsolate victims, sailed away into the gathering gloom, taking with them booty to the value of at least £5,000.

Almost dismantled, cargoless, with the mate lying dead in his cabin, and several passengers wounded, the *Shui On* continued beached for some time longer. Then the tide turned, and she floated again. With all speed Johnson made for Hong-Kong, arriving there in due

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course with the ship's flag at half-mast, and flying also the medical and police flag.

And those twentieth-century pirates were never caught.

THE look-out men on H.M.S. *Seringapatam* and *Cambrian*, lying at anchor just off Orcos Bay, on the Isle of Negropont, gave word of a sail in sight. The oncoming vessel seemed to be about eight or nine miles off, and, so far as could be judged, was an Ionian brig. But although she was sweeping through the waves as fast as her every stitch of canvas would carry her, there seemed nothing about her that called for particular attention.

In a little while, however, the look-out men reported the presence of two smaller vessels, following hard in the wake of the brig. The telescopes soon revealed the fact that these small vessels, with all sails set and men labouring hard at the oars, were Greek misticoes filled with pirates bent on overhauling the brig in more senses than one.

Now, on this 31st of January, 1825, the *Seringapatam* and *Cambrian* were continuing the work on which they had been engaged for some time past, which was to keep a sharp look-out for, and to deal with, as occasion demanded, such prowlers of the sea as were even then gradually but surely overtaking the fleeing brig. The pirates were by no means ignorant of this fact, but their knowledge did not seem to frighten them in the least, and there was every likelihood that it would very soon be "Out boats, and away!" for the tars who were simply longing for a chance of testing once again the quality of their arms.

Yard by yard the pirates gained on the speeding brig, and the men on board the British ships, standing with eyes glued to telescopes, could see them shaking defiant fists in their direction, apparently enjoying themselves immensely!

Presently, just as the Britishers were thinking that the moment had arrived to intervene, the pirates gave up the chase, turned clean about, and sped off, apparently for their hiding places along the coast. It was with a decided sigh of disappointment that the tars settled themselves down again, feeling that fate had robbed them of a fine bit of fun.

Fate hadn't! Suddenly the silence was broken by a sharp "Out boats!" and in a second there was the orderly hurry so characteristic of a man-o'-war. Cutlasses were buckled on, pistols and ammunition were served out, boats were lowered, and in a few minutes the men, with a good supply of extra ammunition, etc., were in their places.

Away they sped. With a strong and steady pull they were bounding over the waves as fast as the boats would go. And well they might, for the pirates, after dashing out from the cover of the shore, were a good way off, and were pressing onward with all sails set. The pursuing boats reached and passed the brig which was the pirates' object. Seeing the boats, the pirates gave up all idea of taking their prey, and set off in the opposite direction. With a ringing British cheer the tars settled down to the chase. By this time evening had fallen, but that did not hide the pirates from view, for almost immediately the moon rose in full and brilliant glory.

Save for the slight splash, splash and the crunch, crunch of the oars as they were pulled by horny

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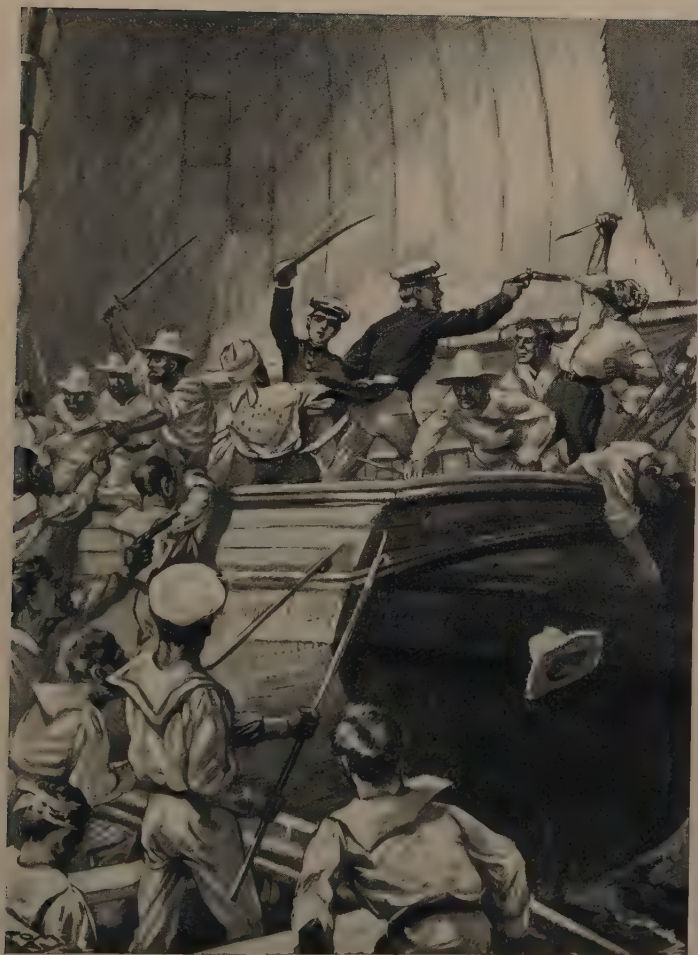
hands, there was but little sound. Hand over hand the pursuers gained on the misticoes, now heading once more for the land, barely about a mile off, the Britishers being by this time only a gunshot distant from the Greeks.

Crack! Crack! Across the intervening space came the sound of musketry; the pirates were going to make a fight for it. One of the Britishers dropped, shot through the head. Several others were wounded, one of the rowers almost dropping his oar before the man beside him could catch it from his nerveless grasp. Discharge after discharge came across the moonlit water, the pirates hanging over their boats' sides in order to get a good aim at the advancing foe.

Once more there was the clatter of a discharge of musketry, only this time it came from the British boats, and more than one bullet found its billet in a pirate's heart. During this interchange of firing the pursuers had not slackened their pace one whit, and those who were not rowing were drawing their cutlasses and binding them round their wrists with leather thongs, known as "beckets."

At last the misticoes were reached, oars were shipped, boarders were climbing like monkeys up the sides of the enemy's ships, and in less time than it takes to tell a batch of them were on deck, slashing and hacking like men bereft of senses. Both ships had been boarded at once, and the smaller one was easily taken; but the pirates on the larger one showed a bolder front, and there was some stiff fighting to be done.

It was a stirring scene, and a picturesque, for the Greeks were a motley crowd, and many of them were arrayed in richly-coloured garments, while the British were in white trousers and blouses—the



"There was no holding the Britishers" (*see page 87*).

bright moon, shining on the rushing and tearing, dodging and parrying combatants, revealing a strange spectacle. There was no holding the Britishers; none waited for orders. Each man seemed to know what was expected of him, and each man did it. Step by step, with thrust and parry, they forced the Greeks to the ship's side. Few of the tars used their pistols; it was a case of cutlass against musket, pistol, and yataghan. There was the clash of steel on steel as cutlasses fought their way through the guard of Greek yataghans, and the occasional roar of a British cheer, and ever and anon there was the sound of a man plunging into the sea—it was a pirate bent on saving his precious skin by swimming to the shore, now only about a quarter of a mile away.

There was no stopping the attackers now, and no one attempted to. They were mad with the lust of battle, as the Greeks found to their cost. Strong as these latter were, they were no match for the sturdy, maddened Englishmen in the many hand-to-hand encounters that took place. One of the English officers was within an ace of death at the hands of a ferocious-looking pirate, but with a rousing cheer and a blow that would have felled an ox, an Irishman beat down the Greek's guard and clove him through the skull.

Few words were spoken, and those mostly by wounded pirates who sought to get out of the fray, crying "Mercy! Mercy!" only to be met with "Too late, ye devils! Too late!" as, with their blood at boiling heat, the sailors put them out of their misery. Uncivilised? Yes; but, then, pirates are the scum of the sea, and seldom give mercy even to women and children! And these sailors were out to clear them from the Mediterranean.

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The fight was as sharp and short as it was furious, and in a little time the pirates, realising that they could not cope with so enraged and determined a foe, threw down their arms and begged for mercy. With much difficulty the English officers curbed their men's passions and the defeated Greeks were spared. But they were prisoners; their misticoes were prizes; and, better still, from the sailors' point of view, there had been a good and stirring fight!

THE ORCHID HUNTERS

The Tragedy of a Man who Sought Orchids and
Found—Death!

“WELL, good-bye, Mr. Crosse,” said the captain, as the boats put off from the ship’s side, “and good luck to you! I’ll be here again in a couple of months, and wait nine days as agreed, to see if you turn up. I don’t expect you will!”

“Nonsense!” cried Crosse. “I’ll turn up, don’t you worry!” And, with a merry laugh at the captain’s fears, gave the word to push off, and in a few minutes the boats were heading for the Madagascar shore.

Crosse was orchid hunting. He knew that the dangers in the north-west district of Madagascar were by no means exaggerated by travellers who had returned from visits to the interior. Not that many of them returned! But the orchids and butterflies to be obtained were a prize worthy the risk, and Crosse was nothing if not an enthusiastic collector.

He was well prepared for emergencies. With a fairly large caravan, and provisions in plenty, he felt that he could encounter safely many dangers, and for a long time all went well. Not that there were no perils to be overcome, no dangers to be avoided—of these there were plenty. But he counted them worth the while when he came to reckon up his specimens. He had been more successful than he had hoped, and at last he decided that it was time to turn about

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and make for the coast, in order to keep time with the captain.

In addition to his orchids and butterflies, Crosse had foolishly caught a white ape. Foolishly, because the natives of Madagascar hold the white ape in great awe. To them it is a god, and its devotees show no mercy to any who violate his divinity by capture.

Crosse knew that he was committing "sacrilege" by taking this animal; but he did not know that he had been seen to do so by one of the natives, who lost no time in hurrying off to the village with the fatal news that a white man had dared to ensnare a god of the Malagasis. In a few minutes the whole village was in an uproar, and the fighting men, ready for battle, set out on the trail of the unsuspecting caravan, arriving at the moment when camp was being prepared for the night.

This meant, of course, that the caravan was by no means ready for battle; but Crosse, who knew the ferocity of the Malagasis, at the first sign of their approach, gave the call of danger, and got in the first shot. There was a shriek; the bullet had found a billet. Hardly had Crosse's men rallied round him than the Malagasis, realising that they were discovered, rent the night-air with their war-cries, and sent a shower of arrows and spears hurtling into the camp.

"Fire!" roared Crosse. A rain of shot greeted the Malagasis, who, howling with pain and fright, hurried away into the forest—anywhere to get away from the death-dealing fire-sticks. Crosse lost two men in that sudden attack, but the Malagasis reckoned their killed and wounded by dozens. Nothing daunted, however, they returned to the fray during the night, but were again repulsed with heavy slaughter.

Next day began a hurried, harassed march to the coast, thirty miles away. Two days were taken—an almost miraculously short time seeing that the way lay through dense forest and malaria-laden swamps, well-nigh every step having to be cut through thick undergrowth. Hour by hour the relentless Malagasis dogged their steps, cutting off any stragglers, and ever and anon sending their poison-tipped spears into the caravan. There was no sleep for Crosse or his men; they barely stopped for food, but at last, after a terrible forty-eight hours' fighting march, the coast was reached—a day after the two months agreed upon with the captain. Away there in the forest, however, were eighteen men, fallen beneath the spears of the incensed Malagasis.

Most people would have been content with one adventure of this kind, especially when the forest contained such terrible foes. But Crosse had heard that, twenty miles in the interior, was an orchid he had long desired to possess, and he determined to venture forth once more without delay.

"It's like asking for death!" said the captain, when Crosse mentioned the matter to him.

"Nonsense!" said Crosse. "I'm going, and I'm going to-day! Will you lend me a dozen coolies, captain?"

The captain hesitated. It was like encouraging a man to commit suicide; but he gave way at last, after making Crosse promise to rest for a couple of days before going forth.

During that two days the captain ruminated, and came to the conclusion that the whole thing was extremely foolish and foolhardy.

"See here, Mr. Crosse," he said; "why don't you

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give up this idea of yours? You'll never come back alive!"

"I tell you I'm going," said Crosse, and there for a time the matter ended.

At last the captain had a brilliant idea.

"If I don't lend him those coolies," he thought, "he won't be able to go: he wouldn't dare!"

So on the morning of the second day he casually mentioned to Crosse:

"I'm sorry, after all, that I can't spare those coolies."

"Oh, all right," said Crosse calmly, reading the captain's mind; "then I'm afraid I'll have to go with the seventeen natives which I have left!"

The captain owned defeat, and there was nothing for it but to change his mind once more and agree to the loan of the coolies.

On the morning of the third day, therefore, Crosse was ready, and once more, for the last time, bade the captain good-bye.

"You're a fool!" said the latter bluffly as the boats pushed off. "Those fiends in there won't let you go scot-free this time, take my word for it!"

Crosse merely smiled. In a short time the little band was ashore, and everything being in order, set out for the interior.

The Malagasis were evidently waiting in the hope that Crosse would again venture inland, and no sooner were the party well within the forest than the natives, a thousand strong, burst in upon them. Their war-cries had given the alarm, and Crosse was prepared for them. As it happened, the hunters had reached a small clearing in the forest, and they were able to form into a square, set firm to meet the attackers.

"Steady, men!" cried Crosse. "Don't throw any shots away: we'll need 'em!"

Few were thrown away, for the first volley laid many a Malagasi warrior low. The stubborn defence disconcerted the natives; they wavered, and seemed about to flee, and Crosse took the opportunity of shooting half a dozen more with his revolver, while his men quickly reloaded and fixed bayonets.

"Fire!" cried Crosse again; and a second hail of bullets swept through the crowding horde of Malagasis, who, however, quickly recovered themselves and prepared to charge.

With a rush they were upon the little band of orchid hunters, caring naught for bullets or bayonets, breaking through the square and fighting hand to hand. It was a fearful conflict; the Malagasis, mad with the fighting lust, yelled their cries, thrust with their spears, and wielded their heavy clubs. Crosse's natives and coolies fought courageously—to flinch meant death or torture.

And Crosse? With a sabre in one hand and his revolver in the other, he stood there dealing death and wounds around him, with the calmness of a man who fears not danger or death. Urging his men to do their best, he set them an example of courage and of strength. Warrior after warrior bit the dust; man after man of the orchid hunters threw up his arms and fell with a dull thud, to rise no more.

Time after time the natives closed in upon the devoted band; time after time they were repulsed. But from the first it was a hopeless fight. How could thirty men expect to triumph over a thousand infuriated warriors fighting the battle of an outraged deity? The end came with startling suddenness. Twenty-six of

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Crosse's men had fallen, and the remainder threw away their arms in despair, and Crosse himself was borne down by a dozen warriors at the moment he had his revolver to his head to blow out his brains rather than fall into the hands of the savages. But he was not taken without a struggle, for even as he lay there, with his captors doing their best to truss him up, he drove the butt end of his revolver through the temple of one of them, and stretched another full length on the ground with a smashing blow full in the face.

At last he was secured, and with a yell of triumph the Malagasis danced around their prisoners and then took them to their village, where Crosse was subjected to all sorts of indignities at the hands of the people, who looked upon him as a defiler of their god. With sticks and stones they battered his face out of all recognition, and then flung him into a wretched, filthy hut, to await their further vengeance.

In a little while some of the warriors entered the hut, stripped the prisoner, and tarred him from head to foot.

"To-morrow," they made him understand, "is the festival of the ape-god, and you are going to be burnt as a sacrifice!"

Even so intrepid a man as Crosse trembled at the fate in store for him, and he determined to make a bold bid for freedom. Hour after hour he strained at the bonds, and at last was rewarded by their falling off his wrists and legs. Without losing a moment he slipped out of the hut, and then, seeing that the Malagasis were all sound asleep, thinking doubtless that the prisoners needed no looking after, he resolved to help his two coolies to escape. He had noticed where they had been confined, and making a hole through the wall of their hut, cut their bonds and ordered them to follow him.

This act of chivalry cost Crosse his life, for one of the coolies unfortunately stumbled over a sleeping warrior.

In a moment the Malagasi was on his feet, only to be felled to the ground by a blow from Crosse's fist; but his yell of fright had aroused the whole village. The place was soon in an uproar and, seizing their weapons, the warriors set out in pursuit of Crosse and the two coolies. Through the forest the fugitives tore as fast as they could, the coolies racing ahead of Crosse, who, tar-covered as he was, could not keep pace with them. At last the chase was over, and Crosse was retaken and borne back to the village in triumph. Without waiting for the feast day, the Malagasis bound him to a stake, at once drenched him with oil, and set fire to him! With yells of triumph, cries of imprecation and defiance, they danced around the human sacrifice. Higher and higher the flames leaped, louder and louder the warriors yelled; but no scream of pain, no cry for mercy, passed the lips of the man who stood there burning to death as the price of a white ape!

ATTACKED BY ABORIGINES

The Perils of a Pioneer in Western Australia

FROM the forest skirting the piece of hilly ground that Sir George Grey and a small section of his exploring party were surveying came strange cries as of animals calling one to the other. The explorers took little or no notice of them, except that it put them on their guard against an attack by some wild beast which might be out foraging ; for in that wild, desolate Western Australia, then absolutely a land of mystery, who could tell what kind of creature might suddenly issue forth from the dense forest ?

So for a time each man of that little party was on the look-out for possible intruders ; but as, after a while, none came, the men, intent upon the work in hand, forgot all about the possible dangers. Incidentally, they forgot all about each other, and it came about that they were separated, and presently Grey found that he was alone on the outskirts of the forest, which still echoed and re-echoed the weird cries.

Lost ! With night coming on it was a terrifying prospect for even the bravest man to face, and Grey knew that probably his life depended on finding his companions.

He mingled his cries with those of the forest, but all to no avail. No answering call came, except the echo of his own voice, and he began to fear as much for his friends as for himself. For the first time he

began to think seriously of those strange forest calls. Supposing they were the cries of savages, bent on resenting the intrusion of the white men?

As if in answer to the thoughts that had rushed in upon him, the air was suddenly rent with the shouts of a voice he knew, and through the dim light of the forest he saw one of his own men coming towards him, running as if for dear life, with terror in his face and wild fear in his eyes.

Well might the man run! Well might terror be written on his face, for close behind him, almost treading on his heels as he ran his mad race for life, was a devilish-looking savage, who, spear in hand, was quickly overtaking the scared explorer. Hardly had the latter reached Grey's side than from every part of the forest there emerged other black, terrifying forms, until the two luckless adventurers were quite surrounded by the horde of savages.

"My God, sir!" cried Grey's companion, panting his words out and gasping the while for breath. "My God! Look at them!"

But it was no time for looking. The moment for action had arrived, and it found Grey ready. Seizing a gun from a third man who had by this time joined them, he fired over the heads of the natives, hoping thereby to frighten them. The only effect, however, was to cause the savages to hurl yet more spears after those which had been filling the air all the time.

Click! click! with a sickening sound went the spears against the side of the rock behind which the explorers had by this time taken refuge, and all the while the air was made hideous with the yells of the attackers.

Grey sent a second shot into the thronging crowd, and this time it found a billet in the arm of the native

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who had been chasing the white man through the forest. But the "fire-stick" seemed to possess no terrors for these men of the wild, and the sight of their companion wounded in so mysterious a manner only incensed them and brought them surging closer round the luckless little party.

Suddenly Grey rose to his feet from behind the sheltering boulder; but even as he took aim one of the warriors hurled a spear at him. It was a true aim, and Grey would have been its resting-place had he not seen it coming and, with wonderful presence of mind, thrown himself forward. Even as it was, the spear grazed his back, while a second one hit the butt of his gun as he held it, and sent part of the stock flying through the air!

Quick as lightning Grey recovered himself, seized the only other gun they had with them, and determined to have yet another shot at the antagonists. But, alas! at this moment something happened which well-nigh proved fatal. The lock of the rifle had been bound round with cloth to keep the powder dry, and at the moment when everything depended on quick action, the cloth refused to yield to Grey's efforts to undo it! One of the other men came to his assistance, but all to no avail. The cloth would not come undone, and at last Grey, in a desperate frenzy, tugged it off piece-meal.

Then he did a bold thing, and a foolhardy. With his gun ready to shoot, he calmly stepped out from the shelter of the rock, and took aim at the chief of the wild men. The result was as might have been expected. Before he could fire, three spears found a place in his body, and he fell.

His fall was the signal for renewed yells from the

savages ; but those yells, which from the natives' point of view were of triumph, were yells of warning to the fainting, yet fearless and desperate, white man. He realised, with only half-gathered wits, that nothing but prompt action could now save all three of them from instant destruction, and, with this thought surging through his brain, and half mad, maybe, from the pain of the spear-wounds, he picked himself up from the ground, wrenched out a spear which was still sticking in his side, and made for the native chief, who all this time was gesticulating at him from the safety of a big rock.

The native could not understand how it was possible for a man to face such a crowd of foes single-handed ; but he understood well enough what was the object of the advancing pale-face. And terror seized him. From rock to rock he fled, the dauntless explorer steadily following him, the rest of the warriors seemingly paralysed at the man's audacity. Fortunately, Grey had not let go his grip on his rifle when he fell, and suddenly, as the savage appeared full in the open, the rifle spoke, and the black fell dead with a bullet through his back.

It was the first fatal shot—and the last, for at the sight of their chief's fall the other warriors, filled with the fear they themselves had previously instilled into the white men, slunk away as quickly as they had appeared. The forest swallowed them up as effectually as the ocean swallows a stone dropped into it, and Grey, no longer molested, slowly and painfully made his way back to the rock where he had left his two companions, who had given up all hope of him and were preparing to sell their own lives dearly.

" My God, sir ! Look at them ! " cried the man who

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had had the whole horde on his track. He was still in a frenzy of fear, and it was not until they had been found by the rest of the party that he would be persuaded the danger was past.

Grey's wounds stopped his work of exploration for a few weeks, and for some time his men thought that their leader was going to finish life right there; but, fortunately, their fears proved groundless, and he lived to lead them farther into the great land of unknown things—and terrors!

FIRE AT SEA

A Race for Life on a Blazing Ship

THE passengers who, one evening in 1827, left the Clyde on board the good ship *Clydesdale*, bound for the west coast of Ireland, little thought that before the night was out they were to undergo the most terrifying experience of their lives; that the steamer ploughing her way through the sea would shortly become a mass of leaping, roaring flames. At the outset everything seemed favourable for an uneventful and safe voyage; the night was clear and fine, the engines were working easily, and the ship was making her average number of knots per hour without strain.

As the ship left the last danger-mark of the rocky Scottish coast behind, Maxwell, the pilot, sniffing the air suspiciously, made his way to the captain's side, taking care not to attract the attention of the few passengers who were taking advantage of the fine evening to remain on deck a little longer.

"Captain," said Maxwell, "can you smell anything—anything out of the ordinary? I fancied I smelt something strange just now."

The captain drew up with a start, for he too had had suspicions that all was not well. With a tight feeling at his heart, and a second sniffing of the night air, he looked sharply at the pilot, saying:

"Yes! There does seem something peculiar. What d'ye think it is, eh?"

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"Fire!" said Maxwell calmly. "It's fire!"

"I fear you're right, Maxwell. God help us to get at it before it can spread!"

"See here," said Maxwell, "there's no use alarming the passengers; we shall be better able to cope with it if we keep the news to ourselves for a while."

"You're right, Maxwell," said the captain. "We must set about overhauling the ship at once."

Separating, they began their tours of inspection, but hardly had Maxwell left the captain's side than he heard a voice calling to him:

"Pilot, what on earth's that smell?"

It was one of the passengers, and Maxwell, realising that the better course was to tell the truth and endeavour to enlist the passenger's aid in keeping the secret and trying to discover the seat of the fire, told him of his suspicions, adding:

"But don't be alarmed, the captain and I are making a search, and if the fire is serious we will warn the passengers at once; but for God's sake, man, don't breath a word yet, or it'll mean a panic!"

"Oh, all right," said the man, seeming to be satisfied that there could be nothing seriously wrong. "I'm going to turn in anyway."

Glad to have allayed the man's fears, Maxwell went on his way round the portion of the ship assigned to him for searching, but, finding no signs of fire, returned after a time to the deck, taking charge of the wheel and steering the ship himself. Meanwhile, Captain Turner had been as unsuccessful as Maxwell; time after time he had inspected his part of the ship, but all to no avail. First here, and then there, the smell of burning lured him; each time, however, the smell seemed to fade away as he approached the place where he felt sure he would find the fire. Dis-

heartened at the hopelessness, Turner felt like giving up, then, for the third time, started to descend to the engines to begin a last exhaustive search.

Even as he put his foot on the rungs of the ladder from the starboard side of the ship a blast of scorching air struck him full in the face; and the same wind that brought that silent message bore with it the sound of crackling wood!

For a moment, the terror of it struck the captain motionless; he could do nothing but stand and stare at the place whence the noise of burning had reached him. Then the pendulum swung, and the man was all activity once more. Darting up on to the deck, he rushed across to the starboard paddle-box, and there the awful thing presented itself to him! The fire, which had been smouldering for Heaven knows how long, had at last burst out into flames—and that in the most inaccessible part of the vessel!

Still hesitating to alarm the passengers, Turner aroused the crew, told them of the danger, and set them a fine example of activity. Buckets were got out, and every man was soon hard at work with them, dropping them over the side of the ship and drawing them up full, then rushing with them to the scene of the fire and dashing the water over it.

Meantime, Turner had hurried to Maxwell, saying:

“You were right, Maxwell; the ship’s on fire! God help us!”

Maxwell, calm and fearless, asked for orders.

“Shall I put her about?”

“No!” said the captain. “We’re nearly half way across and had better make a dash full speed ahead for the Irish coast. I’ll get down below to see that the engines are put at top speed.”

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Dashing away, Turner went on his errand, leaving Maxwell to steer the vessel straight for the haven. Now, Turner's orders had been: "Head for the Irish coast," orders given, Maxwell knew, because the Scottish coast was an inhospitable one for which to run. But, inhospitable or not, Maxwell realised that it was the nearer, and he determined to disobey instructions, turn the ship about, and take his chances on the coast of Scotland.

So, putting the wheel about, Maxwell felt the great vessel respond to him. She swung right round, and then, full steam ahead, raced for safety.

And all the time the crew were fighting the gaining flames; all the time the stokers down below were feeding their fires with frantic haste, feeding them until the very boilers threatened to burst, and the engines, thudding out every ounce of power, became red-hot.

The confusion on deck was now added to by the arrival of the passengers, from whom the terrible state of affairs could be no longer hidden. From place to place they ran; from man to man they flitted, seeking hope—seeking the truth.

Round Maxwell, standing at his wheel like a man of iron, they crowded in ever-increasing numbers:

"Tell us," they cried, "is there no hope? Can we reach land?"

Calmly, as if he were seeking to sooth a sick child's fancied terrors, he assured them that there was hope.

"I believe every soul of us may be saved," he said, "but for Heaven's sake get away from here—get away from the engines!"

It was good advice, for the heat from below was simply terrific; and, together with that from the raging fire they were bravely trying to cope with, scorched and singed the clothing of the clamouring crowd.

Above the roaring of the flames, above the din of voices, the captain's voice was heard :

"Passengers to the bows"; and at this second command, the people rushed to the safety point.

Having seen his passengers located as far as possible away from the fire, Turner made his way through the smoke and flames to where Maxwell stood, still holding his wheel in strong, firm hands.

"Where are you steering for, man?" cried the captain.

"Back to Scotland—to a place where we can beach the ship with safety!"

Realising the wisdom of the pilot's decision, Turner said nothing; it was no time for discussing questions of obedience; it was a matter of life or death to reach land quickly, and no man knew the perilous coast they were racing for better than did Maxwell.

"But, see, man!" shouted Turner into Maxwell's ear; "you can't stay here till the end, you'll have the flames bursting in upon you! Lash the wheel and come forward!"

"I must stay here!" said Maxwell bravely.

"Come forward, I say," commanded the captain. "When the ship strikes we must all take our chances, and we have the boats."

"I tell you I must bide here till she strikes the sand on yonder coast. She mustn't lose a yard, and if she runs her nose upon the rocks, many of those poor things forward may be drowned despite all we can do for them! Are the engines doing their utmost?"

"If we shut down the valves and risk bursting the boilers we can get some more out of them," said the captain.

"Then shut 'em down!" said Maxwell.

Finding that the pilot was immovable in his decision

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to stick to his post, Turner bounded down to the engine room to have the valves closed, and Maxwell, standing there with the wheel spinning through his scorched hands, murmured the prayer of a brave man, thinking, not of himself, but of those who were his charge :

“ Help me, O God, to do my duty to the end, and, if I am taken, provide for my mother, wife, and child ! ”

Below, the throbbing engines were working faster than ever now that the valves were shut down, sending the doomed ship leaping through the sea, leaving a trail of flame and smoke behind her. The long line of men fighting the fire plied their buckets with a zeal prompted by despair. Another line of bucket-laden sailors turned their attentions to the strong, silent man at the wheel, around whom the flames were leaping and licking, scorching, burning, blistering the hands upon which the safety of the ship depended. Bucket after bucket of water they dashed over him, drenching him from head to foot. But the flames gained upon the water ; soaking through to the skin one minute, the next his clothes were smouldering and smoking. None knew what agonies of mind and body he passed through in those hours that seemed eternities, but men and women, standing aft and looking now with fear-filled eyes at the fire, now with wondering gaze at the fire-enveloped figure at the wheel, forgot for a while their danger in the glory of the man's devotion. Some of them, indeed, fired to emulation, volunteered to take his place ; but neither entreaty nor warning served to move Maxwell from his intention to stand by the wheel and strive to steer the blazing ship to safety.

“ It's no good trying to move him ! ” said the captain at last ; “ he'll steer till he drops dead ! ”

So they stood and watched and waited—waited for



"Neither entreaty nor warning served to move Maxwell from his intention to steer the blazing ship to safety" (*see page 106*).

death or for life, knowing that much depended upon the man with the blistering hands, and burning clothes.

By this time the engineers had forsaken the engine-room ; life was impossible in that inferno, whose furnaces still roared, nevertheless, and whose engines still throbbed.

At last land hove in sight ; a forbidding rocky coast, with but one opening where the ship could be beached—the opening Maxwell was steering for. With hearts aflame with hope, the men on board the *Clydesdale* peered through the smoke at the coast where safety lay, anon shifting their gaze to watch the figure at the wheel, praying that his life might be spared him, and strength given him, to steer the vessel through the break in the iron-bound shore.

Soon the rocks were filled with flitting, excited people, drawn thither by the sight of the flaming ship. These people of the coast could read the story of terror written in living flame ; they knew that whoever steered the ship was making for the opening in the rocks.

"She's running alone!" cried one. "Nay, man, she's the *Clydesdale*, and she's coming straight for the break!" cried another. "Aye, and Jim Maxwell's her pilot, and 'tis he who steers her!" shouted yet another. "Nay, no man could live in such a flame!" "'Tis Maxwell, though, and God help 'em all if he falters coming through the passage!"

Suddenly above the uproar a full-throated cry arose : "Torches, lads! Give them light to see the way in!"

Quick as they knew how a dozen willing hands had seized and lighted pinewood torches, and then, standing on either side of the narrow passage-way, a line of men held aloft the flaring torches to light the way to safety.

Yard by yard the vessel sped upon her way, the roar of the flames, the throb of the engines reaching the

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watchers on the rocks. It was a matter of minutes now ; the cabin beneath the wheel was crackling with fire, the engines were white hot, the boilers were on the point of bursting. Would they last out ? Could Maxwell live through that next few minutes ? Men ashore looked and wondered ; men aboard looked and prayed ; women cried in agony of mind ; children shrieked in terror, and then—through the air came shouts of triumph ! Straight as an arrow Maxwell had pointed the vessel's bow to the forty-foot opening ; he had won ! Roaring, and throbbing, and crackling, the ship sped through the break, crashed through into the shingle, and came to a full stop. For a moment the people on shore fell back before the terrific heat, and Maxwell, his work over, his duty done, crumpled up like so much tinder.

Gathering themselves together, the shoremen literally hurled themselves towards the ship of fire, and, with strong and willing hands, helped the passengers and crew ashore, and in a few minutes they were all safe and sound.

And Maxwell ? As he fell fainting to the deck strong men rushed towards him, strong hands lifted him from the scorching deck and carried him to safety, his heavy sea-coat dropping from him in ashes !

Thus ended a night of stern adventure and heroism.

The hero recovered and returned to his work, though that fearful night had put years on his life and robbed him of much of his wonted vigour. A grateful people did not forget him, and two subscriptions were made on his behalf, though such deeds are not paid for with money.

CAPTURED BY RED INDIANS

The Thrilling Tale of an Escape from a Horrible Death

KIDNAPPED by Indians when he was eight years of age, John Glover, of Virginia, spent the next fourteen years of his life as a slave to various Indian tribes. By that time he had almost become one of themselves ; he grew to like the savage, free, open-air life, and it was with some difficulty that he was prevailed upon by friends to forsake the natives when at last a chance was offered him. Eventually, however, the inducements of his friends won the day, and Glover returned to civilisation.

At twenty-nine he found himself acting as a guide to an expedition against the Indians. After a fierce conflict with the Indians the white men decided to retreat in order, but the Indians, realising the intention, suddenly returned to the fight, sending the white men off pell-mell. Breaking their ranks, the mounted men rode off as fast as their horses would carry them, trampling down those on foot, leaving wounded on the field, unattended, caring not who perished so they themselves escaped.

Glover was in the rear when the confused retreat began. He was tending the horses, and by the time he had finished his work the main body of the army had passed by ; but by dint of much hurrying after them he caught them up, and very soon found himself near to the front ranks.

Pushing forward as quickly as they could the whites

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made their disorderly retreat, the Indians gaining upon them at almost every yard. Glover's misfortune came when, with half a dozen other men, he found himself stuck fast in a morass, from which, do what they might, not one of them could disengage the horses. All around they could hear the enemy closing in upon them, so, quickly dismounting, they left their horses to sink and did their best to pass through the morass, into which they themselves had sunk up to the waist. Step by step they plodded; inch by inch they sank; but at last the morass was passed. Two of them had lost their guns, but, keeping well together, they set out on foot to catch up with the main body, by this time some miles ahead of them.

Staying neither for drink nor food, they tramped many weary miles through the long dark night, until they found themselves caught in another morass, and had to rest till dawn lest they became engulfed. Day-break brought with it additional care; they had to keep a sharp look out for Indians, who would be sure to pick up the trail, and might pounce upon them at any moment.

The thing they feared happened on the second day of their flight. Famished and athirst, they had sat down to partake of a scanty meal when, almost immediately, they saw coming towards them a band of Indians. Leaving their baggage where it was, they fled into some neighbouring bushes, while all the time they could hear on every side the cries of the Indian searchers. At last there was silence, and, plucking up courage, the little band returned to their encampment, gathered their baggage, which had not been discovered, and once more set out.

The next day the end came. Without any warning,

Captured by Red Indians III

the Indians, who had picked up the trail again, suddenly opened fire upon them from the seclusion of the thick-growing bushes. Two of Glover's companions fell ; the others fled in all directions. Two of the guns were useless through being soaked in coming across the morasses, and although Glover knew that his was in good order, he dared not fire it because he knew that immediately he came from the shelter of the tree behind which he had hidden, he would be shot down without any mercy.

As he stood there waiting and watching an Indian seemed to rise up from the ground before him, and, presenting his gun, called upon Glover to surrender, assuring him of his safety. Whereupon Glover threw down his arms, as did two of his companions, who also were told there was no need to fear.

One of the captors was a native who had known Glover in his long captivity, and, calling him by his native name, said :

" Mannucothee, you are a dog for coming to war against us ! "

Glover said nothing ; perhaps he still felt the thrill of the free savage life he had led amongst them ; maybe he regretted that he had ever returned to the life of the towns of his own people.

Having secured their captives, the Indians set out on the trail once more, and in three days Glover and his friends found themselves in an Indian town. During the journey they had been well treated, but as they approached the town the Indians changed their attitude towards them. Moreover, the inhabitants came out in a hostile body to meet them. Armed with tomahawks and clubs, they surrounded the prisoners, calling them names, jeering and howling at them, and beating them cruelly.

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They had broken faith with their captives, who had been promised safety, and the culmination came when one of the prisoners was seized, stripped to the skin, and blackened over with coal and water.

From long experience, Glover knew what that meant ; it was the sign of death—the sign of a horrible death ! The man was to be burnt alive !

Terrified by the strange preparation, and half suspicious of its import, the man cried out to Glover :

“ What does it mean ? What are they going to do ? ”

Glover, starting to tell him, was fiercely interrupted by the Indians, who, in their own language, forbade him to explain to the doomed man. To the latter, they vowed no harm was meant him.

The work of torture and death began at once. The three men, led by their naked companion, were made to run the gauntlet to the council house. Men, women and children surged in upon them, beating and striking them ; the warriors fired loads of powder into them as they ran, all making the naked man their chief object. Shouting, yelling, beating their drums, they raced after the fleeing man ; hacking him with their tomahawks, burning holes in his body with the plugs of powder fired at him ; crippling him with blows from their clubs—so terrible was their onslaught that by the time the man reached the council house he was nothing but a bruised, pulpy mass.

Terrified at the surging hacking mob that followed him, the victim's one hope was that upon arrival at the council house he would be left alone—according to the Indians' promise. Vain hope ! For even as he laid hands upon the door he was pulled back by the natives and subjected to further mauling. Finding that they

had but one object in view, and that to murder him, the terror-stricken man took courage and determined to sell his life dearly. Running in amongst them, he tried to seize tomahawks and clubs, but after a few minutes' struggle he was overpowered and carried away. Then once more the beating, stabbing, attack began, and after an awful time of agony death came to his relief. Not content with their fiendish work, the natives wreaked further vengeance on the dead body, cutting it into pieces, tearing limb from limb, and sticking them upon long poles outside the town.

The same treatment was meted out to the rest of Glover's companions, Glover himself being reserved for later attention.

The next evening a council of the chiefs was held, to which Glover was summoned. Here he was subjected to a close examination as to the disposition of the white troops and the condition of the war between Great Britain and the States. The information he gave them seemed to please them but very little, for whereas up till then he had been treated well, thereafter he was subjected to all manner of indignities. Things assumed a much more serious aspect when an old enemy of his, one George Girty, a white man, turned up, for soon after his arrival a number of Indians came to the hut where he was living, put a rope round his neck and prepared him for burning.

Stripped of his clothing, bound and blackened in the usual way, he was led into the town and beaten with clubs and tomahawks, and then tied to a tree for several hours. In the afternoon he was taken to another town two miles away, where it was decided the living sacrifice should be made.

Arrived there he was bound to a stake surrounded with piles of wood ready set for lighting. Then amidst

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mad shouts, hideous yells, and triumphant dancing round the pile, the wood was kindled. High leaped the flames ; higher rose the cries of the Indians, exulting in the awful end of one they looked upon as renegade. Round and round the burning pyre they danced, yelling their war-cries, while there, in the midst of the flames, stood the victim, inwardly praying for rain to quench the fire.

There seemed little hope that rain would come, for high above him the sun shone clear, and there was not a breath of air moving. But suddenly, as if in answer to the unuttered prayer, the wind rose and blew a hurricane, and the rain fell in torrents. For fifteen minutes only the storm lasted, but it was long enough, for the flames never reached the man at the stake ; the rain quenched the fire, and also, apparently, the inhuman enthusiasm of the natives, who, amazed at the interruption of the revels, cried :

“ We'll leave him alone till the morning, and take a whole day's frolic in burning him ! ”

But they were not done with him even for that day, for, loosing him from the stake, they made him sit down, and began to dance around him, beating, wounding, and kicking him, as they circled round him whilst he lay there helpless and defenceless.

But there is an end even to the revels of blood-maddened Indians, and, tiring of the war-dance, one of them approached the half-fainting Glover, saying :

“ Are you sleepy, Mannucothee ? ”

“ Yes,” said Glover.

“ Here,” said the chief to three of his companions, “ take him away, and look after him till the morning, when——” and laughing grimly, he turned away, leaving Glover to his thoughts of the morrow, and what it was to bring for him.

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So, with his arms still bound at the wrists and above the elbows with thongs that bit into the flesh till they were invisible, and with a rope round his neck, Glover was led away to a blockhouse and tied to a beam with just sufficient rope to allow him to lie down on a board to sleep—if he could, and if he wanted to!

Then began a long and wearying night. Hour by hour the four men—prisoner and guards, sat in the smoke-filled hut, Glover puzzling his brains to devise some means of escape, the Indians taunting him with his helplessness and the coming festival of fire.

“How will you like to eat fire to-morrow, Mannucothee?” asked one of them.

“You’ll kill no more Indians, then!” cried another.

Glover held his tongue. One great hope buoyed him up, and that was that the three guards would soon drop off to sleep, but as the tedious hours dragged by it seemed that the men had made up their minds to keep their vigil faithfully. At last, about an hour before dawn, two of them lay down, while the third, lighting his pipe, once more settled himself to continue the watch, beguiling his time by the repetition of the grim questions.

For half an hour he kept it up, but then growing weary of a one-sided conversation, he, too, lay down, and in a few minutes Glover’s heart leaped into his throat; the man was snoring! It was now or never, if he meant to escape! Turning himself over on to his right side, Glover managed to slip the cords from his left arm, leaving them dangling on his right. He was now free except for the rope round his neck.

At that moment one of the warriors awoke, and got up. With his heart thumping in his breast, Glover lay there expecting that he would be examined and the loosened thongs discovered, but to his great relief the

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warrior merely stirred up the fire, and then lay down again.

Waiting until he thought the Indian was once more asleep, Glover began the task of undoing the rope round his neck. The rope was as thick as his thumb and as hard as iron, being made of buffalo hide, and though he worked at it for what seemed an age it would not yield to him, and he gave up in despair.

It was now daybreak, and, realising that the next few minutes must decide his fate, Glover frantically made one more attempt on the rope. Putting his fingers between his neck and the rope, he pulled fiercely. The knot gave! It was but a noose with several knots tied over it; and he had wasted precious time over so simple a matter!

But there was no time for useless regrets. He must up and away before the camp stirred. The warriors still slept on, and stepping over them carefully, fearing that every movement would cause them to jump up in alarm, Glover made his way out of the house. Naked and blackened, with the thongs still hanging to his right arm, he tore like a madman through the town, out into a cornfield close at hand, without being seen.

Once outside the town Glover's first work was to untie the bond round his right arm, now swollen and black, and causing him intense pain. Then, seeing some horses near by, he managed to capture one of them, and, snatching a piece of old rug from a fence, threw it upon the horse's back for a saddle, using the rope from his arm for a halter. Setting the horse at a gallop, Glover rode hour after hour, until he had covered seventy miles. Then his horse failed him, and had to be abandoned. Luckily for him the Indians either missed his trail or did not trouble to hunt for him, or they would

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soon have overtaken him. For four days he tramped through the country, finding no food except a few wild berries, and often feeling so weak that he thought he must give up in despair. Over hills and across rivers he made his way, and then at last fell in with a man who knew him and gave him a lift to the place where his friends were gathered.

Of all those of his company who had been captured by the Indians, Glover alone managed to escape from a terrible death by burning!

IN THE DEPTHS

Tells of an Entombment in a Mine, and of a Duel
Beneath the Sea

FRANCIS MIDDLETON and Denis Bagshawe, miners, were walking along the lower level of the Black Engine Mine in Derbyshire, when the former, half a dozen yards in front of the latter, heard a sudden cracking noise, followed immediately by an awful crash. At the first slight sound Middleton, realising what was coming, bounded forward, crying, "Hurry! The roof's falling!"

The warning came too late, the crash too soon, and Bagshawe found himself facing a solid wall of rock. Another step and he would have been crushed to death, but as it was he knew that he was entombed with very little prospect of being brought out alive. He had no doubt that Middleton had been killed by the falling roof. That last cry of "Hurry!" had seemed to him to turn into a wail of horror, as though the man had been caught by one of the falling blocks.

Middleton, however, had not been killed, but had had a very narrow escape, a large piece of the falling roof having hit him in the middle of the back, knocking him down senseless. For some time he lay there helpless. At last he opened his eyes, found himself in darkness, and with slowly gathering wits realised what had happened. Horror-struck at what he feared must have happened to his fellow-miner, helpless to do anything for him, he knew that at any moment another slide might come and

bury him beneath its awful crushing weight. His first effort was to try to get upon his feet and hurry away to the shaft to give the alarm. Dropping back with a gasp of pain, he realised that he could not walk. For a few minutes he rested there, and then fear and determination made him essay to rise again. This time he managed to get upon his knees, and then painfully, slowly, fearfully, he made his way through the darkness until he reached the shaft, where he gave the news of the accident and then fell back fainting into the arms of a comrade.

With lightning rapidity the news of the calamity spread through the neighbourhood, and in a very little time the pithead was crowded with thousands of people.

Middleton, of course, could say nothing as to whether Bagshawe was alive or not, yet with brave optimism dozens of miners volunteered to go down the mine to wield pick and shovel to get to the other side of the entombing mountain of debris. Bagshawe's wife, with her several children, was amongst the first to reach the pit mouth, and many a sympathising friend gathered round seeking to comfort with fair-sounding words, yet knowing full well that the next few hours might reveal the fact that the wife was a widow and the children fatherless.

Meanwhile, down in the dim mine, a dozen willing miners were working like demons at the obstacle between them and—either a live man or a crushed and shapeless mass that once was a man; their task was to find out which, and, rough and rugged though the men were, many a heart breathed a fervent prayer that the work might be rewarded by finding their mate alive and sound of limb.

All day, all night, they toiled, yet seemed to make no progress, and at noon the next day the operations were taken charge of by Mr. Stokes, Sub-Inspector of

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Mines, who quickly organised the work. It was necessary for some controlling hand to be there, for the frantic enthusiasm of the miners had led them into a grave error. They were leaving no room to make supports for the roof of the tunnel they were boring, and had not Stokes arrived when he did, the rescuers themselves might have been engulfed in the same way as the man they were trying to save.

Mr. Stokes soon altered this, although the new arrangements meant that probably more time would be taken up. The men were working at fever heat, with nerves at a high tension, so high, in fact, that one poor fellow—a great friend of Bagshawe's—became demented, and it was only with great difficulty that he was got to the surface, where his friends took charge of him.

With bleeding hands, aching arms and backs, the rescuers worked at the debris, timbering as they went so that the way to safety might not be blocked. At first they were inclined to grumble at the time that this involved, but better counsels prevailed, and they realised that it was no good working with the possibility of the roof falling in and crushing them all to death.

For nearly three days and nights they had laboured thus, when something happened that seemed likely to prevent the work being carried on farther. The engine that helped to ventilate the mine got out of order, and although the rescuers kept at their tasks for many hours afterwards, it was only by great perseverance that they were able to do so, for the air was foul and choking, and the men themselves were gasping for breath. At last, so bad did the atmosphere become, that the whole party had to tear away from the scene of operations and rush to the shaft to escape being suffocated.

For many anxious hours the work was suspended,

and people at the pit-head stood in dismay, knowing the helplessness of the rescuers. Shops remained shut, schools were closed—the whole population seemed to be living at the pit-mouth, yet by this time few dared to hope that the man below would be brought out alive.

Eventually the engine was repaired, and again the rescuers descended to their work. Hour after hour they laboured, caring neither for food nor rest ; the one thing that mattered was to get through the barrier. On the fourth day, when they had almost given up hope, thinking that even when they did at last cut their way through they would find that if Bagshawe had not been crushed at the beginning, he would be dead of starvation, one of the men thought he heard an answering tap to the blows of the picks.

For a moment each man stood still as death, holding his breath as if its very incoming and outgoing might deaden the sound of the noise they longed to hear, yet dared not hope for. At last there came a distinct tap ! tap ! tap ! from the other side of the barrier, and with a cry of “ Thank God ! He’s alive ! ” the men set to work with renewed vigour, wielding their picks and shovels until the sweat rolled in great beads.

Meanwhile, what of the man behind the barrier ? When the awful crash came, he had been attending to a wagon hook, and was unable to get to safety before the roof had fallen in. Deafened by the noise, half blinded by the dust, almost maddened by the thought of what had happened, he had sat himself down, holding his only piece of lighted candle in his hand waiting—for death ! He did not deceive himself as to his position ; he was foodless and drinkless, and he knew that soon the air would become foul and poisonous. What chance, then, was there that he would ever escape alive ?

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One thing alone buoyed him up, and that was the sure knowledge that if Middleton had managed to escape he would hurry off to the pit-head with the news, and that in a few minutes willing hands would be hard at work trying to get through the barrier.

About half an hour after the accident, Bagshawe's candle went out, and he was in total darkness—a darkness that seemed to grow in terror as every moment passed. Licking the tallow from his fingers, he began to walk about the wagon-way hoping against hope that he would find some water. Groping about in the darkness he presently felt a piece of clay, and at the same moment heard the drip! drip! drip! of water from the roof. Quickly locating the place where the water was coming from, he made a cup out of the lump of clay, placed it so that the water would fall into it, and then after waiting for what seemed hours, managed to get enough to quench the raging thirst that possessed him.

For day after day he sat in the lonely darkness, with nothing to satisfy the growing hunger, the maddening thirst, but the water he caught from the roof; day after day he breathed the increasingly foul air of the mine, heard nothing but the sound of his own breathing. He could not sleep—the loneliness was too awful, the darkness too hideous.

On the fourth day came the sounds he had longed and hoped against hope to hear. At first they were so faint that he feared he must be dreaming, or that, his mind, weakened by the long vigil, was playing him false; but, putting his ear close to the barrier, joy almost carried him beyond the bounds of sanity when he heard the dull tap of a pick! Again and again the tap came to him, and, tearing up a piece of railway-plate, he showered blow after blow upon the solid wall before him, to let

those toilers on the other side know that he was alive ! If he had been half dazed before, he was mad now, mad with the thought that help was nigh !

It was his blows, of course, that had made the rescuers redouble their efforts. For hour after hour they had to toil, and Bagshawe could hear them coming nearer and nearer ; yet he felt that after all they must come too late, for he was feeling weak from having had no food, and was choking by reason of the foul air.

The day after the joyful discovery that the man lived there was another set-back to the labours of the rescuers. The men, working in frantic haste, found that they were putting forth gigantic efforts without making much progress ; the blows of their picks failed at the moment of impact ; the men themselves gasped for breath. In a moment they knew what was happening. The choke-damp from behind the barrier was penetrating to the place where the work was going on. Suffocation would follow if they breathed that foul air any longer, and deciding that it was better to wait till the mine was cleared, the rescuers rushed away to the shaft, where they were quickly fetched up into the light of day. Then the work of clearing the mine was begun ; fires were lighted at the shaft in order to draw the foul air out, water mixed with quicklime was carried to the pit's mouth by scores of the anxious watchers, and thrown down into the mine below, and by the next day the air was clear enough for the rescuers to resume work.

To the man behind the barrier the new silence was terrifying. The sounds of the rescuers had stopped. What could it mean ? Had the men given up at almost the last moment ? If so, why had they ? These questions seared his brain like red-hot iron, and his head throbbed with the agony of thought. Hour after hour the silence

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was unbroken, and Bagshawe felt that he could endure the agony of uncertainty no longer.

Then at last he heard the picks eating their way into the barrier once more, heard his rescuers shout encouragement to bear up yet a little longer, and then, thank Heaven ! there came a gleam of light ; they had cut their way through !

Not yet, however, was he free ; it was only a small opening that had been made, not big enough for him to pass through, yet sufficient to allow his comrades to hand him a little brandy. This revived him to such an extent that, despite the sufferings of the last few days, he seized a pick and began to cut a way for himself.

Although the rescuers were so near, it was some hours before they could make an opening large enough to get Bagshawe out. A huge block, many tons in weight, barred the way, and it was not until they had removed this that with shouts of joy, they rushed towards him, seized his hands in their own bleeding ones, and almost wrung his arms off in their frenzy of excitement.

"Come !" they said, and would have carried him to the shaft.

"No !" he cried, "I'm going to walk !"

And walk he did, though when at last he reached the shaft bottom, he was wrapped up in blankets, taken to the the pithead, and handed over to the care of the doctors who were awaiting him.

Thousands of people were waiting there, too, and no one can describe the enthusiasm of the now joyful crowd. Neither can anyone describe the shouts of praise that rent the air when the rescuers appeared above the mine in which they had spent five days in arduous, nerve-racking toil, seeking to save the life of a chum.

These men were not forgotten, and received their due

reward, while as for Bagshawe, a few days' nursing soon brought him to his normal self, and he was able to resume work in about a week. But as long as he lives he will never forget being entombed in a mine alone for five long weary, awful days—with nothing but water to live on.

AMONGST the divers engaged in the work of salving the *Royal George* after that ill-fated vessel had turned turtle at Spithead were a corporal and a private, who for some time performed their various duties fairly amicably. Eventually, however, each became jealous of the other's success, and the consequent commendations bestowed by the officials. Day by day the canker grew, though neither man showed signs of violence—probably because neither felt that he had sufficient reason for doing so.

There was, however, bound to be a climax, and it came with startling suddenness and dramatic effect, and resulted in a duel beneath the sea.

In the course of operations on the submerged vessel, both men laid hands on the same piece of timber, and, as neither would willingly relax his grip upon it, there ensued a fierce struggle for the trophy. Backwards and forwards, in grim silence, the men swayed, each endeavouring to wrest the prize from the other. So for a time the strange struggle proceeded, until at last, losing all patience, the men let go the bone of contention and came to blows.

Needless to say, there were countless dangers attending such a battle. The air-pipes might become entangled in the struggle; the lenses of the helmets might be broken and, as a matter of fact, the latter possibility soon became an awful reality.

Suddenly lunging forward, the corporal struck his

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opponent a terrific blow, and then, grasping his rope, prepared to rise to the surface, giving no thought as to the fate of his adversary. Quick as lightning, however, the stricken man recovered himself, rushed at the other, and tried to grip one of the corporal's legs as he was rising through the water. It was no easy task to catch hold of those wriggling legs, which might deal out death. With a suddenness that took the man below by complete surprise, the corporal let fly with one of his twenty-pound diving boots, sending it crashing through the lens of his rival's helmet!

Staggering back from the force of the blow, and gasping for breath as the water rushed in upon him, the unfortunate man managed to grasp his rope and give the signal for drawing up, and then fainted.

It was a coward's blow, and might have proved fatal; but, fortunately, the men above had noticed the unusual disturbance of the water, and directly they felt the ropes being tugged began to haul up for all they were worth. Hand over hand the rope came in, and just in the nick of time the unconscious diver was brought to the surface; another moment and he would have been suffocated.

So ended one of the strangest duels ever fought, although it is worth recording that next day the combatants, seemingly ashamed of their foolish jealousy and its result, shook hands and swore friendship.



“The corporal let fly with one of his twenty-pound diving-boots, crashing through the lens of his rival’s helmet!” (see page 126).

THE RAFT OF THE *MEDUSA*

One of the Most Thrilling Tragedies of the Sea

THE story of the sea is filled with chapters overflowing with danger and adventure, but it is safe to say that, for thrilling danger and stirring adventure, hardly one of them can surpass the wreck of the *Medusa*. Wrecks in abundance there have been, and rafts by the score, but surely no victims of a wreck, no occupants of a raft, ever went through more awful days of horror and distress than did those who trusted their lives to the hastily constructed raft which pushed off from the *Medusa* as that ill-fated vessel lay fixed upon the bank of Arguin, off Africa, with her back broken and her rudder crashing into the ship's side with every wave that rushed over the vessel.

The *Medusa* was a French vessel, with a crew and company of soldiers to the number of four hundred men, as dissatisfied a crowd as ever a captain commanded. She had set out in company with a smaller vessel, from which, however, she got separated; after that, sailing down the coast of Africa in June, 1816, the *Medusa* ran upon the Arguin bank and defied all attempts to get her off. Two days passed and the ship refused to move. Then a terrible storm arose, the waves lashed across the ship in a very fury, her back broke, and the only thing to be done was to take to the boats and trust to Providence that the storm would abate and let them reach the coast.

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All might have been well, even then, but for the fact that at this critical moment the dissatisfied men mutinied, and what might have been an orderly disembarkation was a stampede fraught with all kinds of additional dangers.

There was a rush for the boats, every man fighting his neighbour in the attempt to obtain a place in one of them. There were but six boats, capable of holding two hundred and thirty people, leaving nearly one hundred and sixty stranded on the wreck. With feverish haste a raft was constructed, and all but seventeen men embarked on it. These seventeen men were left on the wreck, most of them being too drunk to be moved, which throws a lurid light upon the terrible state of things.

On July 15th, the boats pushed off, towing the raft behind them. Fifteen leagues distant there was land, and all hoped that they would make it without much difficulty. So they might have done but for the fact that the men in the boats began to feel that they were working too hard.

"Let's leave them!" someone suggested. "Drop the tow-rope!"

The thought was father to the act, for one after another the boats let go the rope, the captain making no attempt to reprove or stop the men committing such a cowardly act.

What of those on board the raft? One by one they saw the boats cast themselves free. Each time they imagined that it must be because some vessel had been sighted, and the boats were hurrying off for help. At last the dreadful truth dawned on them; they were being cut adrift!

"My God, they're leaving us!" cried one of the men. "It's death!"

They had no means of propelling or guiding themselves; worse still, they had little or no food, for in their haste they had forgotten to provision the raft. A twenty-five pound bag of biscuits, water-soaked and smashed to pulp, comprised all the food. As for drink they had sufficient—too much, indeed, for it was not water, but wine, which they had been better without.

There was the utmost confusion on the raft when it was realised that the boats were leaving them. Men shouted themselves hoarse calling upon their treacherous comrades to have mercy; some raved and stamped; others, mad with rage, vowed dreadful vengeance on the dastardly cowards. All fell on unheeding ears, and, after all, what was there to worry about? There was little chance of those men on the raft ever meeting them again.

It needed a brave heart to look things fairly in the face. The raft was but seven metres long, by twenty broad, hastily constructed out of yards and masts, a sorry resting place for such a crowd of maddened men. The sides of the raft were constantly submerged, and in order to keep a foothold it was necessary to grip anything that offered a safe hold.

No food, no navigating instruments or charts, no anchor—what a plight! And all the time there was the dread of the soldiers breaking out into mutiny.

Soon after the boats had disappeared on the horizon, the unfortunate people on the raft began to take counsel amongst themselves. What was to be done? The first thought of everyone was food. No one had broken fast before leaving the wreck, and all were feeling hungry. Then it was they discovered their plight regarding provisions. That first meal consisted of a little biscuit paste mixed with wine, and, small as it was, it was the

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best one they had on the raft, for it took all their biscuit. Henceforth their rations were to be three-quarters of a pint of wine each per day.

The officer in command of the raft, M. Coudon, was too ill to move, and the surgeon, M. Savigny, took command. As a first step to something practical, he had one of the *Medusa's* masts cut in two, and the maintop-gallant sail spread on it. It served ill as a sail, but might perhaps be better seen by a passing ship than would a raft low on the water.

All that first day the victims nursed the hope that perhaps, after all, the boats had but gone for succour and would return very soon; but, with the coming of night, these hopes gradually forsook them, fears taking their place when it was noticed that the sea was running high and that the wind was getting up. Wave after wave swept the raft. Above the din of the storm rose the shrieks of men flung down on to the raft or into the sea. Caught in the lattice work of the raft, limbs were broken, heads were dashed in, bodies mutilated! For hours on end men flung overboard clung to the raft sides trying to get back once more. With great difficulty Savigny and some others managed to fasten some pieces of rope to the raft, and to these the men outside clung for very life. Now lifted heavenwards on the crest of a wave, now dashed down again as if to the bottom of the sea—all that awful night the raft fought the storm. Suddenly above the noise and turmoil there rose a cry:

“A sail! A sail!”

Wild with excitement men peered out into the pitch darkness. Sure enough there were lights in the distance, and with frantic haste charges of powder were burnt, pistols were fired. But all in vain; there

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was no ship, only the phosphorescent light upon the waves !

With daybreak the storm abated somewhat. The roll was called and twenty men were found to be missing. The dangers and the horrors were by no means past. The terrors of the night still clung to the poor wretches ; some went raving mad at the very thought of what they had endured ; others at what was still to come, and ever and anon, with a last farewell to his friends, a man would throw himself into the sea in despair. Others saw ships—in their madness—and shouted and cried and waved their clothes to attract attention, and, finding no notice taken, raved and cursed, finally flinging themselves into the sea.

Night again, with all its attendant horrors ! The blazing sun gave place to thick clouds ; a calm sea to mountain-waves ; a cool refreshing breeze to rushing wind that drove the raft onwards and onwards. Every moment it seemed that the raft must capsize ; tons of water seemed to fall headlong on to it, sweeping away all who had no secure grasp on the more solid parts of the precarious craft. Every man made for the mast, round which the officers rallied, calling the others to their side. The rush of humanity for the centre was as fatal as the rush of the waters, for the crush was so great that man after man fell stifled to the floor of the raft, there to be trampled on by his companions in distress.

First this side, and then that, the raft dipped low in the water, and it was necessary for the men to gather on the opposite side in order to restore the balance ; otherwise the raft must have turned turtle.

Then a storm, fraught with more dangers than the fury of the warring elements, broke out : the soldiers mutinied ! First they attacked the wine store, drank

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themselves mad, and then turned their attention to their officers because the latter would not join with them in destroying the raft and so putting an end to all the misery.

"Cut the ropes!" they cried one to another. "Cut the ropes!"

A huge, ugly Malay soldier, armed with a boarding-axe, began to hack at the cords that bound the raft together. Quickly rallying the faithful few, the officers rushed to interrupt him. Lifting the huge axe above his head, the Malay threatened to kill all who interfered with him, and, rushing in amongst the attackers, hurled them this way and that, and would no doubt have achieved his purpose of destroying the raft, had not a lucky sabre blow sent him to his last account.

This little conflict was the signal for a general fray; the officers and the staunch men quickly armed themselves with any available weapon; the mutineers drew their sabres and knives. Then the fight began. The mutineers outnumbered the others by five to one, but so strong was the defence that the rebels were glad to retreat, leaving more than one of their number dead. Time and time again, the mutineers tried to hack away the ropes and break up the raft; and each time they were so fiercely attacked that they were forced to leave that work and try to defend themselves.

Finding it impossible to destroy the raft in this way, they tried another.

"The sail—lower the sail!" suddenly cried one of the soldiers, and in a moment the maddened mob flung itself at the sail, tore it to pieces, and toppled the mast over, sending men flying hither and thither. Heartless and merciless, the mutineers seized hold of one of the men they had knocked down senseless, and flung him

into the sea ; his friends rescued him, and set him on a barrel. Even while efforts were being made to bring him back to consciousness, with a rush the mutineers were on him, trying to gouge out his eyes with a pen-knife ! The horror of the deed aroused the others to a fury, and, charging the villains with a righteous ferocity, cut them down one by one until many cried for mercy.

One of the mutineers, named Dominique, was flung into the sea, but an officer, ill as he was, and heedless of the fact that the man was a traitor, jumped in after him, and rescued him ; the man showed his gratitude by going back to his mutinous companions !

For four or five hours this fight in the dark had been raging, but towards midnight there was a lull. But not for long ; the mutineers had got over their drunken bout but had lost none of their villainy, and about one o'clock they broke out once more with renewed vigour, and, being sober, proved more dangerous than ever.

"To arms ! To arms !" they cried, rushing at their foes, who, knowing that it was a case of life and death, charged in turn, and in a few minutes the raft was strewn with dead and dying. The mutineers were mad ; biting and scratching, hacking with knives, thrusting with sabres, they endeavoured to overpower the enemy. All in vain ; they had set their hands to a difficult task, for while throughout that awful night the loyalists lost only two men—besides having many grievously wounded—the mutineers suffered to the extent of about forty.

Throughout the fight the storm had been raging, but with the coming of day both the battle and the storm passed over, and the men began to think of food. They were sixty men fewer than on the previous day, for, besides those killed in the mutiny, many had gone raving

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mad and had thrown themselves overboard. These poor maddened folk were victims of strange hallucinations ; one would cry that he could see a sail ; another a harbour ; while yet another had visions of home and provisions in plenty, and every now and then one of them would drop into the sea, saying he was going either for the help or food he fancied to be near at hand !

During the conflict several of the casks of wine had been thrown into the sea, with the result that half rations was the order of the day. For forty-eight hours every man had been foodless, and it is not to be wondered at that they tried to eat all sorts of things, sword belts, linen, cartouch-boxes ; in fact, some of them made a gruesome meal off the bodies of their dead companions.

That day and another night passed, calmly, and the next afternoon a shoal of flying fish were seen under the raft entangled in the interstices. It was a godsend ! Two hundred fish were caught, the milts were eaten, and the fish flung into an empty cask. By good luck, a little gunpowder was found, and by means of steel and flint a fire was kindled on a barrel top. The flying fish were cooked, and the little meal that resulted seemed like a banquet.

Refreshed by this, and almost happy that the weather was calm and the mutiny apparently quelled, the shipwrecked mariners prepared to pass another night. But the troubles were by no means at an end. A fresh mutiny broke out. The disaffected ones this time were some Spaniards, Italians, and negroes, who plotted to fall on their companions during the night and fling them into the sea. They endeavoured to get some of the faithful sailors to join with them, but these proved loyal and gave information of the plot, with the result that the crew was ready for the attack when it came.

The signal was given by a Spaniard, who, standing by the re-erected mast, crossed himself with one hand and drew his knife with the other. That was his last act ; the sailors hurled themselves upon him and, after a short, fierce tussle, threw him overboard. Then the battle began ; the mutineers, finding it impossible to take their victims by surprise, rushed forward in a body, clubbing their carbines, drawing their sabres, and unsheathing their knives ; and in a moment all was confusion.

"To arms ! To arms !" cried the mutineers.

"We are lost !" shrieked many a terror-stricken wretch, losing his reason, and flinging himself overboard out of the reach of the dripping sabres.

The majority of them stuck to their posts, however, giving and taking thrusts, and after a terrible fight, during which many were killed and more wounded, managed to drive the mutineers off, subdued and cowed ; and once more there was peace.

The next day but thirty men remained alive, and most of these were so severely wounded that they could hardly stand or walk. Rations consisted of two barrels of wine, and a dozen fish, which they reckoned would last four days. And then—death !

There were no more open mutinies, probably because no one had strength to carry one on, but on the seventh day two soldiers bored a hole in the last barrel of wine and began to drink by means of a reed. Tampering with the wine had been declared a crime worthy of death ; and these two soldiers were speedily punished by being flung overboard. That effectually warded off any further attempts that may have been premeditated on the wine store.

Matters had now reached such a pass that those who remained in full possession of their senses—but twelve

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in all—consulted amongst themselves as to the best thing to be done with the other fifteen, who, dying by inches, and raving mad, still partook of their share of the provisions. It was a time for extreme measures, and though the course adopted may seem brutal and heartless, yet it was the only one possible. It was decided that these unfortunate people must be thrown into the sea ; in any case it could but be a matter of hours, or perhaps days, before they would die.

But who would do this dreadful thing ? Who would be the executioners ? After much discussion, three soldiers and a sailor were appointed for this work. They went about the task with sad hearts, and tear-filled eyes ; while the other nine men wept like babies, hiding their faces in their hands, and stopping their ears so that they might not see the awful work being done, nor hear the cries of their doomed companions.

The food would now last about six days, and these passed by without any sign of a ship or of land. And then for three days the wretched men were foodless. Once a white butterfly settled on the raft, a circumstance which brought hope of their being near land. Some of the sailors and soldiers looked at the little messenger of hope hungrily, and it was only by force that they were restrained from fighting for it and eating it, their companions vowing that no harm should be done to it.

“ It is God's messenger,” their companions cried. “ And no harm shall be done to it ! ”

The days passed without the land they fondly thought was near looming into sight. Foodless and drinkless, scorched by a burning sun, maddened by drinking seawater, these men bore up with marvellous resignation ; they told each other stories, they buoyed themselves up with hope that even yet the men who had so treacherously

deserted them at the beginning would send a ship to search for them. So they lived on, and hoped on. Now and then some little thing would happen to break the monotony of sitting and waiting. Once for instance, an officer found a lemon somewhere on the raft; he tried to keep it to himself but was discovered, and after a fight was compelled to share it with his friends. Again, a little bag of about thirty cloves was found, and caused strife. Two small phials of tooth-water were routed out in the frantic search for anything likely to do for food or drink; that tooth-water seemed like the elixir of life, drink fit for the gods.

On the tenth day, five men threatened to drown themselves, and a terrible struggle ensued as their friends tried to keep them from doing this. In the midst of this fight for life the raft was surrounded by a shoal of sharks. The conflict ceased at once, and all joined in an attack on the sharks; time and time again, the scavengers of the sea were beaten off, only to return again and again. The raft-dwellers had but one sabre left, the rest having been thrown overboard as being the safest plan to avoid mutiny, and with this one weapon it was no easy task to beat off so determined and terrible a foe as a school of sharks, which followed them for three whole days.

Feeling that they must at last do something other than drift about in an aimless way, and thinking that they were surely not far from land, seeing that each day brought more butterflies around them, the unfortunate men determined to build a smaller raft and row for the coast. The raft was built, but proved unseaworthy, and the idea had to be abandoned.

The day after they had set their new raft adrift, every man was thrilled by the cry, nay, the shriek, of one of their companions.

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"The brig. Look, the brig!" thinking it to be the vessel from which the *Medusa* had been separated.

With a shout of joy every man leapt to his feet, gesticulating wildly, beckoning to the oncoming vessel as though he would hasten her coming. The fact that only the tops of the sails were visible did not deter them from making all manner of signs. One man climbed to the top of the mast, and waved handkerchiefs tied on to straightened out hoops from empty casks, and for an hour hope and fear mingled with each other.

"See, she is growing larger—she is getting nearer!" one would cry.

"No!" would moan another. "She is sailing away from us!"

At last the breaking point came; the brig disappeared!

With wails of agony and distress, the unfortunate men flung themselves down on the raft, sobbing like infants, and giving themselves up for lost at last. There was no hope for them now. They built a small tent out of the sails, and hid themselves inside it so that they might not have their hopes raised again, only to be shattered once more. They wrote the story of their awful voyage, fastened it to the mast, and then lay themselves down to wait for death.

Suddenly they heard a scream of joy. One of their number, hope still springing in his breast, had raised the flap of their little tent, and, scarcely believing his eyes had seen—the brig!

Stretching his hands out in her direction, he just managed to murmur:

"Saved! Look! The brig is almost upon us!" And then he fainted.

It was true; half a league off, with all sail set, the brig was making her way towards the raft. Weeping and

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praying, embracing each other in an ecstasy of joy, the unfortunate men stood and waited for the deliverance that had come at last. They were saved !

In a very short time they found themselves on board the *Argus*, trying to tell their story to men who found it hard to keep back their tears as the harrowing details were given.

Thus ended one of the sea's most terrible stories ; a story of shipwreck and mutiny ; of starvation and danger from man and warring elements ; a story of treachery and death. Twelve men saved out of one hundred and sixty !

THE KING'S TRAGEDY

A Thrilling Story of Strength and Courage

"Go back!"

The words came ringing through the cold night air, sending a thrill of dread into the heart of every man in the retinue of King James I. of Scotland, as their pawing horses stood at the edge of the Firth of Forth, waiting for the ferry which was to carry them across the water and set them on their way to the Carnival of Perth.

"Go back!" the cry came yet again, and by this time the moon had passed from behind a bank of cloud, shedding its white light upon the gaunt form of an old woman waving her hands as though she would push the comers away from the hidden danger of which she warned them.

From out the cavalcade rode one of the courtiers demanding of the woman what she meant by her imperious command to the King of Scotland. Her only reply was uttered in shrill tones that reached the King's ears:

"For the King! Word only for the King!"

Wherefore James himself left his retinue and rode to the woman's side.

"What meaneth this?" he demanded, only to be met with that same weird cry:

"Go back!"

Now, James knew that there was treachery abroad;

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it was not long since he had had to put an end to a conspiracy at whose head was one Sir Robert Graham ; and in the message of the woman he at first scented yet more treachery. Bending low over his horse's side, he was about to ask her what news she had to impart, when, still in the shrill, high-pitched voice she cried :

" King, if you cross yon water, you will never return alive ! "

Realising that there might be some ground for the strange warning, James asked her for plainer words, but the woman answered him not, unless the gripping of his bridle rein, in the endeavour to turn him away from the water, might be taken as an answer.

By this time the courtiers, with the Queen herself amongst them, had gathered round the strange pair at the water's edge, and the King, fearing to alarm the Queen by what might after all only be the ravings of an imbecile old hag, laughed at the woman ; and, turning to one of his followers, whom he had dubbed the King of Love, said :

" Sir Alexander, they say that this year a king shall be killed in Scotland, and as there are but two kings in Scotland that I know of—you and I—this woman's warning must concern one of us. Therefore, look to yourself ! "

Shaking himself free from the bony hand that held his bridle, he put spurs to his horse, and, calling upon his retinue to follow him, galloped away to the waiting ferry, which bore them across the Firth, whence they proceeded to the Black Friars' Monastery to hold the Carnival.

No other word did the old woman utter ; she simply stood there watching the royal group embark, and in

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her eyes there was a strange look—as though she knew of something that she feared to tell.

That night, and for many nights following, the great hall of the Monastery rang with the joyous laughter of merry-makers; but beneath the gay exterior of many a knight was a heart filled with black treachery; the Earl of Athole and his son, Sir Robert Stewart, the King's Chamberlain, and many another were there waiting for the signal to come, and though one of the traitors had at this last moment made up his mind to warn the King, the warning never came.

The last feast of the Carnival was well nigh over, when through the hall there came the sound of loud knocking on the outer door. There was a pause in the gaiety, and the King demanded to be told the reason of the wild disturbance.

"My Liege," said the usher, "it is the crone who stopped you at the ferry. She says she would—nay, must—have speech with you!"

"To-morrow!" said James, "Tell her that this is no time for converse with such as she!"

"She says her speech brooks no delay," said the usher, returning from the delivery of his message.

"To-morrow, I say!" cried the King. "Send her away!"

By this time the woman had reached the inner door of the hall, and as the usher gave her the King's answer, she cried in tones that sent a shiver of terror through the Queen.

"Woe! Woe! To-morrow I shall not see his face!" and, wringing her hands, the old crone went out into the night.

This unwonted interruption seemed to stop all the

gaiety, and James, calling for the *Voidee Cup*, the signal for the feast to end, bade his guests "good night," and one after another they departed. One of them, Sir Robert Stewart, left to do his evil work; he went to give the signal for the treachery to show itself.

All was ready: the locks of the hall had been tampered with so that the keys would not work, the bars that secured the gates at night had been taken away; bolts had been removed, and outside, lurking in the shadows, was Sir Robert Graham with a band of Highlanders waiting for the signal to begin.

All unwitting, the King and Queen, with the ladies of the bedchamber, still lingered in the hall before retiring to rest. Suddenly, borne on the wings of the wind came the voice of the crone; but none could tell what message it conveyed. Who knows but what it was the last attempt at warning as the fierce men out there in the darkness plunged a dirk into her breast?

Whatever its meaning, the voice they had so far disregarded now sent a thrill of fear through all their hearts, and, drawing the casement from before the window, one of the women looked out. With a startled cry she fell back, for there in the courtyard was the flare of torches; and more, from below came the clash of steel on steel, telling them that Sir Robert Graham had come! They knew what *that* meant!

They were caught like rats in a trap, for the King was unarmed, and but for a few men outside, there were none to help.

"Draw the bolts!" cried the King to the women standing around with fear writ large upon their faces; but there were no bolts to draw—the traitors had seen to that! What was to be done?

Catherine Douglas, one of the waiting-women, solved

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the question for the King by thrusting into his hand the heavy fire-tongs, saying hoarsely :

“Quick, the plank ! Wrench up the plank !”

Like lightning James realised what the woman meant. Beneath the floor were the Monastery vaults, and between him and safety was only a board. Like a madman this hounded King began to wrench up the flooring, but it was stoutly made, and every moment was precious. Would it yield ? Was there time to make it yield ? All the time the sound of the advancing horde came nearer ; at last it was outside the very door. Hark ! What was that ? The clash of steel ! Thank God, someone was true ; someone was fighting for his King ! But could he hold out ?

At last the plank gave way, and beneath it yawned the dark vaults. Even as the King prepared to drop into the darkness came a sound that told them all that the brave defender outside had fallen, that it was but a matter of seconds ere the traitors must reach the chamber. James dropped into the vault, but there was still the plank to be replaced, and all traces of disturbance to be removed.

Two minutes and it might be done. But the door —there was no fastening to the door !

“Can you keep the door ?” cried the Queen in anguish to the frightened women. While some of them were striving vainly to get the heavy table up against the door, across the hall there darted before them a woman, Catherine Douglas, who, hurling herself at the door, thrust her arm through the staple where the bolt should have been. It could but keep that pack of traitors out for a moment longer, but a moment would be sufficient. Setting her teeth with a firm resolve not to flinch, she waited for the rush that would send the door flying back



"Catherine Douglas thrust her arm through the staple where the bolt should have been."

upon its hinges ; and the men who thought to feel the door give at their slightest touch found that it resisted their efforts. Pikes and spears were thrust through the cracks ; but not for long. Snap ! the human bolt was broken, the brave girl dropped to the ground fainting with pain ; the armed men rushed in.

But the King was gone.

The plank was back in its place, and strewn with the rushes that covered the floor. Brave Catherine had held the door long enough !

Never were men so disappointed as these, and traitor Graham, realising that his quarry had flown, raged and tore his hair. The hall was searched—every nook and cranny, but there was no King, and the hearts of the trembling women rejoiced that they had outwitted the traitorous band.

Standing in the centre of the hall, surrounded by her women, and well away from the loosened plank, the Queen waited for the tumult to subside. Suddenly she felt her wrist gripped by a frenzied ruffian :

“ Tell us ! ” he cried, “ Where is the King ? ” and in a moment a dagger would have been plunged into her heart as the man saw he would get no answer from *her*. It had, indeed, pierced the woman's breast when Graham rushed up to the man, hurled him on one side, and cried :

“ Leave her alone—she is a woman ! We do but seek the King ! ”

They sought the King in vain, and presently the maddened mob filed out of the hall to ransack the rest of the Monastery.

Their departure did not mean that all danger was past, for suppose the King had not escaped through the vaults, and suppose that horde came back and chanced

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to find the loosened plank, then all the efforts of the women would have been in vain.

They were in vain. King James had been unable to escape, for the gap through which he might have escaped, had been filled up three days before because when he played tennis the balls rolled through the hole and were lost. On such little things do great events and men's lives hang!

Therefore it came about that when the tramping feet had departed, and the hall above was silent, he called up to the women to draw him from his hiding-place. They wrenched up the plank again, dropped on their knees, reached down their arms to raise the King, but were unable to help him, and though they tried all manner of means, even taking the sheets from the bed, they could not draw him up. They were only women, and weak ones at that, seeing that most of them were wounded through the buffeting of the ruffians as they rushed through the hall, caring not whom they knocked down so they found the King. It was all in vain; the King must stay in the vaults.

Hark! What was that? Through the corridor came the sound of rushing feet. The traitors were coming back! Quickly the women replaced the plank, and restrewed the rushes over it. Hardly was it done, than the men were back, bringing with them Sir Robert Stewart.

At sight of him the women were filled with dismay, for he knew of the vault! Their fears came true.

"There is a vault beneath this hall," said Stewart to the others. "Has it been searched?"

"No!" was the reply.

Quickly were the rushes cleared away, and the floor examined and it was not long before Stewart found the

place through which the King had passed. It was but the work of a moment to raise the plank once more from its resting-place, and so reveal the vault that was to prove no safe hiding-place for a fugitive King. At first nothing was to be seen, but snatching a torch from Stewart's hand, Graham thrust it down into the hole, striving the while to pierce the inky blackness.

Presently he gave a shout of devilish triumph. He had seen the King!

"Here is the bride that we have sought all night!" he cried.

His followers gathered round him, pressing forward to catch a sight of their victim, but it was some time before any of them dare leap into the yawning vault, for, although James was unarmed, he would nevertheless have the advantage of being ready for them.

The first to leap was Sir John Hall. With dagger drawn to thrust, he tried to swing himself clear of the rush he knew that James would make upon him; but the King was ready, and even as Hall leaped he hurled himself upon him and dashed him half senseless to the ground. Setting his foot upon the chest of the fallen man, James waited calmly for the next whom he knew would soon follow the leader.

Hall's brother, Sir Thomas, was the second, and James treated him the same. Then gripping each by the neck, he tried to make them drop their daggers. It was an unarmed man against two armed ones, and though he could not wrest their weapons from them, he still held them to the ground, his knees on their chests and his hands almost pressing the breath out of them.

There was the thud of a falling body, and the Graham was facing the King as he knelt upon the two brothers in treachery.

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"My time is come!" was all the King said. "For thine own soul's sake, Sir Robert Graham, grant me time for a priest to shrive my soul."

"The sword is all the shrift that thou shalt have—and that a short one," was the fierce reply, and even as he spoke Graham rushed upon the King and plunged his sword right through his body. The King's grip on the other two men relaxed, and they, springing to their feet, thrust their knives time after time into the body of their King.

So far as Graham was concerned the work was done, and he would have called the men off, whether the King was dead or not, but those above threatened him with death unless he killed the King and finished the night's work. He finished it, joining the other two traitors in their devilish work of hacking and mangling the victim of their treachery.

While the men above were gloating over the evil work of those below, the bell of the Monastery clanged, and there was heard the sound of armed men. It was the townsfolk coming to save! But too late; all that remained to be done was to wreak vengeance on the traitors, who, now that their work was done, fought their way through the Monastery and took to the mountains.

The Queen had her vengeance on the traitors. She rested not from pursuit of them for many a day, and scarcely one of them escaped her; the leaders she tortured with untold agonies, showing no mercy. And when the last had felt the wrath of an angry and wronged queen, her majesty was satisfied: James was avenged!

THE CHOICE

The Tragic Story of an Arduous and Perilous Mission

OF Professor Palmer it might almost be said that he was a white Arab, for from his long sojourn in the East he had learned much of the customs and mode of life of the dwellers in the desert, had assimilated their tastes, learned their tongue almost to perfection, and, while living with them, had assumed their dress. So much did he become a part of them, that they named him Sheik Abdullah, and many of them became his friends.

It was these qualifications which pointed him out as the one man to undertake the arduous task of a peace plenipotentiary at a time when everything depended upon the Arabs keeping the peace.

It was in 1882, at the time when Egypt was in a turmoil; Arabi Pasha was in insurrection, and the Bedouins of the neighbouring desert seemed about to rise in their thousands to help him. Had they done this, nothing could have obviated a terrible religious war. Hence the need for a man thoroughly conversant with them being sent to treat with the threatening Arabs, and without the least hesitation, Professor Palmer fell in with the Government's suggestion that he should go on the mission of peace.

Within a week he was *en route* for Gaza, whence he was to proceed to Suez, where the Egyptians were then besieged. At Alexandria Palmer received his final

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instructions from Admiral Seymour, and then set out for Jaffa, whence, accompanied by a small native escort, he started out across the desert.

Palmer, assuming the rôle of the Sheik Abdullah, hid his real intention under the supposed one of going out into the desert to revisit certain Arabs friends, for whom he was carrying rich presents.

For all his supposed peaceable mission, however, Palmer found it impossible to obtain a native servant to go with him, although he offered extraordinarily high wages; wellnigh everybody was afraid to go out into the desert, and finally Palmer had to fall back upon a Jew named Bokhor.

Palmer was fortunate at the outset in meeting with a number of Terebin Arabs, who, believing him to be a Syrian officer bound for Egypt, informed him of the likely movements of the various tribes he was anxious to meet; and, well provided with backsheesh, as a means of influencing the sheiks in the cause of peace, Palmer kept on his desert-way.

From the very beginning his mission was fraught with danger: Arabi Pasha had a whole host of desert spies, who, at the first inkling of the reason for Palmer's presence, would have done all in their power to encompass his destruction. Fortunately, however, he managed to cover his tracks, and sheik after sheik, speaking for their own particular tribes, swore fealty to English rule, and in a very little while Palmer had over ten thousand of the most warlike Arabs ready to take up arms to fight—not for Arabi Pasha, as that worthy had fondly hoped, but against him.

Secretly elated at the success his mission had so far achieved, Palmer pushed on day after day, suffering much from the terrible heat, blinding sandstorms, and inferior

food. There was, however, no thought of giving up before the end was reached, and Palmer, bracing himself to the task, kept on his way. At Bowateh he met Meter-abu-Sofieh, the man who was destined to bring about his destruction. Meter deceived Palmer by telling him that he was sheik of a large tribe to the east of Suez ; when, as a matter of fact, he was no sheik at all, but merely the head of a family which had quarrelled with the tribe. Palmer, of course, was not aware of this, or most certainly he would have had nothing to do with the man. As it was, Meter was taken on as an escort. He fulfilled his part of the bargain at this time, and eventually after a success almost beyond his own hopes, Palmer arrived at Suez, having held back the Bedouin hordes.

Palmer reached Suez by going to a lonely part of the coast, chartering a felucca, and sailing up the Red Sea until he fell in with a P. and O. ship near Suez. This was the only way by which he could escape the vigilance of the Egyptian sentries around Suez, and although as he wrote it cost him " a lot of money, nearly ten pounds," it was worth while. When, two days later, Suez capitulated, Palmer was one of the first men to land, almost entirely recovered from the effects of his weary, trying march across the desert. Camel riding is by no means an easy mode of travel when such a lot of ground has to be covered, for although the actual distance between the place whence Palmer started, and Suez, where he finished, was only a hundred miles or so, his wanderings in search of the various sheiks had made him cover considerably more ground than that. Still, the task was accomplished, and Palmer, after a few days' rest, was ready for more work.

It was soon found him. He was appointed chief

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interpreter to the British forces in Egypt, and it was while in the execution of the duties that this post entailed that he met his tragic end.

It fell to him to reassure the natives, and to endeavour to get them to bring in camels, which the army was greatly in need of. To accomplish this it was necessary to go out into the desert once more. Taking Meter into his confidence, he engaged him to act as escort to Nakhil, where Palmer hoped to be able to purchase a number of camels.

This time Palmer was to have English company part of the way, for Captain Gill, the well-known explorer, was going some distance inland in order to cut the telegraph wires. Flag-lieutenant Charrington, of H.M.S. *Euryalus*, was also deputed to accompany him. On August 9th the little company, made up of Palmer, Gill, Charrington, Gill's dragoman, Khalil, Palmer's Jew-servant Bokhor, Sheik Meter, his nephew, and another member of his tribe, with seven camel drivers and sixteen camels, set out from Suez, making direct for Wady Cahalin, which they reached the first evening.

Meter had by this time formulated his treacherous plan, and had bribed to silence certain Arabs who doubted the wisdom of the expedition, and who were friendly disposed towards Palmer, and were inclined to endeavour to make him remain at the coast.

Meter's first move was to get some of the camels stolen. This was done at Wady Cahalin, and as a result the march was delayed, Palmer waiting about in the hope of recovering the camels. Meter, pretending alarm at the delay, begged Palmer to hurry on so that his own camp farther in the desert might be reached before midnight. Meter knew, of course, that the whole of the baggage could not be carried without the camels: hence

his anxiety that Palmer should push on, when he would have to leave part of it behind. Unfortunately, Palmer, still placing implicit confidence in Meter, consented to the plan, and, leaving the bulk of the baggage, and some of the camels and drivers, to come after them, moved on with all haste.

Meter, despite his frantic solicitations for haste, led the way as slowly as he dared, with the result that instead of reaching his encampment, the little party fell into an ambuscade. This had been arranged by Meter, who had sent spies off to a neighbouring tribe, called the Haiwatât, informing them of the coming of the man who had reported upon them as being hostile to the Christians. Meter promised them plenty of loot, and the Haiwatât needed no second bidding. The ambuscade was set, and shortly after midnight Palmer and his party found themselves attacked.

The attackers, numbering about two dozen, had placed themselves on either side of the road, and had opened fire at the first approach of the cavalcade. Meter's nephew, riding close behind Palmer, at the first sound of firing, clubbed his rifle and knocked the unsuspecting Christian off his camel; then, seizing the bag containing £3,000, intended as backsheesh, made off as fast as he could, quickly followed by Meter himself.

Palmer quickly picked himself up from the ground, and, determined to sell their lives dearly, he and his comrades soon had their camels down on the ground, taking cover behind them. For some time they returned the Arabs' fire, but it was a hopeless fight; outnumbered by three to one, with the disadvantage of having been taken by surprise, the white men had but little chance. After a short but stubborn defence, they were overpowered, bound, and thrown into a hollow under the

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rocks with two armed Arabs to watch over them. Then the rest of the Bedouins set out to gather up the remainder of the booty.

While they were gone, Meter the traitor returned with some Arab friends, and seeing no one about, shouted in order to attract attention. The only answer was from the prisoners, lying in the hollow under the rocks. Speculating as to what their fate was likely to be, they felt considerably relieved when they saw that the new-comer was Meter, whom they imagined had recovered from what they supposed was fright, and had returned to set them free.

Even then the traitor did not reveal himself in his true colours. Although he made no effort to release the prisoners, with many protestations he professed brotherhood and friendship. To Palmer's urgent entreaties to set them free, he merely replied with endless laments at the state of affairs, and dallied so long that, when Palmer thought that he was about to cut their bonds, the plunderers returned.

With one last tragic appeal Palmer entreated him to release them, promising large ransom if this were done. But the crafty Meter knew he was on the right side ; he already had the baggage and the three thousand English sovereigns, and determined not to part with it.

When the Bedouins eventually reached them, Meter carried his treachery to the last extreme ; kissing the prisoners, putting his own garments upon them as a sign of brotherhood, and parleying with the Arabs for the freedom of the men he had brought into captivity !

Even his own men seemed about to take the Englishmen's part, for they were by no means friendly disposed towards the Haiwatât whom Meter had engaged to carry out this plot.

“ Let us protect these Englishmen ! ” they cried, and, but for the traitor’s firmness, they would have done so.

It was at this moment that Palmer realised Meter’s duplicity, and, with a look of scorn and disappointment, he turned upon him, crying :

“ Oh, Meter ! Oh, Meter ! ”

But nothing softened the heart of the Judas, and Palmer and his friends knew that they were doomed, and from that time Palmer never spoke to Meter again.

By this time morning dawn had broken, and the mystic dimness of the desert gave way to a scene of splendour ; a golden sun glided into an azure sky, and the craggy desert was bathed in a blaze of glory—ironic setting for the heartless deed contemplated by the barbarous Bedouins !

Hour after hour slipped by—hours of sadness, for even the bravest man clings to life ; even the bravest man does not care to be butchered without a chance of fighting ! Yet with all the sadness, neither Palmer nor his friends gave up hope. Time and time again, Palmer tried by various means to make a bargain with the Haiwatât for their lives ; but all to no avail.

The Haiwatât and Meter thoroughly understood each other, and the latter’s haggling over terms for the lives of those he had betrayed was a mere farce ; he offered only thirty camels, which, of course, the Bedouins refused, knowing that he could, if he wished, promise a very considerable sum of English money. After a while, therefore, Meter refused to bargain any longer, and, withdrawing his men, left the little company in the hands of the Haiwatât, with the full knowledge, for he himself had stipulated it, that they were to be butchered.

The captors cast lots as to who were to be executioners, and everything being ready, Palmer, Charrington, Gill,

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Khalil, and Bokhor were taken across the desert at midday, to the ravine in the Wady Sudr. They were literally driven over the crag-strewn ground, pushed and hustled, jeered at and insulted. But, despite all that the wretched Arabs inflicted upon them, Palmer and his compatriots showed a brave front; they were dying in the performance of their duty; that was enough for them, and they scorned the thought of flinching! But Khalil and Bokhor were cast in a different mould, and craved again and again for mercy—which was callously and violently denied them.

The last act in the drama came when the band of captors and captives reached the top of a high cliff, the farther side of which dropped far down into the ravine. Here the great choice, that was no choice, was given them; not a choice of life or death, but merely one of deaths.

"Choose!" cried the Arabs; "choose whether you will be shot or will fling yourselves down into the ravine!"

Palmer chose in his own mind, but determined to make one great bid for life.

Standing on the edge of the cliff, a strange figure in his long flowing robes, he raised his hands above his head, and cursed the murderers with Arab curses, hoping that he might prevail upon the superstitious nature of the Bedouins. Curse after curse he hurled at them, and for a moment it seemed that they would turn the tide of affairs. For a brief flash the murderous mien of the Arabs seemed to change; there was hope! Then, with as startling suddenness, the devilish looks returned, and in a body the Arabs rushed at him, swords drawn and rifles ready.

They never reached him, for Palmer, realising that the end had indeed come, put his hands to his face, and

leapt over the precipice ! He scorned to die by such treacherous hands !

Gill and the others chose the bullet. They were placed with their backs to the yawning gulf, and then the Arab executioners committed their fell deed, and the bodies of their victims tumbled over the precipice. But even then the Bedouins were not satisfied, but clambered down the cliff side to the bottom of the ravine to hack the bodies of any who might still be living !

Two monuments were erected to carry down to posterity the memory of these brave men ; in St. Paul's Cathedral, in company with many another who found life's greatest joy in dying for the Motherland, the remains of Palmer and his comrades lie, a tablet telling the story of their noble end ; and away out in the desert was built a cairn of stones, topped by a cross of oak bearing the simple yet eloquent legend :

“ Professor E. Palmer, Captain Gill, R.A., Lieutenant Harold Charrington, R.N., were killed by the Bedouin whilst on a special mission from the British Government.”

THE MUTINY OF THE *BOUNTY*

A Story of Peril and Adventure on the High Seas

IN 1797 a number of merchants and planters in London obtained permission to try to introduce into the West Indies the bread-fruit tree of the South Pacific Islands, to which end the small ship *Bounty* was fitted out. She was placed under the command of Lieutenant Bligh, who knew the South Pacific well, having sailed with Cook some years before. Besides her officers and crew, numbering forty-four, the ship carried two botanists entrusted with the practical side of the venture.

From the time the *Bounty* left Spithead until she reached Cape Horn, nothing but stormy weather was encountered, and at last, after thirty days' struggle with the elements in the southern sea, it was determined to make for the Cape of Good Hope to replenish provisions and take in water. For thirty-eight days the *Bounty* lay at the Cape, and then, on July 1st, 1788, over seven months from the time they left Spithead, they set out for Tahiti (then spelt Otaheite), which they reached on October 26th.

They received a cordial reception from the natives, who loaded them with the products of their land, amongst which was the coveted bread-fruit they had come in search of. Everything would no doubt have ended quite happily had Bligh not lingered too long at Tahiti. At it was, his men became enamoured of the easy-going life ashore, and when, after five months' sojourn in what



"Threatened him with instant death if he made the least noise" (*see page 159*).

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seemed a Paradise on earth, orders were given to make sail for home, few of them welcomed the change.

There were other factors that went to make the tale of dissatisfaction complete, and signs of coming trouble were not wanting long before the *Bounty* turned for home. Bligh was by no means a model officer ; he was a bully and a liar, amongst other things, and his men were none too loyal to him. One day three of the crew stole away in the small cutter, and although a long search was made for them, it was only after many days that they surrendered, finding life on shore with parties hunting for them not nearly so desirable as when free from care.

This trouble over, another came tumbling after it. One night the cable by which the ship rode was found cut near to the water's edge—evidently by someone who wished to see the ship cast ashore, so that a still longer sojourn would have to be made at Tahiti. Fortunately it was discovered just in time to prevent that catastrophe.

On April 4th, 1789, Bligh weighed anchor, having on board more than a thousand bread-fruit trees, and many other fruits and shrubs, and by April 27th the *Bounty* was between the Islands of Kotu and Tofoa, amongst the Friendly Isles.

That night the long-brewing storm broke, and Bligh was suddenly awakened by four of the men entering his cabin, seizing him, and tying his hands behind his back.

Dragging him from his bunk, they threatened him with instant death if he made the least noise, but, with all a bully's bluster, Bligh shouted for assistance as loudly as he could. It was all of no avail, for even though his cries were heard, none of the other officers was able to come to his assistance, seeing that a sentinel was placed at each of their cabin doors.

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By some means the mutineers, at whose head was Fletcher Christian, officer of the night-watch, had secured the keys of the arms-chest, and all of them were well armed with cutlasses and muskets and bayonets.

Bligh was hauled up on deck in his night-shirt, where he found several other officers in the same predicament as himself.

"Hoist out the launch," cried Christian to the boatswain, "and do it smartly or look out for yourself."

When this was done, several of the men were ordered to get into it to make it ship-shape.

"What do you mean by this?" cried Bligh.

"Hold your tongue, sir!" said Christian, "or you are dead this instant!"

"I continued," says Bligh in his narrative of the mutiny, "my endeavours to turn the tide of affairs, when Christian changed the cutlass which he had in his hand for a bayonet that was brought him, and, holding me with a strong grip by the cord that tied my hands, threatened, with many oaths, to kill me immediately if I would not be quiet; the villains round me had their pieces cocked and bayonets fixed."

The men to be cast adrift were allowed to collect sails and cordage, bread, rum and wine, and water, a quadrant and compass, but no maps, observations, surveys, sextants, and such like, although the clerk did manage to obtain the journals and the captain's commission.

While the work of provisioning the boat was going on, Bligh was kept on deck. One of his guards, taking pity on him, gave him some fruit, but being observed was ordered away. This same man, Isaac Martin, and three others, begged the mutineers to allow them to go with the captain, but their request was refused.

Christian's liberality as regards provisions and stores

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provoked much discontent amongst his followers, who would have liked to see the captain and his companions turned adrift, with barely enough to sustain them.

"Bless my eyes!" cried one, "he'll have a vessel built in a month, if you give him all that tackle!"

"I'll be hanged," said another, "if he does not find his way home if he gets anything with him?"

Christian paid no attention to their murmurings; only on one point was he firm—he would not let Bligh take a single firearm with him, although, after much begging, he threw four cutlasses into the boat.

Then, all the officers and men to be turned adrift having been embarked in the boat, Christian approached Bligh and said:

"Come, Captain Bligh, your officers and men are in the boat, and you must go with them. If you attempt to make the least resistance, you will instantly be put to death!"

"Is this a proper return for the many signs of friendship I have shown you?" asked Bligh.

Christian's reply was a strange one. "That, Captain Bligh," he said, "that is the thing. I am in hell; I am in hell!"

This is according to Bligh's own account, who, of course, had an axe to grind when telling his story later; but there is no doubt that Christian was prompted as much by revenge as by desire to return to Tahiti, for he considered that he had been badly treated by Bligh on many occasions. Several others of the mutineers also had old scores to wipe out; many of them had "tasted the cat," and thought that casting Bligh adrift was a good way of getting even with him.

Whatever the real cause of the outbreak, Bligh was

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unable to stem the tide of the men's ferocity, or to dissuade them from their intentions, and, still clad only in his night-shirt, and with his hands still tied behind his back, he was forced down the side of the ship into the waiting boat.

Then amidst the jeers of the mutineers, the rope was cut, the *Bounty* shook out her sails, and headed away to the W.N.W., shouts of "Hooray for Otaheite! Hooray for Otaheite!" coming across the water to the men in the overweighted cutter, whose crew of nineteen soon set to work to get an estimate of their position as regards stores.

Thirty-two pounds of pork, one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, six bottles of wine, six quarts of rum, and twenty-eight gallons of water, made up their provisions, and, knowing that this would not last them long, Bligh determined to row to Tofoa Island, which they could see in the distance. Here he hoped to take in extra water and lay in a good store of bread-fruit.

It was night when they reached the island; the shore was rocky, and they had to hold on their oars till morning, when they effected a landing. When the natives realised the helpless and unarmed condition of the strangers, they came down to the shore in vast numbers, knocking stones together—which Bligh knew was the signal for attack.

Calling upon his men to retire as quickly and calmly as possible, Bligh set out for the boat. Hard upon their heels came the natives, and, what with the fear of a sudden attack behind, and the raging surf in front, the embarkation was full of difficulties. At last, however, all were aboard except one man, who had run up the beach to cast off. Even while he was engaged in this work, the chief gave the signal for attack, and the crowding

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horde of natives rushed forward, hurling great stones. In a few minutes the man on shore was stoned to death and the natives raced down towards the boat. Grasping the rope, they endeavoured to pull the boat and its human freight ashore, and would have succeeded in doing so had not Bligh with a quick movement severed the rope in two. Lightened of the weight of the hauling natives, the cutter leaped through the water, followed by a thick shower of stones, many of which found a billet.

Seeing that their prey was likely to escape them, the natives quickly launched several canoes and set out in pursuit. Pulling madly at their oars the Englishmen strained every effort to get away, and had it not been that now and again one of them threw some portion of his clothing overboard, which the natives stopped to pick up, it is doubtful whether they would have escaped after all. As it was, the canoes followed them until night fell, and the natives then gave up the chase.

Bligh and his men found themselves in a sorry plight. There were now eighteen of them in an open boat of twenty-three feet in length, with twelve hundred leagues between them and the nearest land in which they could hope to find a refuge. Their rations only permitted each man a gill of water and an ounce of bread a day, with an occasional delicacy, consisting of a small piece of pork, bread-fruit and coco-nut, with, when weakness demanded, a teaspoonful of rum. For twenty-seven days the unfortunate men were tossed about by raging seas. Day after day fierce storms swept upon them, threatening to send the boat to the bottom ; torrents of rain fell, drenching them to the skin. The men became weak and ill, and it was only by a miracle that they managed to get safely away from several large canoes that set out from

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an island they passed—not daring to land, having the grim recollection of their reception at Tofoa.

Once or twice they had the good fortune to capture a small bird, with which they regaled themselves. These birds they took as omens that land was near at hand, and therefore a close look out was kept for the first signs of a coastline. Then, on the morning of May 26th, when it was really a matter of life and death for the eighteen men, the barrier-reef of the eastern coast of New Holland (Australia) was sighted, and they knew that for a time, at any rate, some of their troubles were over.

For some hours they sailed along the reef, seeking a suitable passage through the breakers and surf. When they found it, it was with many a sigh of relief that they steered their little boat safely through the passage into smooth water, across which they quickly made their way to the coast, beaching the boat on a small island. Here to their joy they found a plenitude of oysters and fresh water. With the help of a small sunglass they quickly kindled a fire, and soon had ready a rich repast of oyster and pork stew—the finest meal they had tasted for many a day.

The day they landed on their island of refuge being the anniversary of the restoration of Charles II., they named it Restoration Island, “a name not inapplicable,” as one writer has put it, “to their own case of recovered health and strength.”

The transition from danger to comparative comfort, while it had a good effect upon the physical fitness of the men, had also a bad effect upon their tempers, and several of them, after a day or two on the island, broke out into mutiny. Bligh soon settled *this* mutiny.

“See here, Bligh,” said the would-be leader, “I’m as good a man as you are, and——”

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He never said what he was going to say, for Bligh, realising that worse disasters than any they had yet encountered might ensue from a mutiny unquelled, took quick action to defend his position.

Seizing a cutlass, he cried: "On guard!" and presenting himself in a fighting attitude, called on the man to fight; but the mutineer, seeing that Bligh was desperate, gave in and, as Bligh said, "made concessions."

"I did not allow this," continued Bligh, "to interfere further with the harmony of the boat's crew, and everything soon became quiet."

Bligh and his crew remained on Restoration Island for about a week, but while the majority regained health and vigour, several of them became weak and ill, suffering from dizziness and terrible pains in the bowels—probably through indulging in too many oysters. Bligh administered small doses of wine, of which they still had a little left; but although this eased them of their pain a little, the men were by no means cured, and when the boat set out from Restoration Island it carried half a dozen sick men.

Bligh's intention was to make straight for Timor, and for over a week the cockle-shell of a boat battled with high-running seas and a raging gale. Day by day the sick men became worse; day after day still more fell ill, till the majority were almost helpless. With swollen limbs, haggard faces, and minds all in a maze, they lay in the bottom of the boat murmuring in their delirium. The horrors of that week impressed themselves upon all who lived through them, and it seemed that if land was not soon sighted many of them must go raving mad.

At last, however, the horizon assumed the blue hue that told of land, and on June 13th, forty-two days after

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they had been so mercilessly cut adrift from the *Bounty*, they beached their boat on the sandy shore of Timor—safe.

Bligh's hope had been that they would land near a Dutch settlement, and, seeing a hut and some cattle a little way from the coast, he sent two of his men ashore to make inquiries. The men quickly returned with several natives, who informed Bligh that the Dutch governor lived at Coupang, a short distance to the north-east. Elated at the news of the proximity of Europeans, Bligh immediately set out for Coupang, accompanied by one of the natives, who volunteered to act as guide.

The fact that they were approaching the end of their troubles acted as a tonic to the indisposed men. Finding they could not reach Coupang that night, they hauled down their sail and passed the night in "the most happy and sweet sleep that ever man enjoyed," weighing anchor in the morning, and setting out once more for civilisation.

Towards evening they heard the report of two guns booming across the water, and shortly afterwards they saw in the distance three ships riding at anchor. Bligh now occupied himself with making a signal of distress out of a bundle of small flags which had been thrown into the boat when it was cut adrift, and, with this hoisted, the men rowed on and on until they were within hailing distance of the three ships.

Suddenly they were hailed from the shore, and a soldier appeared and told them to land. They needed no second bidding, but running the boat ashore, leaped out as quickly as their aches and pains and sore-covered bodies would allow.

Unkempt, ragged, haggard, and weak, they presented a strange appearance to the Indians who crowded round them to catch a glimpse of these strangers from the sea. Bligh and his companions cared not a jot what they

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looked like ; one thing sufficed them—they were safe, and their joy knew no bounds when almost the first white man they met turned out to be an English sailor from one of the ships riding at anchor in the bay.

The Governor, the whole settlement, and the English captain, received the mariners with much hospitality and sympathy, doing all in their power to administer to them in their sickness. Yet, do what they might, several of Bligh's men had found the strain of the terrible voyage too much for them, and succumbed to their weakness. Bligh himself, however, and the majority of his companions, returned safely to England, where their news was received with much indignation. Bligh was promoted to the rank of commander, and, later on, sent out once more for the purpose of taking bread-fruit to the West Indies—this time with the success that had been denied him on the first occasion.

The mutiny of the *Bounty*, however, was not yet done with. The Government determined to do its best to bring the mutineers to trial for their dastardly conduct, and sent out Captain Edwards in the *Pandora*, a frigate of twenty-four guns, and a hundred and sixty men, to hunt for them in the south seas.

Edwards soon got on the track of the mutineers, for arriving at Tahiti on March 23rd, 1791, he found there several of the *Bounty's* crew, who came aboard the *Pandora* and gave him some useful information.

Christian, it appeared, had left Tahiti in the *Bounty* long before, taking nine other men with him, and no one knew where he had gone. Some of the other mutineers (most of whom, by the way, had married native women) had built themselves a small schooner, and only the day before the *Pandora* arrived had set out in her for the north-western part of the island.

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Losing no time, Captain Edwards sent his pinnace and launch after them. The schooner was captured at Papara, but the mutineers were not to be seen, having escaped into the mountains—warned, no doubt, by swift native messengers. After a day or so, however, they showed themselves, and when ordered to surrender, did so without any bother, and were quickly secured and carried in irons to the *Pandora*. Here they were put into a round-house specially fitted out as a prison, the mutineers still at Tahiti being confined with them. Altogether fourteen of the mutineers were thus secured, from whom Edwards learned further particulars of the events after the officers and loyal men of the *Bounty* had been set adrift.

As soon as the little boat had disappeared, Christian had cast the bread-fruit trees overboard, and divided the property of the forsaken men amongst the mutineers. The *Bounty* had then been turned round, sails were set, and in a short time the ship arrived at an island called Toobouai. Here the mutineers had decided to land, form a settlement, and live in the lap of luxury—or what they regarded as luxury. But the fates ordained otherwise; a few days' of residence on the island resulted in conflicts with the natives, who by no means welcomed the intruders; perhaps they were far-sighted enough to see that their coming would mean the break-up of the easy-going life they led; perhaps they saw trouble ahead. Anyway, so hot did they make it for the rascally white men, that the latter were glad enough to make a rush for the *Bounty*, and set sail for Tahiti.

Christian found that he had by no means a sinecure as the head of the band; troubles and dissensions set in—it almost seemed as though the mutineers would break out again. But after a while differences were

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patched up, and by the time the *Bounty* arrived at Tahiti, they were, outwardly at least, on good terms with one another.

The reappearance of the *Bounty* at Tahiti naturally gave rise to some questions on the part of the natives. Why had they come back? What had become of Bligh? Where were the rest of the men? To these inquiries Christian replied by a pretty story of his own invention; the *Bounty* had fallen in with Captain Cook, and Bligh and several of the crew were stopping with him at an island he had recently discovered, while Christian, now made master of the *Bounty*, had come to Tahiti for further supplies.

The story was believed, no further questions were asked, and in a few days Christian received a good supply of goats, hogs, fruit, fowls, a bull and a cow—all of which things he meant to carry away to an uninhabited island and there form his settlement.

Even at Tahiti, where they knew the natives, the mutineers could not remain at peace for long, and in a short time their bad conduct towards the natives brought these latter down upon certain of them; and, moreover, the old internal dissensions broke out afresh. The result was that when Christian at last sailed away from Tahiti he had only eight companions with him, the other sixteen deciding to remain at Tahiti.

Of that sixteen Captain Edwards had secured fourteen. The other two had both died violent deaths, brought about by their own treachery. One of them, Churchill, had wormed himself into the favour of the chief of Tahiti until he had become recognised as his *tayo*, or sworn friend, and when the chief died suddenly, Churchill, according to the native custom, found himself possessed of the position and property of his dead friend. There is little

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doubt that Churchill had killed the old chief so that he might succeed ; but his ill-gotten gains did him little good, for before very long one of his comrades, Thompson, shot him—having, of course, the same end in view. He was disappointed. The natives discovered his treachery, and as the white man had been their chief, they took vengeance into their own hands, and stoned his murderer to death.

Captain Edwards's great concern, of course, was to find out what had become of Christian and the other men who had left in the *Bounty*, but neither the natives nor the captured mutineers could give any information. After about three months of cruising, searching the islands in the neighbourhood for a trace of the rascals, Edwards abandoned the search, and set sail for home.

The *Pandora* never reached home. Instead, she ran upon a reef off the east of New Holland. The water poured in through the hole in her bottom ; the pumps failed to cope with the demands made upon them, and in less than a couple of hours the ship heeled over on her broadside, with the larboard bow under water.

It was quickly seen that there was no hope of saving the vessel, and a wild scramble for life began. The boats would not hold all the crew and the prisoners—the latter, of course, were manacled and helpless, and the captain gave no orders for their irons to be knocked off so that they might have a chance of life. Three of them, however, were hauled out of their prison, set free, and made to work at the pumps. When the others begged to be allowed to help, the only reply was to put two extra sentinels on guard over them, with orders to shoot any who tried to break their fetters !

Meanwhile preparations were made for getting the men off the doomed vessel. Boats were lowered, and



"Moulter resolved either to set them free or go down with them" (see page 171).

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provisions, sails, and charts thrown in so that there should be no danger of starving to death, and no difficulty in knowing which way to steer.

Then, before the majority of the men could take their places in the boat, the *Pandora* gave one final shiver and began to settle. Still Edwards took no notice of the manacled prisoners. The round-house in which they had been imprisoned was a scene of tumult ; an iron grating barred the way to the deck, and they had nothing with which to force through. Suddenly they saw Edwards passing to his way to the side of the ship to take up his position in one of the boats ; he was going without a thought of the prisoners ! Stunned by the callousness, the captives could not bring themselves to call out to him for mercy. Only one of them found his tongue in time to cry after the retreating captain, but he might as well have kept his tongue still for all the effect it had, for the captain either did not hear, or if he did, took no notice.

Suddenly there came the clatter of keys falling through the iron bars of the prison, and one of the captives felt the bunch of keys hit him. Quickly seizing them, he tried them to see whether they fitted the irons. With a leaping heart he waited to hear the click that told him that the keys fitted, and then, with a shout of joy, he set about helping his comrades in distress. The keys had been dropped by the man who had charge of them, either by accident, or more probably surreptitiously, so that the prisoners might have a chance to escape.

Up above them they could hear someone at work on the bars. It was a seaman named Moulter, who, disgusted at the neglect which would have sent these men to the bottom without even chance of life, had taken things into his own hands and was resolved either to set them free or go down with them.

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There was no time for all the prisoners to unlock their shackles. The deck of the ship was now almost level with the sea. Quickly making their way out of the prison, many of them, still with the clanking irons upon them, threw themselves over the side into the water at the very moment that the ship sank for ever, leaving only the topmast cross-trees to mark the place where she lay.

Four of the shackled prisoners found a watery grave, dragged down by the weight of their irons ; over thirty of the *Pandora's* crew also went to the bottom ; and the rest, glad to have escaped with their lives, resigned themselves to whatever fate might have in store for them.

Fate was more kind to them than it had been to Bligh and his companions. They had not nearly the hardships or privations, and after a voyage of a thousand miles, the four boatloads of men reached Coupang in safety, whence, after a brief stay, they embarked on a ship and eventually arrived in England.

The ten prisoners brought home were court-martialled ; four of them were acquitted, six were sentenced to death, but only three of these suffered the extreme penalty.

Thus was another chapter in the story of the *Bounty* closed. Yet was the whole tale not yet told.

Twenty years later, the captain of an American ship reported that he had discovered the last of the survivors of the mutineers at Pitcairn Island, information which, although transmitted to London, was not attended to owing to the many more important matters with which the government of the day were concerned.

Five years later still, in 1814, H.M.S. *Briton* and H.M.S. *Tagus*, while sailing about in the Pacific, during the night of September 2nd, sighted land sooner than they had expected.

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The morning light revealed the fact that they were approaching a fertile coast, with signs of habitation ; huts and cultivated ground showed that the people crowding the beach were by no means a lazy, idle folk. These people were making signs at the men looking out over the ship's side ; then, launching their canoes, they raced through the surf until they reached the ship. To the surprise of the captain and sailors, a voice from one of their canoes hailed them in English :

" Won't you throw us a rope ? What ship is this ? Who's the captain ? "

The questions were heard and answered, others asked and replied to, and then the men in the canoes were asked to come aboard.

The first questions they asked when they did so was, " Do you know William Bligh in England ? " and " Do you know one named Christian ? "

These inquiries, of course, told the captain that he was about to learn something of the last scenes in the *Bounty* tragedy, and, quickly replying in the affirmative, he waited for more information.

" Well," said the man who had spoken before, " that is Christian's son coming in the next boat ! His name is Thursday October Fletcher Christian. His father is dead."

In a few moments the man with the curious name stepped on board : he was a fine young man of about twenty-three or four, almost handsome, with black hair and flashing eyes, and standing six feet high. Upon his head was an old straw hat surmounted by black cock's feathers ; round his loins was a piece of cloth.

That was all the clothing worn by this man, who turned out to be the son of Fletcher Christian, mutineer. His mother was a Tahitian ; he had received his strange

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name because he had been born on a Thursday in October—the first child born on the Pitcairn Island, where Christian and his comrades, accompanied by their native wives, had settled after leaving Tahiti.

The captain of the *Tagus* was informed that John Adams, one of the mutineers, was still living on the island, and in a little while several of the officers were standing on shore talking to the only survivor of the great mutiny.

Adams was now an old man, and was much disturbed at the sight of the officers, fearing that they had come to take him away to punishment. After a while, however, when he found that they did not mean to molest him, he told them all that he knew of the story they were anxious to learn.

When Christian had left Tahiti he had made a search for an uninhabited island, and had been lucky enough to find Pitcairn. Here, finding no anchorage for his ship, he had burnt her so that she might not attract the attention of passing vessels.

Then he had set about the formation of his settlement, but not for long did peace reign. The Tahitian men who had accompanied the English sailors broke out against Christian's authority, and he was shot, as also were two others, the rest flying into the woods. After a while, however, peace was restored, and at the time that the *Briton* and *Tagus* arrived at the island, the whole colony were living in harmony. The white men had married native women; John Adams, as if to make up for his part in the wickedness of long before, had turned religious instructor, and was held in great esteem by everyone on the island.

The *Briton* and the *Tagus* returned to England and reported on their discovery, and some time afterwards

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Pitcairn Island was formally annexed to the British Empire. Later on the population grew too large for the island, and all the inhabitants were removed to Norfolk Island, but in a few years about forty of them returned to Pitcairn, which to-day, if not a flourishing land, is still a part of the British Empire.

AGAINST GREAT ODDS

Two Stories of the Good Old Days

It was in the good old days, when Britain seemed to be dragged into every war that broke out, that, from a true soldier's point of view, life was worth living; for to a soldier of those times adventure was the very breath of life. It was therefore always with anything but rejoicing that many an officer heard that treaties of peace had been made, and that, as Colonel Burston, the hero of the following story, said, he would have "to take his fate with the rest of the gentlemen of the Army, and for some time be out of service."

No doubt it was this eagerness to do battle that helped to make England supreme, this carelessness for risk that made her soldiers the best in the world.

After the Peace of Ryswick, Colonel Burston had to return to Merrie England, but he was glad, after a few years of kicking up his heels in idleness, to find himself once more at the seat of war in the Peninsula, aiding his Catholic Majesty King Charles of Spain in the war of the Spanish succession.

In January of 1705 Burston, under the command of Lieutenant-General Cunningham, was at Lerida, awaiting orders to move on to the enemy's position. On the 23rd the orders came, and Brigadier Wills set out with six hundred foot soldiers to reinforce Cunningham's dragoons at the village of Tamarette, which it was

anticipated would shortly be attacked by the enemy, who were in large numbers thereabouts.

The day after his arrival off Tamarette, Wills decided to advance towards the French and allies' lines, and, taking his detachment of foot and twenty-five of Cunningham's dragoons under Captain Matthews, set out for the village of St. Estevan. Finding, however, that the village was too small to accommodate all his force, he divided it up, quartering four hundred foot and the twenty-five dragoons in St. Estevan, and the other two hundred foot, Dutchmen, under Brigadier Palms, at a place two miles away.

Meanwhile Cunningham, who had received intelligence that the enemy were proposing to begin operations immediately, himself moved on to Tamarette with another six hundred foot. Arrived there, he called upon the Miquelets, or native irregular troops—who, by the way, took service with either side, whichever appeared first on the scene or offered the better pay—to join forces with him.

At St. Estevan on the 25th, while Wills and his officers were at dinner, a messenger hurried up, and drawing himself up to the salute, reported :

“ Nine squadrons of the enemy, sir, have just entered the plain below ! ”

In a moment all was bustle and confusion, as officers, forgetting the meal, which had been interrupted, hurried off to call their men to arms.

St. Estevan had been chosen for its strategic position ; it was high up in the mountains, accessible from the plain only by a very narrow road, and Wills was confident of being able to hold his own against a much superior force. To do so the more effectually he sent Captain Matthews and his twenty-five dragoons down the road towards the

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enemy's lines to reconnoitre. Immediately after them a batch of a hundred foot was detached to take possession of a small cottage standing at the left side of the way, from where they could command the first approach to the village. The rest of the foot were then marched up the hill on the right side of the road, directly between the town and the plain into which the enemy were pouring in large numbers.

This body of foot was divided into half a dozen companies, with orders to keep as close together as they could, and for the company which discovered the enemy first, to beat the Grenadiers' March as a signal to the rest, who would all answer and hurry forward to the point of attack. By this means Wills hoped to delude the enemy into thinking that a much larger force was at hand; a ruse that worked admirably, as will be seen.

Making their way down the narrow road as quickly and as carefully as they could, the dragoons pushed out on to the plain, and surprised and killed the advance sentry, their supporting column of foot showing themselves a few minutes afterwards and beating the Grenadiers' March as ordered. Instantly the whole of the surrounding hills echoed with the call, while the British force, every man wearing a Grenadier cap, appeared on every side! The enemy seeing, as they thought, half a dozen full regiments on foot, took fright and prepared to beat a hurried retreat!

The horse squadrons, being nearest the English lines, were the first to move off. Without stopping to collect their pickets or gather their provisions, they quickly mounted, and began to retreat, whereat the foot, who were still marching into the plain, also suddenly wheeled round and went back the way they had come!

Secure on the hill-tops, the British force kept pace

with them for a mile or so, occasionally sending a company down to fire a few volleys into the enemy, now in full and undignified retreat. But at last, finding that no great advantage was to be gained, Wills sounded the recall, and his troops returned to the village, elated at the success of the ruse.

News of the "action" was immediately sent to Cunningham, who with all speed struck camp and marched to St. Estevan, which he reached at midnight, bringing the force at that place up to about twelve hundred foot, and two hundred and fifty dragoons, besides some eight hundred Miquelets.

The next morning, the enemy, finding that they had been deceived, rallied themselves and advanced again towards St. Estevan. They numbered about four thousand soldiers, besides a force of Miquelets. Their approach was quickly noticed, and Brigadier Wills ordered Burston to advance up the hill with four hundred Miquelets and take up one of the positions occupied the day before.

Now the Miquelets, it seems, were by no means a brave people; although they were well enough armed, they were lacking in discipline, which, after all, makes all the difference between a bad and a good soldier. So it was no easy task that Burston had had set him.

Calling his men together, he started to march up the hill, but found that the Miquelets were not at all anxious to come face to face with the foe. One by one they dropped out of the ranks, though when he arrived at the top of the hill, he still had a considerable number of them with him. But the top reached, the Miquelets took fright, for there on the other side of the intervening valley was the enemy, who had been climbing the hill opposite at the same time that Burston had been urging his men upwards. As a matter of fact, however,

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Burston was in a far better position than the enemy, for it was next to impossible for the latter to scale the hill on which the British force stood ; but the Miquelets, without waiting to fire a single shot, simply pelted helter-skelter down the hill, and did not leave off running until they had reached the summit of another a mile away !

And Burston was left there to face the enemy alone, in which position, firing away for all he was worth, Cunningham found him when he and the rest of the troops arrived.

So the two forces lay facing each other, the enemy at a distinct disadvantage, for whereas the hill on which they stood left them exposed to the full fire of the British force, the latter on their part found that their hill had a natural breastwork of ground running along the top, which served as an admirable shelter. Even this, however, did not prevent the enemy from doing some damage, and Cunningham, stepping up on the breastwork to take an observation, received a musket shot in the groin—which inflicted so severe a wound that he died next day.

For a long time a desultory sort of fight was kept up, the Britishers resolved not to leave their strong position, and the enemy not daring to attempt to scale the hill, but contenting themselves with drawing up their whole body that they might exhibit their strength, hoping to terrify their adversaries by their display ; in which they were mistaken.

They were not entirely idle, however, for while making a show of their numbers, and keeping up a straggling fire, they had dispatched a body of six hundred foot soldiers to attack Cunningham by a pass through the mountains of which the British had no knowledge,

and it was but the purest chance that prevented Cunningham and his force from being surprised.

Picking their way carefully through the mountains, they came up against a small detachment of Cunningham's troops, drove them down the hill, and then set out for the main body. A couple of stragglers from the defeated outpost, however, tore across the hills to where Burston was standing, and gave him the alarm, adding that the enemy could not now be far away.

Without waiting for orders, Burston clambered up the hill, followed by a handful of marines, at the same time that the foe were doing likewise on the other side. The two forces, one greatly outnumbering the other, met face to face at a distance of only twenty paces!

Enraged at being discovered, the attackers came on with great fury, calling out:

"Sans quartier! Sans quartier!"

"Upon which," says Burston, "there was nothing to do but to fall on!"

He fell on!

Calling upon his men to rally round him, he cried: "You must expect no quarter, lads, so in God's name fire at 'em!"

The men needed no urging, and hurled themselves at their foes. Instantly there was the sound of a terrible conflict, and Cunningham, Wills, and Palms, discussing the further dispositions of the field, were suddenly startled to find that their right had been furiously attacked, when they had all along thought themselves secure. Without delay reinforcements were sent. They were badly needed, for Burston found himself outnumbered by more than five to one, and during the first part of the fight, do what they might, his men seemed likely to be driven back. The coming of the reinforcements, however,

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altered matters, and after about half an hour, the enemy retreated, leaving behind them some three hundred and fifty killed and wounded, among them the French colonel who had been in command.

The British force had not come through without loss, either ; three hundred men had fallen, and when at last the battle was over, Burston was amongst the missing.

He had acquitted himself nobly ; but for his prompt action the whole British force might have been put to flight ; and in the conflict that ensued he had fought many a hand-to-hand encounter, giving and taking thrust and stabs without number. At last, fainting from exertion and loss of blood, having received no fewer than thirteen wounds, he fell, to be instantly covered by another wounded or dead man.

For hours he lay there senseless amongst the dead, but when, towards night, the battle was over, and the field was searched for still living men, he was found beneath a heap of fallen soldiers. He was taken up and carried into the village with the rest of the wounded men, his wounds were dressed, and after some time was able to rejoin his regiment, and embark upon still more military adventures.

Fifty years after Colonel Burston had distinguished himself, a simple sailor made himself mildly famous by attacking a fort single-handed ! What is more, he obtained a foothold on the bastion and engaged in a fierce conflict with the defenders, and the result was that the fort was captured.

It is necessary before coming to this strange adventure to survey the course of events that led up to it. During the long conflict between the French and English in India, Rear-Admiral Watson had been sent out to India, but on his arrival found that for the immediate present,

at any rate, there was no need to fight, for during the voyage peace had been declared. An opportunity for fighting someone, however, soon presented itself, as the Governor of Bombay was desirous of putting an end to the piratical practices of a certain native prince, Toolajee, who for some years had been a scourge on the seas.

Watson and Clive (who also had just returned to India to carry on his conflicts with the French) undertook to smash Toolajee, and in February, 1756, set sail from Bombay with a fairly strong squadron of ships.

There is no need to go into details about this expedition, but it may be said that, passing along the coast, they arrived at Geriah, Toolajee's chief port, set fire to his fleet and then compelled the town to surrender.

Having thus kept his fleet in fighting trim, Watson was quite ready for the call, which came shortly afterwards, to set out for England to take part in another war that seemed imminent between England and France. Almost at the same time he had received news of the outbreak of natives in Bengal, which culminated in the tragedy of the Black Hole of Calcutta. Bengal needed his assistance, and yet the authorities at home, who, of course, knew nothing of the terrible events then taking place in India, had ordered him to set out immediately for England. What should he do?

Watson disobeyed orders.

On October 16th he set out not for England, but to relieve Bengal. With only one incident of that altogether glorious campaign are we here concerned.

It happened thus: Some miles from Calcutta, whither Watson was bound, was a fort called Buj-buj, held by the enemy, and this Watson determined to subdue, and thus leave the way clear to Calcutta. Troops were

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landed, and the fleet began bombarding the fort, seeking to make a breach for the soldiers to enter. All day the fight was kept up, and by the time evening had come, the guns of the enemy had been silenced, although the fort did not capitulate, and, safe behind their bastions, the natives continued to fire their small arms with deadly effect. Drawing the troops off for the night, Watson decided to wait until the morning to finish the work.

In order to have as strong a force as possible to make the final attack, a batch of sailors was sent ashore to reinforce the soldiers, and it was one of these sailors, named Strahan, who was the means of bringing about the downfall of the fort.

He did it quite unwittingly, however. Having received his allowance of grog—apparently more than his allowance, by the way—he either found the night or the drink too hot to allow him to sleep, and went for a walk round; after a while, where should he find himself but immediately under the walls of the fort, and facing a breach which the ships' cannons had made during the bombardment.

With a recklessness even surpassing that of the average fighting men of his day, he resolved to tackle the fort alone. Apparently he thought that having come so far unobserved, it would be ridiculous not to go a little farther. Carefully and nimbly he scaled the breach, and, as the recorder of the incident puts it, in a few minutes had "luckily gotten the bastion."

There a quick glance showed him a number of natives sitting around, seemingly not caring one jot whether the enemy came or not. Strahan, charmed at the apparent ease with which the fort was to be taken, soon made them care, for with a loud ringing hurrah or so,

he made his presence known. Firing his pistol straight at the natives, he cried :

“ The fort is mine ! ”

The natives, roused from their apathy, showed him that he spoke prematurely. Grabbing up their arms, they made a rush for him, Strahan, for his part, drawing his cutlass, and preparing to receive them for all the world as if he had a thousand men at his back !

For some moments the strange and unexpected conflict went on, the natives surging round the solitary Englishman, and he slashing about him with such full-blooded vigour that it seemed that after all he would take the fort !

Just as he was beginning to enjoy himself, however, the cutlass which he had been wielding with such good effect broke off short in his hand, and it was lucky for him that just then two or three of his companions from below scaled the breach and came to his assistance. The noise of firing and the cries of the combatants had roused the sailors who were nearest the wall, and they, quickly grasping the fact that a fight was going on which they would not miss for worlds, clambered up the fort side and joined forces with Strahan. What with their huzzas and the cries of the natives, the whole camp was soon aroused. Without waiting for orders the men grabbed up their arms, rushed across to the fort, and in a few minutes were on the bastions.

And the fort which had withstood a day's bombardment was won in a quarter of an hour, with only one man of the attackers killed—and he by a stray shot from one of his own men !

The next morning Strahan was commanded to appear before the admiral to give an account of his

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conduct! As the contemporary historian remarks: "Exultation over the success was greatly abated when it was found that the rules so indispensably necessary in all military exploits had been entirely disregarded in the present instance; and the admiral could not help looking upon the person who had had the principal hand in the victory rather as an object of chastisement than applause."

Such is the reward of heroism! (Watson had apparently forgotten how he was disobeying the powers that were in England!)

"Mr. Strahan," said Watson, when the delinquent stood before him, "what is this you've been doing?"

For a moment the gallant tar was nonplussed; he had not expected this! He stood scratching his head and twiddling his cap round his fingers. Then recovering from the shock, he said awkwardly:

"Why, sir, to be sure, 'twas I that took the fort; but I hope there's no harm in it!"

At this the whole company in the admiral's cabin were fit to explode with laughter, but discipline again made its demands, and for a while they sat and listened to Strahan's account of his adventure, told in quaint language, and with quainter simplicity.

At the end of the recital Watson, with difficulty restraining his laughter, administered a severe rebuke, and promised punishment for disobedience.

Now this was the last thing that Strahan had looked for, and, crestfallen and disappointed, he quickly made his exit from the cabin, and when a safe distance from the admiral's ears—who by the way, such was the roar of laughter that followed the tar's retreat, would probably not have heard him had he said it at the door—exclaimed:

"If I'm flogged for this 'ere action, I'll never take another fort by myself so long as I live! By God!"

He did not get the flogging, however; neither did he ever take another fort. On the other hand, it is sad to relate that he was never promoted, for "the whole tenor of his conduct was so irregular!"

STEALING A KING'S JEWELS

The Daring Exploit of Colonel Blood

COLONEL BLOOD is one of the romantic characters of history ; yet when all is said and done, he was a rogue who gained a certain prestige with some of his contemporaries. He has been described as " a man of many natures and professions : born in a smithy, trained in a camp, and exercised in a conventicle." He was " an artisan, a soldier, a divine, a jack of many trades, a combatant in many causes, and a preacher in many sects. Like hundreds of the Irish of his day, he fought for Charles, for Cromwell, and again for Charles. From each he took such gifts and grants as his effrontery could gain : a township, a commission in the army, a reversion of delinquent lands. Some fear lest he might lose these lands, should peace and old proprietors return, had driven him to sedition ; but after a futile attempt on the life of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Blood had fled into the northern wilds, and found in peasant cabins that perfect cover from pursuit which in his country fugitives from justice always find. One day he was a Scotch pastor, hot in zeal against the scarlet lady (the Roman Church), and the next an Irish priest devoted to the Pope of Rome."

There you have all the elements that go to make a romantic rogue, who finds pleasure in adventurous schemes, who delights in the laying of deep plots, and is never so happy as when the time for action arrives.

With Blood's sedition, time-serving, and fighting we are not concerned ; our purpose now is to re-tell the story by which he is perhaps better known than by anything else—namely, his attempt to steal the Crown jewels from the Tower. It was on this occasion that he assumed his favourite disguise, that of a parson.

Together with a woman whom he said was his wife, he presented himself at the door of the keeper's lodge, and asked if he might be allowed to inspect the regalia. Edwards, the keeper, an old man of eighty, courteously assented—every visitor meant something in the way of fees for him—and within a few minutes Parson Blood was standing gazing spellbound at the magnificent sight he had come to see. Mrs. Parson was no less interested than her " husband " ; in fact, her interest overcame her, and she was suddenly taken ill. All concern, old Edwards called to his wife to bring a cordial. The old lady brought it, administered it with tender solicitude, and then, when Mrs. Parson had revived sufficiently, invited her to rest awhile in her private apartment.

The invitation was accepted with becoming hesitancy, and while his " wife " was composing herself upstairs, Blood entered into conversation with Edwards, with whom, by his simple and pleasant manner, he quickly ingratiated himself.

While Blood was using his tongue, he was also using his eyes ; not a detail of the keeper's house missed him. Apparently there were no arms about, except a pair of pistols hanging on the wall, plainly not used for many a long day, and only kept for show. The house itself was in a lonely part of the Tower, with no guards anywhere in sight, all of which things Blood treasured in his mind. Within a reasonable time his " wife " returned, fairly well recovered from her disposition, and the two bade

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the keeper and his dame farewell, with profuse thanks for their kindness.

Less than a week later Blood returned, though not to see the jewels. This time he came to bring Mrs. Edwards a present of a pair of gloves. Blood was simply brimming over with thankfulness for the service they had rendered his wife. Said he :

" My dear wife talks of nothing but those good people at the Tower."

Somehow or other, the parson seemed to be quite as much taken with the keeper and his wife as they were with him, and a close friendship sprang up between them—so close, in fact, that after a while, Blood suggested that his ward and nephew, a young man of good estate, would make a very suitable husband for Edwards's daughter.

Edwards seemed to think well of the proposal, and suggested that Blood should come and dine with him, so that they might talk the matter over. Blood accepted with alacrity ; and the dinner passed pleasantly, thanks to the eloquence and affability of the " parson."

Afterwards, Blood was shown round the keeper's house, and, suddenly struck by a whim, asked to be allowed to purchase the brace of pistols. Then, everything being settled to the satisfaction of both parties, Blood, promising to bring his ward on a certain day, departed after breathing a blessing on the house.

The day that Blood had appointed for the interview between the young people was the day fixed for the final act in the drama. He had laid his plans well ; four other men and himself were to take part in the plot. One, the swain, was to stand at the door and watch for possible intruders ; Blood, Parrot, and another man were to go upstairs and do the dirty work, and a

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fifth, Tom Hunt, was to wait with the horses at St. Catherine's Gate.

Arrived at the keeper's house, Blood knocked at the door, and in his pious voice asked for Edwards. The old man was downstairs all alone, though his wife, daughter, and daughter-in-law, and a serving maid, were upstairs awaiting the arrival of the swain. Blood introduced one of his friends, a fine-looking young man, as his ward, made excuses for his wife, who would not be long in coming.

"I think," said he, "we will wait here until my good lady comes. Then we will go upstairs."

Edwards fell in with the suggestion, and while they were waiting, agreed to show the regalia to Blood's friends.

The three men, armed with their canes, which in reality were but sword-sheaths, followed the old man into the jewel room. As Edwards turned to lock the door after him, one of the rogues flung a heavy cloak over his head, another gagged him, and a third threatened him with death if he made the least sound. Edwards screamed, but with a rush the men were at him, vowing to thrust their knives into him. Still he fought against the unequal odds, and the ruffians, determined to silence him, beat him on the head with a mallet. The poor old man fell to the ground, wellnigh senseless, though still conscious enough to hear Blood say :

"Friend Edwards, we are come to steal the Crown, the Sceptre, and the Globe ! Lay still, and you are safe ; but cry out, and you shall die !"

Heedless of the threat, Edwards still tried to call out, and once more the mallet was used, till the rascals, thinking from his silence and stillness that he must be dead, began their thieving work.

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Blood seized the Crown and hid it beneath his cassock ; Parrot dropped the Globe into his breeches pocket, and the other man worked hard at the Sceptre, trying to break it up so that it could be put into his bag.

The Sceptre refused to be broken, and at the moment when Blood, becoming impatient at the delay, was about to give the word to let it alone, a signal came from below—a signal agreed upon between them and the young man on guard at the door. It meant that someone was approaching !

By a most extraordinary coincidence, Edwards's son had returned from Flanders that very day, and was calling upon his parents. As he approached the house, the young man at the door accosted him :

“ What would ye ? ” he said.

“ I know not who you are,” said young Edwards, looking at him curiously, “ but if you would speak to my father, I will let him know.”

“ If you will, I shall be thankful,” said the swain.

Up the stairs ran Edwards, into the room where his friends sat awaiting the coming of the bridegroom-elect.

Blood hearing the sound of running feet, and warned by the secret signal, gave the word to flee. The Sceptre was dropped, but with the Crown and Globe well hidden, the thieves rushed through the empty room, out into the night, and hurried off towards St. Catherine's Gate.

In a moment the whole place was in an uproar. Edwards, recovered from his mauling, got rid of his gag, and screamed for help. His whole family rushed to his aid, wondering what the meaning of it all was. They soon knew ! The Crown was gone ! The Globe was gone ! The Sceptre lay on the floor where it had been flung by the thieves when they decamped !



"The thieves rushed out into the night" (*see page 192*).

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Miss Edwards, quickly grasping the situation, rushed out of the open door, crying :

“ The Crown ! The Crown ! The Crown is stolen ! ”

The cries brought out the guards and the warders. All was confusion. Men were rushing about crying “ Stop the thieves ! Stop them ! Treason ! Treason ! The Crown is stolen ! ”

Men ran at risk of their lives ; Captain Beckman, officer of the guard, running off towards the gate, was met by a squad of soldiers who would have fired at him had not one of their number recognised him, and cried, “ Hold ! He is a friend ! ”

But what of Blood and his companions ? Blood and Parrot had managed to reach Water Lane, and were making for the drawbridge leading to the wharf when a warder tried to stop them. Blood drew his pistol, fired point-blank at him, and the warder dropped down dead. The bridge was reached, but the way was barred by a sentry. The recklessness and fierceness of the thieves scared him to death ; he had seen the warder fall, and had no liking for a similar fate. He let his gun drop to the ground, the rogues passed over the bridge, and were well on the way to their horses when Captain Beckman and a number of men streamed across.

“ Stop the rogues ! ” cried the men.

“ Stop the rogues ! ” cried Blood, whom no one suspected—who *would* suspect a parson of so daring a crime ?

“ Stop him ! ” cried Beckman, pointing to Blood.

“ Who, the parson ? ” shouted the crowd, amazed.

“ Yes, stop him ! ” yelled Beckman, hurrying towards the rascal.

Things were getting too warm to be comfortable, and Blood, who was now only a few yards from his horses,

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determined to make a bold fight for it. Turning suddenly, he fired at Beckman, now but a yard or so behind. He missed, and the next moment Beckman had his hands on Blood's throat.

The wondering crowd stood and gazed at the fierce struggle that ensued. Surely Beckman had gone mad? The man was a parson! Very soon their doubts were set at rest, for in the struggle the Crown fell out of Blood's cloak, and was trampled in the mud, and after a few minutes Blood found himself a prisoner, being hauled off to the Tower.

Not at all dismayed at the turn of affairs, he cried :

" Ah, well ! 'Twas a gallant deed, and though it failed, 'twas worth it ! 'Twas for a Crown ! "

Various jewels from the Crown were picked up later, though some were lost and not recovered for many years.

Meanwhile, Parrot was engaged in a struggle with a serving man, who eventually overcame him and bore him to earth. The Globe, minus a fine ruby, was found upon him ; the ruby was discovered in another pocket. Parrot, too, was conducted to the Tower.

Hunt also was captured, though not primarily for the attempt on the regalia. He had been concerned with Blood in the attack on the Duke of Ormonde, and as he was passing hurriedly through the dark, narrow streets, his horse ran into a pole and upset a cart. A cobbler came out of his shop to help the carter right his wagon, and he recognised Hunt as one of the conspirators against Ormonde.

" That's Tom Hunt ! " he cried. " Let's seize him ! "

" I'm not Hunt ! " said that worthy warmly.

" I vow you are ! " yelled the cobbler, and in a few minutes Hunt found himself being hurried off to the house of Justice Smith, who, however, was by no means

convinced as to the identity of the prisoner. Just as he was about to release him, however, a messenger arrived bringing news of the attempt on the regalia; that news sealed Hunt's fate, and he was carted off to the Tower to join his fellow-rogues.

The rest of the story is soon told; Blood, instead of being hanged on Tyburn's tree, as all the world expected, had an audience of Charles II., who seems to have had burning curiosity to see the man who had conceived so bold a plan. Blood, in addition to boasting of his ill-fated attempt on the regalia, had much to say about other plots in which he had taken a part. The conspiracy against the Duke of Ormonde? Oh, yes, he had engineered that! The Risings in the North? Yes, he had been concerned in one of those, and had even intended to shoot the King himself, but at the last moment, when His Majesty was in his power, he had repented, lowered his piece, and had prevailed upon his companions to do the same.

And so on and so on, Blood talked to the King; revealed conspiracies, invented others for the sake of influencing His Majesty in his favour, and as a result had the satisfaction of being set at liberty, received a pension of £500 a year, and for many years was one of the favourites of the merry monarch!

Strange punishment for a rogue such as he!

ADVENTURES OF A FILM-HUNTER

Facing Death for the Cinematograph

WELLNIGH every invention opens up a new field for adventure, and without a doubt this is exceptionally true of the cinematograph. We who have the world placed before us on a screen—the world of science, art, nature, and of adventure—little think of the risks run and the dangers incurred by the knights of the film-making machine. The life of a cinematograph operator is one of the most varied character ; one day taking strike pictures, on another picturing some state ceremony, and later photographing a big game hunt out in Africa.

The greatest perils of the operator arise from the fact that in order to obtain effective pictures he has to remain in a fixed spot, his machine being mounted on a heavy metal tripod ; and it is no easy matter, in case of emergency, to get clear of any oncoming danger. The risks run range from a thrown ginger-beer bottle to the rush of a lion, either of which are things it is best to elude ! A propos of the ginger-beer bottle, it may be said that although as a general rule people do not mind being cinema'd, the football crowds of the north of England have a rooted objection to the operators. Not that they mind being snapped so much as that they most strongly resent their view of the match being obstructed by the apparatus. Their method of airing their grievance is very direct, and very effective.

“ We'll give you three minutes ! ” they yell across to

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the operator, and woe betide him if he goes beyond that arbitrary limit ; not only ginger-beer bottles, but all kinds of things that happen to be handy are hurled at him, accompanied by expressions which show the desirability of his moving off to another three-minute pitch !

Such things as this, however, are only the minor trials of the film-hunter's life ; the picture-palace audience demands something besides football matches.

Mr. F. V. Guy, of the Pathé Frères film-manufacturing firm, lost his life while trying to meet this demand for something of an exciting character. His sphere of operations was in the Malay States, and one of the tasks he set himself was to obtain pictures of a fight between a panther and leopard and some Kelantan bulls—an ambitious project, in all conscience.

Setting out from Singapore with his black panther, leopard and apparatus, Guy eventually reached Kota Bahru, in Kelantan, without mishap. Kota Bahru has its own enclosure, where bull fights are wont to take place, and it was here that it was originally arranged for the exhibition to be photographed. This enclosure, however, has a wall of only six feet in height, and Guy absolutely refused to release his wild animals in what he regarded as an unsafe place.

Accordingly, it was arranged that the fight should take place in the jail yard, which has a wall of nine feet all round it, and to ensure absolute safety, the top of the wall was covered with corrugated zinc so that, in the event of the animals trying to escape, they might not be able to get a purchase.

Kota Bahru jail is in the middle of the yard, so a temporary wall was put on either side of the prison, the cages containing the animals being placed in an opening in one of these walls. Guy took up his position just

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near the cages, and so was not in the arena itself ; neither was the operator, who was stationed on a platform at the junction of the jail and the wall on the other side. Guy's part was to let the panther and the leopard out of their cages, and when everything was settled, and the bull already in the yard, he opened the door of the panther's cage.

The beast was sullen, and for some time would not budge from his corner. By dint of much prodding, however, he was forced into the arena. The bull was waiting for him, but the panther refused to have anything to do with him. He would not approach him, but stalked along the wall, as if looking for some way of escape. After some minutes had passed, during which Guy and his attendants did everything they could to make him attack the bull, the sightseers raising hair-splitting cries to try to lash the panther into a fury, the beast suddenly made a spring for the platform on which the operator was stationed. His object was not to get at the operator ; he was only intent on escape, and, having seen a piece of wood projecting from the floor of the platform, he had made for this. With a leap he was upon it, and then, gathering himself up for a spring, the next minute was upon the wall of the yard, only to drop down on the other side.

This was the sign for a general stampede on the part of the sightseers. Dozens of them were sitting on the top of the wall itself ; hundreds were on stands outside ; but the unexpected appearance of the bounding panther soon scattered them in all directions, those on the wall dropping off from their perches without a thought of the bruises which they would be bound to get. Bruises are much to be preferred to mauling by a panther !

No sooner had the panther leapt on to the wall than

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Guy snatched up his gun and set out in pursuit. Rushing out of the prison yard, he could see the panther dashing away towards a compound near by. Guy reached the compound a few minutes after the panther, and when within a yard or so of the brute, fired at him with buck-shot. He was too close, however, to do much damage, for the shot did not scatter sufficiently, and hardly had the gun been fired than the panther's sinuous body came hurtling through the air. Guy tried to dodge the spring, but the panther was too quick for him, and the next moment the film-hunter found his right hand in the panther's mouth.

The weight of the beast bore Guy to the ground, and the two rolled over and over, the man seeking to extract his right hand, and trying also to draw his knife with his left.

Even then Guy might have escaped had he been left to fight the battle out, but at that moment a European came up with a rifle and fired at the panther. It was no easy matter to take aim, for the man and beast were engaged in a fierce struggle upon the ground. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that the shot missed the panther, passed through Guy's right thigh, and imbedded itself higher up in his left thigh.

The body fell limp to the ground, though the panther still retained his grip upon it, and it would have gone ill with Guy but for the fact that the next minute there was the flash of steel, and the man who had fired the fatal shot dashed up and plunged a sheath knife into the body of the brute, killing him instantly.

Without the loss of a moment, medical aid was obtained for the unfortunate film-man, and it was seen that an amputation was the only thing that would save life. The doctor, however, had not the necessary instruments

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at hand, and there was nothing for it but to put Guy on board a ship and hurry off to Singapore, where the operation might be performed—if the wounded man lived until they arrived there. He died, however, when the ship was still some miles from her destination.

Needless to say the picture was never taken.

It is these unrehearsed incidents that bring excitement into the cinematograph heroes' lives, and although all of them have not such tragic endings, yet a good many do result in fatal accidents. And it is not always the dramatic pictures that give occasion to these, for even the comic films have their tragic incidents.

Many of these humorous effects are obtained by means of faking ; the " chapter of accidents," so popular with the younger portions of the audiences in the picture palaces, is generally a " fake." For instance, a man is run over by a steam-roller, and emerges from the other side, pretty much battered, but still running from a sleuth-hound of the law. How is it done ? The man rushes down the road at a high speed, and the steam-roller is seen approaching from the opposite direction ; at a spot previously marked the engine pulls up, the man slips out of the way, a dummy is substituted for him, the engine resumes its journey, and the man starts his mad run from behind the engine. The cinematograph is taking its films all the time, of course, and later on the portion of film showing the substitution is cut out, the ends joined up again, and there you are !

Sometimes, however, things do not work out exactly as planned, and it is only a short time since that an engine failed to stop in time, and ran over the man before the dummy could be put in his place.

A most amusing accident recently occurred to an operator. He was deputed to picture the taking of

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provisions across to a lighthouse. The trip to the lighthouse was quite satisfactory, the operator and his apparatus were hauled up, and the photographs taken. When the incident was over, the apparatus was let down into the boat and the operator prepared to follow. To this day he does not know whether it was accident or design on the part of the boatmen, who may have thought that they might as well have some fun out of the affair, but by some means or another, instead of the man dropping safely into the boat at the foot of the lighthouse, he fell with a great splash into the sea, and received a dousing such as he had not experienced for many a long day. His only consolation was that his films had preceded him !

Taking it all round, the life of a film-hunter is filled with variety ; there is little or no monotony, and he does not know from one day to another where he may be called upon to go to picture, for the edification of millions of people, the countless little dramas that are being enacted on the world's great stage.

THE ESCAPE OF MORGAN THE RAIDER

A Story of a Fine Bid for Freedom

GENERAL MORGAN was a prisoner. The news thrilled both sides engaged in the great American Civil War. Naturally, it thrilled each differently, for whereas the Confederates knew that they had lost one of their most daring and efficient raiders, the Federals felt that for a time, at any rate, they were safe from the sudden, hawk-like swoops of the man who ever and anon had sent consternation and dread through the Northern States.

Morgan had been a menace since the beginning of the war; with startling suddenness he would appear where he was least expected, cut wires, wreck railways, tear down bridges, and generally conduct himself in such a way as to make neighbouring—aye, and distant—districts tremble against the time when their turn might come.

Morgan had calculated on a great raid. He started out from Kentucky with about 2,500 rough-riders, made his wrecking way through Ohio—passing through Cincinnati itself—covered 1,000 miles in twenty-four days, captured a large number of prisoners, and inflicted damage to the amount of some two million pounds. Then he found himself “up against” a large force of the enemy at Salineville, and, after a plucky stand, was compelled to surrender.

Thus it came about that in August, 1863, General

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Morgan and nearly seventy other Southern officers found themselves prisoners in the Ohio State Penitentiary at Columbus. Life as a prisoner of war was not really hard, for although there were civil and military guards during the day, the officers were allowed to mix together. From five o'clock in the evening, however, to seven o'clock next morning, they were each locked in separate cells. Therefore, a joint escape did not seem at all possible, though several of the prisoners tried to bribe the guards to enable them to get through to freedom. Unfortunately for the prisoners, the civil and military guards were a check on each other, each party being on the look-out for treachery on the part of the other.

The chance, or at least the possible chance, of escape, came through the inspiration of one of Morgan's captains, Thomas H. Hines. He had noticed that the ground outside the prison was flat and damp, and that although his cell was on a level with the outside surface, the floor of the cell showed no signs of dampness. Why? Surely because there must be an air-chamber underneath! Hines saw there the first gleam of hope they had had during the three months they had been kicking up their heels in a Northern prison.

It did not take long to convey this information to Morgan and his fellow officers. Obviously, it was impossible to expect that they could all escape, so Morgan and Hines resolved to impart the news to five members whom they knew were "safe"; these were Captains Samuel B. Taylor, Charles S. Magee, L. D. Hockersmith, J. C. Bennett, and Ralph Sedden.

Of course, the first thing to be done was to locate that supposed air-chamber. Now, seeing that every morning the prison attendants went into each cell and

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swept up, it was impossible to interfere with the floors while this procedure was followed. Some way had to be devised to get rid of the attendant from one cell at any rate.

Hines devised it. He was suddenly taken with an enthusiasm for tidiness, and volunteered to keep his cell clean himself. A broom was given him, and after he had very scrupulously cleaned his cell out for several days to the entire satisfaction of the attendant, the latter ceased to bother about inspecting the prisoner's work. This was, of course, the very thing Hines had been working for.

The next step was to get tools. Some of the men fell ill, and were taken to hospital. They soon recovered, and brought with them several knives, and with these as their sole implements, the conspirators set to work on the floor of Hines's cell.

It was no easy task to which they had put their hands. The first thing to be cut through was a six-inch bed of cement; the next six layers of bricks standing end on end. They did it, and—there was the air-chamber, a space six feet wide and four feet high! Unfortunately, at the end which would have been of service to them, they found a ponderous grating barring the way, and the next job was to bore a tunnel which would run out into the yard.

Now that they had discovered this underground chamber, they made immediate use of it to stow away all the debris which had been dug out; hitherto they had stuffed it into Hines's mattress, which, as can be imagined, had not made any too comfortable a bed!

Then began the most difficult part of the work, namely, the cutting of the tunnel which was to lead them to liberty. They had to carve their way through no less

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than twenty-five feet of wall. They did so, inclining it as they got to the end, so that they were within four feet of the surface of the yard. The difficulty of the task is all the more evident when it is borne in mind that, after the tunnel was cut, some long time might elapse before they could make use of it. It was necessary to choose for the tunnel-end a spot in the prison-yard which was but little frequented. Otherwise, it was quite on the cards that someone might go tumbling headlong through the thin crust of earth, and so reveal the tunnel on which so many arduous hours had been spent.

The tunnel cut, their difficulties were not at an end ; it will be remembered that the boring began at Hines's cell, but only Hines could escape by way of his cell. Each man would have to enter the tunnel from his own chamber. Now, if all the prisoners had been able to keep their cells in order in the same way as Hines had been doing, it would have been an easy matter to make the openings from above ; as it was, they had got to be made from below, and in this matter accuracy was the great essential.

By hook or crook the various distances had got to be obtained. But how ? The solution of the problem displays much ingenuity. The prisoners one day worked up an argument as to the length of the great hall of the prison, and so heated did they become that one of the guards standing by, entered into the discussion, telling them that the length was so and so. Still the prisoners were unconvinced, and the guard, sure that he was right, was not loth to satisfy them on the point ; to do which he produced a tape measure. This was the very thing the prisoners had had in view, of course, and while one of them entered into conversation with the guard, the others occupied themselves in taking the length of the hall—and, incidentally, of course, the distances between

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the various cells. Furnished with this information, the plotters set to work once more, cutting upwards towards the floor of the cells, leaving only the top layer of cement to be broken through at the last moment.

One further thing was necessary before all their arrangements could be called complete: the top of the high outer wall had to be surveyed in order to find out what facilities it would give them.

Once more they made an unsuspecting guard connive at their escape. In the yard there was a fifty-foot ladder, the top of which arose far above the wall they must scale before they could escape. Prison regulations said that no prisoner was to climb this ladder, but one day Morgan and some of his fellow-conspirators entered into another of their heated arguments, taking care to be within ear-shot of one of the warders. One of the prisoners was a very little man, and the argument concerned his ability to climb to the top of the fifty-foot ladder hand over hand on the under-side of it. Morgan and some of the others pooh-poohed the very idea that Taylor could do it.

"Say," said Morgan, "I reckon you couldn't do it, Taylor! It'd be as much as you could manage to get half-way up!"

"Why," chimed in Hines, "I'll wager Taylor could not only climb up, but after a short rest on top, could come down in just the same way, and be fit as a fiddle after!"

So the argument went on, the guard himself joining those who asserted that Taylor could not perform the feat the prisoners all hoped he might be given the chance to attempt. The chance was given, for the warder, led away by the enthusiasm displayed in the discussion, consented to let the captain see what he could do. For

a while Taylor hung back, which, of course, only made the guard more anxious for him to try his hand at the task. At last, however, Taylor yielded, and hand over hand, wriggling the while like an eel, made his way to the top of the ladder, amidst the suppressed excitement of his fellow-prisoners, who were more than elated at the success of their ruse. Once on top, Taylor, during the time allowed him for rest, took a close survey of the wall. Then he descended to receive the commendations of his friends, and to witness the crestfallen face of the warder. He would have been still more crestfallen had he known all!

The elaborate plans were now complete; the conspirators had made a rope thirty-five feet long out of odds and ends, to one end of which was attached a poker, fashioned roughly into a grappling iron. They also had sufficient money to meet travelling expenses and so forth, and by some means had procured a paper containing a time-table. The first intention was to make for Canada, but they found by the time-table that there was no train leaving Columbus early enough to allow them to cross the Canadian border before the time that their cells would be visited in the morning. Therefore, this plan fell through, for the prisoners knew that on the discovery of their flight the first message flashed along the wires would be one to intercept the train bound for Canada. The new plan was to make direct for Cincinnati, for which town a train left Columbus, at 1.15 a.m., which time suited the fugitives admirably, as the last round of the guards was made at twelve o'clock.

At last the dark and stormy night for which they waited came, and they made their final arrangements. Colonel Morgan, the General's brother, was one of the men whose cells were on the ground floor, and he mag-

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nanimously agreed to let the General take his place, an exchange easily effected and unnoticed by the guard.

Hines had a sense of humour, and decided to leave a little note which he hoped would give the prison authorities as much pleasure to read as it gave him to write.

It ran :

Castle Merion,

Cell No. 20.

November 27th, 1863.

"Commencement, November, 4th; conclusion, November 24th, 1863; number of hours of labour per day, five; tools, two small knives.

"La patience est amère, mais son fruit est doux. (Patience is bitter, but its result is sweet).

"By order of my six honourable Confederates.

"THOMAS H. HINES, Captain, C.S.A."

Twelve o'clock had passed, the warders had made their rounds, and everything seemed in order. No sooner had they barred and bolted the doors, however, than the conspirators slipped out of their beds, arranged the clothes so that a casual glance would suggest that the beds were still occupied, quietly broke through the thin layers of cement and found themselves in the air-chamber. Squeezing their way through the tunnel, they broke the four feet crust of earth at the end, and emerged into the prison yard. Losing no time, they cast their grappling-iron over the top of the wall, and, one by one, climbed the rope. Then, when all were ready, the fugitives slipped down to the ground on the other side, and, despite the fact that just near the spot where they dropped they could see the fire round which a night guard was crouched, they managed to get away unseen.

The real dangers of the escape now began; they had to pass through many miles of the enemy's country,

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where every man would be on the look-out for the fugitives as soon as the news was given that they had escaped.

The first thing to be done was to reach the railway station in time to catch the Cincinnati train. Breaking up into little parties, Morgan and Hines forming one, they made all haste to the station, which they reached just in time to get their tickets and catch the train.

As luck would have it, the first man that Morgan saw on entering the train was a Federal major! Risking all in one throw, as it were, Morgan deliberately took the seat next to him, Hines taking the one behind. Before long Morgan and the major were engaged in absorbing conversation, the latter having no suspicion of the identity of his fellow-traveller!

"See!" the major said suddenly, as the train ran past the penitentiary, "that's where General Morgan and his officers have been put for safe-keeping!"

"Aye," replied Morgan, speaking more sincerely than the Federal officer had any idea of, "and I hope they'll keep him as safe as he is now!"

Things seemed to be going along satisfactorily, when something happened to cast a shadow of doubt over the eventual success of the enterprise. At Dayton, in Ohio, the train was unaccountably held up for an hour, a delay which caused much inward questioning on the part of the fugitives, and, moreover, made it pretty clear that the news of their flight would reach Cincinnati before they did. There was nothing for it but to drop off the train before it reached the city. This was rendered fairly easy by the fact that the train slackened its speed just outside Cincinnati, near Ludlow Ferry. Nothing could have been more fortunate, because they knew that close by was the house of a Mrs. Ludlow, whose sympathies were

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with the Southern States. Dropping off the train unseen, Morgan and Hines ferried themselves across the river and made their way to Mrs. Ludlow's, where they received a warm welcome and—what they much needed—a hearty breakfast.

There was no time to linger under this friendly roof, for already the news had spread that Ohio prison had been broken, and Morgan had escaped, and every policeman and soldier was on the look-out for the fugitives. So it was up and away as soon as the meal was finished, and, having procured horses, Morgan and Hines began their journey across Kentucky, riding by night, and hiding by day. Fortunately for them, many a youngster in Morgan's band of raiders had come from homes in Kentucky, and whenever possible the fugitives made these houses their halting places, meeting with warm welcomes in every case.

Sometimes, however, when they could not reach one of these places during their night ride, they would take the bull by the horns and knock at the door of the first house they came to, posing, of course, as Northerners or Southerners, according to circumstances. There was, needless to say, always the risk of being identified. Thus at one place they were greeted by the owner in a way that positively upset their equilibrium for a moment. After listening to their story—a highly imaginative one, be it said—the unwilling host suddenly broke in upon them with :

“ You're Mr. Hines ! ” turning quickly upon that worthy.

For a moment Hines was nonplussed, for neither he nor Morgan had ever set eyes on the man before, but trying what bluff would do, he presently replied :

“ Right ! And what may your name be ? ”

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"Mr. Pollard," was the answer.

"Then, Mr. Pollard," said Hines, with a humorous flourish, "kindly allow me to introduce General Morgan to you!"

It worked out all right, for Pollard was sympathetic with the Southern cause, and provided them with food and shelter, and when they left him the next night, gave them cattle-whips in order that they might pose as drovers on a foraging expedition for the Northern army.

They had not left Pollard's house far behind when they met four of their old comrades, who had become separated from the main body in that last great raid which had resulted in Morgan's capture, and were now trying to work their way back to the Southern army. Joining forces, the little band held on their way, having many narrow escapes from recapture, on more than one occasion having to lay low behind hedges and in woods while the searchers were within a stone's throw of them. The Federals were straining every effort to retake the intrepid fugitives, who at any moment might walk into a search-party.

Once, indeed, they almost did so. Emerging from a wood without having taken the usual precaution of reconnoitring, on the other side of the main road they espied a woman making frantic signs for them to seek cover again. Scurrying away like so many rabbits, and with as little noise, they only just managed to hide themselves effectually, when there clattered by within a few yards of where they lay concealed a company of Northern cavalry, engaged in hunting for the men whom they little thought were within a stone's throw!

They were not always so fortunate, however, and once, having picked up with some more of their old

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comrades, bringing their number to about fifty strong, they had to fight a contingent of the foe—a thing much more to their liking than hiding in woods and lurking in the shadows!

Soon after this they had the narrowest shave of all. Indeed, the gallant Hines did once more find himself in the clutches of a Northern company. Having crossed into Tennessee, the wanderers found themselves stranded for want of a guide, and Hines, leaving the others, galloped off to a farmhouse near by to see if a guide was procurable. One of the farm-boys agreed to take the post, hoisted himself up in the saddle behind Hines, and the two set off to rejoin Morgan and his company.

They never reached there, for hardly had they left the farmhouse when Hines saw a body of Federal cavalry making with all speed for the very place where he had left Morgan! Here was a pretty pass! It was impossible to warn the Confederates without also drawing the attention of the Federals to the little waiting band; yet to let the latter go ahead meant that they must surely take Morgan by surprise, and effect the capture that every man in the Northern army would have given his right arm to take a part in.

Quickly Hines took the only course that presented itself to him: he resolved to draw the Federal army after him, and away from the little band of fugitives. Slipping the farm-boy from his horse, he called out lustily to the Federal leader:

"Hurry up, Major, or the rebels will escape!" at the same time turning his horse's head, and making off in the opposite direction.

The Northern company followed him, and the Major riding up, demanded:

"Who are you?"

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Still spurring his horse on, elated to find that his ruse seemed likely to succeed, Hines replied :

" I belong to the Home Guard Company. Quick ! or the rebels will be gone : "

For nearly half-an-hour he led them on their wild-goose chase, and then the Federal major smelt a rat.

" Say ! " he said to Hines, bringing his men to a halt, " who are you ? "

" Oh ! " replied Hines, now sure that Morgan would by this time have made his escape, " I'm one of General Morgan's officers ! "

The major went purple with rage when he found how easily he had allowed himself to be fooled.

" Here, hitch him up to that tree ! " he cried to his men ; but he quickly changed his mind, thinking it might be as well to hand his prisoner over alive. Hines was therefore sent north to prison once more, but within less than a month made another, and successful, bid for freedom.

And Morgan—what had happened to him ? Suspecting that there must be some reason for Hines's long absence, he gave orders to resume the march without a guide, and within a very short time managed to find his way to one of the Southern States, where he was received with much rejoicing. The raider had returned !

A BLACK TRAGEDY

The Mutiny of the *Frank N. Thayer*

THERE was a sickly sound of steel eating into flesh as with stab after stab the two coolies forming part of the crew of the *Frank N. Thayer* attacked the first and second mates, as they stood talking during the first watch on the night of January 2nd, 1885. The first mate fell, mortally wounded ; the second, staggering and faint from loss of blood, managed to wrench himself away from the cowardly ruffians who had attacked him, and half-falling, descended the hatchway to the captain's cabin, crying :

“ Captain Clarke ! Captain Clarke ! ”

They were the last words he uttered, for even as they left his mouth, he fell in a heap outside the door, dead !

The captain had not needed the warning cry, for the noise of the scuffle on deck had already awakened him from his sleep, and all but naked though he was, he had rushed to open the cabin door to find out the meaning of the untoward noises.

Giving but a passing glance at the body of the second mate lying huddled outside the door, he sprang up the ladder, intending to go up on deck. He never got there, for as he reached the top rung he felt the cold steel of a lurking foe. In the half-light he recognised his assailant as one of his two coolies, and unarmed though he was, he came to close quarters with him. The coolie stopped the captain's fist—with his face, and then the combatants

clinched. There was a short, fierce struggle on the ladder-way; the coolie doing his very utmost to stab the captain to the heart; the captain striving either to force the black up on to deck, or tumble him down to the bottom of the companion-way where he might have more chance of overcoming him. The captain's fist did some ugly work, but the coolie's knife did uglier, and at last Clarke received an awful wound in the side, and, faint from loss of blood, slipped down the ladder right into his cabin.

Thinking that the man must be dead, the coolie took no further steps to finish his treacherous task, and it was but the work of a moment for the captain to slam the door to, and seize the revolver that his wife had ready for him.

Thus armed, Clarke opened the door slightly and peered out into the gloom, and although the coolie was not visible, in view of his now fast-ebbing strength, the captain thought it inadvisable to be too venturesome. Who could tell what awaited him on deck if he should show his head above the hatch? It was quite on the cards that the mutiny—for clearly, such it was—might be almost general amongst the crew. It would be wise to try to obtain some information first, and to this end he called out to the wheel-man:

“Maloney! Maloney!”

“Aye, aye, sir!” came a voice, full of fear.

“Shut down the hatch-way, there.”

“I can't, sir!” was the reply.

“Can't? Why not? What's the matter?”

“There's someone there, sir.”

“Who?”

“I can't tell, sir!”

And that was true, for the man at the wheel, although

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so far unmolested by the mutineers, was half-scared, and knew that at the least sign of assistance to the captain, he would pay for it with his life.

Seeing that it was impossible to obtain the information he sought, the captain went back into his cabin—fast-shutting all the doors that led to it. It was obvious that the only thing he could do in the circumstances was to lay low and await developments.

Hardly had he decided to do this, than there was the scuffle of feet on the ladder, and the sound of a terrific banging at the door.

Cautiously and watchfully the Captain opened the door, with his revolver cocked ready to let fly if it should be, as he anticipated, one of the coolies. It wasn't a coolie, however, but one of the crew who, in a frenzy of fear, threw himself at the captain's feet crying :

" Hide me, captain ! Oh, hide me ! "

Still suspicious that he might be one of the mutineers, the captain kept him covered with his revolver, at the same time saying :

" Here ! What's the matter ? "

He received no answer except : " Hide me ! Captain, hide me ! " and thinking that, possibly, this was part of a plot to obtain access to the cabin, Clarke refused to admit him, and shut the door, retreating into a corner of the cabin, whence he could command the doors and windows, and so be ready should the mutineers attempt to force either of them. Mrs. Clarke, having calmed the fears of her young child, now came to the captain's assistance, staunching the blood, and dressing the wounds which he had received. He was badly mauled indeed ; his head was smothered with gashes, and from the wound in his side there protruded the lower lobe of his left lung !



“The Captain kept him covered with his revolver.”

All this time things up on deck were coming to a pretty pass. Incredible though it may seem, the mutiny was confined to the two coolies, who were pitting themselves against a whole ship's company of about twenty men; it is more incredible still that these latter should have had terror struck into them by the two blacks!

Having accounted for the first and second mates, and, as they thought, for the captain, the coolies next turned their attention to the rest of the crew, who were by this time aroused and alarmed. The first inkling of the matter came to the watch, when they suddenly saw staggering towards them the figure of the chief mate, who had managed to raise himself from the deck where he had fallen in the first encounter. Some of the men picked him up and carried him to the forecastle, where, despite all they could do for him, he died three hours later. The rest of the watch stampeded after him, panic stricken. Learning from the chief mate something of the state of things, nine of these men armed themselves with capstan bars, and sallied forth to see what was happening aft. Like apparitions in the night the two coolies, reckless and audacious, rushed upon them with their knives, hacking and slashing at every turn, stabbing four of the crew, and sending the remainder flying. Four returned to the forecastle, one of them, named Sonnberg, ran up the mizen-rigging. As luck would have it, he managed to get there unperceived, and was able to watch all that was going on below him.

It was a terrifying spectacle. Rushing about the deck, the coolies stabbed and slashed at anyone unfortunate enough to get in their way, and in a few minutes they had the better part of the crew safely penned in the forecastle.

Leaving them there, the mutineers descended the

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companionway with the determination to enter the cabin. Feeling as confident as they did that the captain was dead, they had a severe shock when, after smashing one of the windows, they heard two shots fired at them, and felt the bullets whiz past their heads. Had they known that the captain had only just been able to pull the trigger of his revolver without taking aim, they would, no doubt, have attempted to rush the cabin; but as it was, they scuttled away quicker than they had come. What they had evidently wanted to get at were the firearms they knew were stored in the cabin; and it would have been a quick ending for the crew had they been successful in this!

After seeing that the men in the fore-castle were not likely to interrupt them in their villainous proceedings, their next visit was to the carpenter. Dragging him out of his shop, they soon made short work of him and then flung his body overboard. After ransacking his stores they returned to the fore-castle, where, with the tools they had procured, they proceeded to batten in the men they had sent flying thither, not one daring to resist them.

This done, they made for the man at the wheel. Fearful for his life, Maloney fled before the flashing knives of the coolies. It was all to no avail: they served him as they had served the carpenter.

Sonnberg, the man who had climbed into the rigging, was now crazy with fear; he could not stay any longer and witness such scenes as those which had been enacted before his eyes. Taking advantage, therefore, of the temporary disappearance of the coolies, he attempted to get to the fore-castle by climbing along the stays. Despite the risks of discovery, he managed to get to the fore-castle, but finding it battened down, and fearing

that the mutineers might at any moment re-appear on deck, he retraced his steps. Hardly had he reached his hiding-place, than there was the sound of a body being pulled up the stairway, and there, right before his eyes, the coolies dragged a seaman whom they had found below, and whom they proceeded to dispatch and throw overboard.

One of the men who fell into their clutches as they ransacked the ship was Ah Say, the Chinese cook, whom they compelled to prepare their meals. They feasted royally on chicken and rice, and then prepared to attack the captain's cabin again. With the exception of Sonnberg and the captain, they now had the ship's crew helpless, and they determined to bring things to a head by striving to get at Clarke.

Armed with their knives and a couple of hatchets they had found in the carpenter's shop, the blacks descended and made a fierce attack on the cabin. Hurling themselves at the doors, they tried to break them open with their hatchets, but as often as they did so the captain's revolver "spoke" and scared them away. For about six or seven hours the fight went on, and then, finding it hopeless to batter the doors in, they lashed their knives to long sticks and tried to get at the captain and his wife through the windows. Unfortunately for the coolies, this gave the captain an advantage, for he was able to take aim at them, and he made it so warm for them that they retreated pell-mell, one of them with a bullet in his foot.

The rest of that awful Sunday passed in comparative quietness, the mutineers waiting for night to fall before making another attempt on the cabin. During the suspension of hostilities the coolies had occupied themselves in searching the ship for Sonnberg, and at about eight

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o'clock that evening they discovered him, although he was ignorant of that fact.

Imagine Sonnberg's fright, then, when, feeling the rigging shaking, he looked below and saw the evil face of one of the coolies! A moment more, and it would have been too late, for the man was now within a yard of him, holding aloft a devilish-looking knife. Dodging the blow as it descended, Sonnberg let out at the coolie with a block which he had found. He missed, but, deeming discretion the better part of valour, retired from the fray, scurrying farther up into the rigging, while the coolie, realising that it was useless to follow him, went down to the deck again.

All through that night the siege of the cabin went on, but the captain held his own so successfully that the mutineers finally gave up in despair, and prepared for the final act in this tragedy of the sea. They meant to fire the ship!

But retribution was at hand. While they had been busy with the cabin-fight, the cook had managed to find a hatchet, and, taking his life into his hands, he had rushed noiselessly across to the forecastle and thrust it through the window to the imprisoned—and it must be said—cowardly crew. At the same time, Sonnberg, seeing a hatchet lying about unattended, had slipped down and secured it. As quickly and quietly as possible he slipped over to the forecastle, and tried to sever the ropes with which the coolies had fastened the door.

Suddenly he heard a rush in his direction. Turning round, he was horrified to see the coolies making for him. Again, he chose the "better part," and slipped up into the rigging, whence he flung a bar of iron which he had found. It missed!

Despite the fact that the men in the forecastle now

had an axe with which to fight their way out, it was some time before they attempted to do so. Meanwhile the captain, recovered somewhat from his weakness, had determined to carry on the fight in the open. Leaving his cabin, and going into the bath-room, he found there Henricsen, the man who had begged for admission at the beginning of the mutiny. Even now, of course, Clarke was ignorant of the extent of the disaffection, and his first question was :

“ Tell me, are you one of the mutineers ? ”

“ No—it’s the coolies—only the coolies ! ” gasped the still terror-stricken man.

“ Right ! ” said the Captain ; “ then we’ll see what we can do ! ”

The information put new heart into Clarke, although it seemed to him incredible that two men should have been able to overcome a whole ship’s crew, and inspire them with such terror.

He thrust a revolver into Henricsen’s hand, and the two reconnoitred to find out what the enemy were doing. They found them—sitting near the skylights, ready with their knife-tipped sticks to slash at whoever appeared.

Then began the first bit of offensive work on the part of the ship’s company. Clarke and Henricsen let fly with their revolvers to such good effect that in a very few minutes one of the coolies drew up sharp—with a bullet in his breast. It was the signal of defeat. The wounded black rushed to the fore-castle, and, catching up a boom, flung it into the sea and plunged in after it, just as the crew rushed out of their prison.

The tables were now turned with a vengeance, and the remaining mutineer dived below. Meanwhile the captain had broken his way through to the deck, and

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all prepared to follow the coolie, and haul him up for summary justice.

But the coolie came up of his own accord, and with him a great column of smoke! He had fired the hemp, which formed the ship's cargo!

With a yell that rang from end to end of the ship, the demon-black dashed through the thronging crew, slashing and hacking with his knife, rushed to the ship's side and flung himself into the sea.

Then began a fight with an enemy more relentless than the mutineers. Do all they could, the crew made no headway against the flames, and at last, after a terrible struggle, they determined to abandon the ship.

A couple of boats were lowered, but had hardly reached the water before one of them capsized. Into the second boat were put enough rations to last about a fortnight, and all that were left of the crew clambered down the ship's side into the small boat. All through that night they rested on their oars near the burning ship, in the hope that some passing vessel might see the flames and come to their rescue.

Vain hope! No help came, and when the morning broke, the little company set out for St. Helena, with oars lashed together for a mast, and a blanket for a sail—all their sails having been burned. They reached St. Helena, wrecks of their former selves, but thankful to have survived one of the most remarkable tragedies of the sea.



"The rope, strained by hard use . . . snapped"
(see page 223).

AN ALPINE ADVENTURE

Pursued by an Avalanche

MOUNTAINEERING is a sport only for the bold, for one can never tell what dangers may be encountered. The mists may gather with startling suddenness, and the climbers at once find themselves in difficulties, doomed to a night-long vigil on the mountain side. Perhaps a piece of rock which has afforded foothold to hundreds who have gone that way before, may suddenly give way, and the unfortunate mountaineer drop into the abyss below ; or the rope, strained by hard use, may be snapped, and a man go hurtling down to a terrible death. The least slip often means appalling disaster. To a mountaineer *nerves* are a calamity ; the great necessity is *nerve*.

Not the least of the dangers that attend the climber of the Alps is that which lurks in the glacier. The great shining mass seems to be as safe and as firm as any road—although to cross it may not be unattended with risks, because of the great crevasses into which a man may fall without any warning—yet suddenly the huge river of ice begins to move, and woe betide the man who cannot get out of its path.

There is another danger that is ever before the mountaineer, that of the avalanche ; and it is with one of these terrible experiences that this story deals.

It was in 1870, when the well-known Alpinist, Mr. Tuckett, his friends, Messrs. Fox and Whitwell, and their guides, were attempting the ascent of Zermatt.

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The guides were Christian and Ulrich Lauener, well known for their mountaineering skill.

It was in July, when the snow melts more rapidly than at any other time, and avalanches were therefore to be expected. The Alpinists had not forgotten this, and as they knew that various slips had occurred quite recently, it was agreed that if the snow on the particular mountain they were essaying to climb showed any signs of melting, they were to return at once, and not run the risk of being caught in an avalanche.

The start was made about four o'clock on the morning of the 3rd of July, and after a short time they found themselves at the edge of the valley occupied by the Eiger Glacier, up which the next stage of their course lay.

After a short rest the journey was continued. The route up the glacier was by no means easy; snow lay thick upon it, and it was a case for the constant use of the picks. They had been picking their way carefully and slowly for about an hour when suddenly Tuckett heard a sharp crack coming from somewhere in advance of them. Ulrich Lauener, although nearest to the point whence the sound proceeded, did not hear it, for he was slightly deaf, and those behind did not at the moment imagine that any danger was threatening them. They knew, however, what the crack portended; that there was likely to be an avalanche, but as far as they could see, their position was such that they would be well out of its path, and they were rather anticipating a good view of it. Between them and the route the avalanche seemed likely to take was the Rothstock ridge—which they considered a safe barrier.

As events proved they were terribly mistaken in this, for after traversing about one hundred and fifty yards,

the huge mass, rushing down with awful momentum, seemed to spread itself out to three times its original width.

Here was the danger: the glacier beyond the ridge was not wide enough to take it all, and Tuckett knew instinctively that it would leap the ridge, sweep over the whole surface of the glacier, including the portion on which he and his party stood, and carry everything before it in a terrible dash down the mountain.

Quickly grasping the situation, and realising that the only safety lay in flight, Tuckett yelled at the top of his voice, "Run for your lives!"

The one safe point was a ridge some distance away, and the path to that lay directly over the course that the avalanche must now take. To stay where they were meant certain death; to run offered at least a chance of escape, even though it, too, was fraught with danger.

At the word of warning, the whole party took to their heels, though Ulrich, being deaf, and some distance from the others, was the last to begin that mad race for life. On over the yielding snow, now sinking knee-deep, now stumbling in some crevasse, the men tried to get out of the danger zone; yet fast though they ran, the avalanche travelled faster. Yard by yard it gained upon them; then, thank Heaven, it turned in its course and they were safe! But what is that? Again it has turned, and is now coming straight towards them, coming with such awful speed that surely it must overtake them!

A few yards more and they would have been safe, but just when they thought that they would succeed, a whirling mass of snow and ice swept over them.

Then a most marvellous thing happened. That little party, caught as they thought in the dreadful avalanche, found themselves still running! Luckily for them, it

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was only the fragments of the avalanche that had swept over them—fragments broken off as the frozen mass hit the ridge. They had been enveloped in a thick mist of flying snow and hurtling ice-blocks, but to their surprise they had managed to race the avalanche. Yet theirs had been a wonderful escape, for when at last they stood safe on firm ground, and looked back, they saw that only a dozen yards separated them from the edge of the avalanche. At the very spot where they had been deluged by the snow the avalanche had broken in two, and the main body of it was as still as a rock, though the gigantic head continued its destructive course down the glacier, carrying everything before it.

Ulrich had had the nearest shave of all, for as the avalanche dashed down upon him at lightning speed, he was directly in its path. With one great bound he flung himself out of its dreaded reach, white with fear, trembling from his exertions, and barely a foot from the edge! And as the moving mass passed him he felt some of the fragments strike his legs.

Standing on their ridge of safety, the little band looked out over the glacier, saw the great valley covered to the depth of more than five feet, with the avalanche that had come so near to burying them, and they breathed their gratitude at so remarkable an escape.

Needless to say, the climbing expedition was put off for that day; such things as this do not fit one to venture farther on the same path with the ever-present danger that the huge mass, now still and silent, might yet again begin its destructive descent.

A LEAP FOR LIFE

The Daring Deed of a Trapper Hunted by Red Indians

CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY was a trapper by profession, and his knowledge of the prairie brought him under the notice of the Government, who put him in command of a company of rangers with orders to protect the frontiers and to wreak vengeance on the red men for their atrocities on the settlers. Such work naturally turned every Indian's hand against him, while he, for his part, did not disguise the fact that he was their sworn enemy—and woe betide any who came within range of his gun! Apart from his official enmity, he had several little private accounts to settle with the Indians, and he never lost an opportunity of paying off old scores.

On the other hand, the Indians were equally zealous, and the least suspicion that Brady was anywhere in the neighbourhood was sufficient to put them all on the *qui vive*. Once they caught him napping, and were not slow to take advantage of it.

It happened that he had been out on one of his lonely trapping excursions, and, after a hard day's work—and a profitable one—had pitched his solitary camp where he fondly imagined that the red men would not find him.

He was mistaken.

Dozing beside his little fire, he suddenly felt himself seized in a dozen pair of strong arms, and before he could make any resistance, was bound and trussed as

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if ready for roasting. As a matter of fact, that was the fate intended for him, for after making him run the gauntlet, the Indians proceeded to erect a big bonfire, with a stake in the centre to which he was to be tied. While this was being done Brady's arms were unbound, and he was placed in the middle of a yelling, dancing horde of savages, who circled round him taunting him with his helplessness and the fate in store for him. They were going to have their revenge !

Grim, silent, knowing that death by a horrible torture stared him in the face, yet disdaining to show any sign of fear, the trapper stood there waiting for the last act in the drama. It came sooner, and in a different manner from what either Brady or the Indians had expected.

In the midst of the death-dance, one of the squaws—a chief's squaw—stepped out of the howling ring of savages, and advancing towards Brady, hurled a taunt at him. She was carrying the chief's young son in her arms, and Brady, maddened by the taunt, and forgetful of everything else except that here was a possible chance of escape, suddenly snatched the child from the squaw's arms, and flung it headlong into the flames which by this time were leaping skywards.

Quick as lightning the whole of the raging Indians broke their circle, and rushed forward to pull the youngster out of the fire. At the same instant Brady made a rush for liberty, dashing an Indian who tried to stop him headlong to the ground, where he smashed his skull. A dozen others set out in pursuit, but Brady took to the woods, and raced for life through the dense thickets. He knew that the Indians would have but little chance of firing at him, owing to the trees, and so he hoped that after a while he would be beyond pursuit, for not even the Indians knew the wilds better than he. Presently

he was panting his way up a steep hill, and in a little while found himself at the top. Here he was an easy mark for the Indians, and he knew it. Like a stone he dropped on his face, and the next minute a shower of bullets sang their way over his head. Then, before the enemy could reload, he was on his feet again, and passed over the crest of the hill, scampering down the side of the steep ravine.

Realising that their victim had escaped them, the Indians gave up the chase, and Brady eventually reached a settlement.

For that little incident Brady determined to have revenge, and when some time afterwards he was placed in command of his rangers and told to hunt up a band of warriors who had recently raided a settlement, butchering everyone they found, it was with a good deal of satisfaction that he set out on the trail.

When he arrived near the Indian encampment, he found that although the red men were expecting him, and had posted spies to keep a good look out for his coming, they had been unable to resist the temptation of a buffalo hunt. Racing across the prairie at full tilt, with their arrows set, their bows drawn taut, they were entering into the spirit of the sport, forgetful for the time being that their dreaded enemy might break in upon them at any moment.

Brady thought he had an easy task before him ; but once again he was mistaken, for no sooner had the spies given the warning, than the sport was forgotten and the more serious business of war began. Unfortunately for Brady and his revenge, the Indians were in such large numbers that they outmatched the whites by five to one, and the result was that the latter had to beat an undignified retreat.

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"Fly!" said Brady to his men. "Each man shift for himself. It's your only chance, boys!" and suiting the action to the word, he set off. The white men scattered in all directions, but the Indians, resolved that Brady should not escape them this time, paid no heed to his companions in flight but concentrated their attention upon him.

Hour after hour they hunted him, hanging on to his trail with all the unerring judgment of the Indian, and at last they had him cornered. They had surrounded him and forced him to the bank of a river, knowing that to escape them he must take to the water, knowing also that if he did, he would present an easy mark for their guns.

Now, Brady knew that so long as he kept to dry land there was little likelihood that they would fire at him, for the simple reason that they wanted to take him alive, and put him to death by their pet torture—burning alive. Therefore he kept out of the water, and, knowing the country like a book, put every ounce of stamina he had left into a race for one little spot where the two banks of the river were but twenty-two feet apart at the top. Fifty feet below, the river rushed by in a surging torrent, and Brady knew that his only chance of life lay in the doubtful possibility of his being able to leap across the yawning gulf.

Could he do it? He meant to try, and after all, it was far better to fall into the torrent and be drowned, or dashed to pieces on the rocks below, than to fall into the hands of the relentless enemies who were quickly gaining upon him, exulting in the belief that they had him at last, for what escape was there that way?

With one last spurt he raced towards the precipice, came within a few inches of the edge, and—leaped.

Missed! Twenty-two feet is no little distance to jump, even when one is fresh, yet Brady, half exhausted by his long race for life, only missed the opposite edge by a few inches. As luck would have it, however, he fell on to a narrow protruding edge just beneath the edge he had missed. Below him was the surging torrent, behind him the maddened Indians; only above lay safety. As he fell he managed to clutch at a shrub growing on the side of the ravine, and after hanging on to this for a breathless moment, Brady pulled himself up and up until he was on top of the precipice, scurrying across the few yards of ground that separated the edge of the yawning gulf from a steep hill.

Brady's leap had taken the Indians by surprise. They had not looked for such an ending to the chase; their foe had escaped their vengeance! The only consolation they had was in the thought that he had either been drowned or dashed to death on the rocks below. One by one they crept to the edge of the cliff and peered down, expecting to see his mangled body being tossed hither and thither by the raging waters.

Here was disappointment the second, for there was no sign of him below! Suddenly one of their number espied him half way up the hill-side. With a shout of rage he called his companions' attention to the clambering figure of their foe, and in a moment a dozen shots sped across the chasm. Only one went straight to the mark, and that hit Brady in the hip, though, fortunately, not wounding him sufficiently to make him stay in his flight.

Even then the Indians did not give up the chase. Fearing to emulate Brady's great leap, they made a wide detour till they came to a place where they could swim across the river, and then began following Brady's trail—a trail of blood this time, for his wound, which

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in the excitement of the moment had not impeded his progress, was now becoming extremely painful and making him stiff. The one thing in his favour was that the wide circuit the Indians had been compelled to make had enabled him to get well ahead. Hard upon his heels, however, he could hear the Indians coming, and at last reaching a small lake, he dived in, swam under water as long as he could, and came up on the further side of a large oak tree that had fallen into the water.

Knowing that the Indians could not be far away now, Brady resolved to stay in the water for a time. It was well that he did so, for in a short time the savages appeared on the scene, searching along the shore for any sign of the fugitive. It was a fruitless search, for although some of them came and actually stood on the tree trunk under which Brady was hiding, they could find no trace of him, and, thinking that he must have been drowned at last, eventually gave up the chase, chagrined at having been balked of their vengeance.

Waiting for an hour or so until he was sure that the Indians had departed, Brady, stiff and cold from his sojourn in the water, crept out, and finally reached his settlement in safety, where he found that his rangers had already arrived.

"BOYS WILL BE BOYS"

Two Thrilling Stories of Peril in Mid-Air

THE desire to do something more than any of their friends have been able to accomplish is common to most boys, and often carries them farther than they at first had any intention of going.

When, for instance, Master Michael Adrianzon, surreptitiously and out of sheer mischief, climbed up the tower of Flushing church, scaled the ladder which the workmen had left there, and in a few moments was astride the golden ball on the top, he had no thought of the danger in which he was soon to find himself.

For the time being he was in his element; he had done what no other youngster in Flushing had ever dared to attempt, let alone do, and, sitting there calmly and unafraid, waving his cap at the open-mouthed, wondering folk below, he felt that he had almost won a niche for himself—as in truth he had, a niche in the Temple of Mischief! And it was by no means the first niche he had filled in that overcrowded shrine, for of all the boys in Flushing school, he had earned the reputation of being the most troublesome, venturesome lad.

The good people below, knowing that the workmen had gone home to dinner, for a time stood rubbing their heads wondering who the boy was that was waving his cap, and evidently enjoying himself on the summit of the holy place.

After much gazing they recognised the youngster.

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"It's young Michael Adrianzon up to his mischief again!" cried one.

"And there's going to be a fine strapping for him when he comes down!" said a burly citizen, shading his eyes with one hand, and holding a vicious-looking strap in the other. It was Adrian Michaelzon, the father of the boy straddling across the golden ball. The lad was now shouting frantically at the sightseers, though not one of them could tell what he was saying; probably nothing of much account, for plainly he was not asking for help—he seemed to be enjoying himself too much for that!

Then the citizens began to shout, began also to wave their arms, trying to make the youngster come down, to all of which entreaties he merely replied by waving that defiant cap of his still more vigorously. He thought they were commending him for his achievement, and wishing to give them full value, laid hold of the weather-cock, drew himself up on to his feet, and began to—dance! Then he stood on one leg; once more changed his tactics and seemed about to stand upon his head!

The watchers below still kept up their shouting, still waved their hands, till all at once someone cried:

"No doubt he got up there by the ladder—and the ladder's not there now, and he can't get down!"

Women fainted, strong men shrieked, old Adrian Michaelzon, his rage turned to natural fear for his boy's safety, trembled in his shoes, and his instrument of punishment fell from his nerveless hand. And the youngster up above, hearing the tune change, wondered what on earth was the matter, and stopped his antics. Presently he noticed that the folk below were pointing, and, looking towards the roof, saw why they pointed..

The ladder was gone.

Then he, too, began to tremble. It is all very well to reach a dizzy height by means of a ladder, knowing, or thinking, that the descent will be made in the same way ; but it is altogether a different thing to find nothing but the sloping side of a church spire between you and safety ! For a time he wondered what he was to do. It was impossible to slide down the spire, for the parapet was only a narrow one, and he would be certain to drop over it on to the stones below. There was nothing for it but to wait until the workmen came back from dinner, and brought their ladder with them.

So, seating himself once more upon the shining golden ball, he resigned himself to a little more enjoyment at the expense of his friends below. They, on their part, not content to wait for the workmen to return at the proper time, hurried off to fetch them at once.

Meanwhile, Michael, thinking that after all self-help is the best of all help, made up his mind to get down without anyone's aid, and in a few minutes the crowd of watchers were horrified to see him clasp his arms round the top of the ball, lower his body inch by inch, and kick his feet in the air until they touched the topmost slate on the spire. The toe of his shoe just reached the slate, and Michael knew that if he failed to break through it, his position would be a most precarious one, for it was evident to him that he could not hope to hang there till the workmen came, nor haul himself back to the top of the ball.

For a moment the thought of what might be struck terror into his heart. Then, bracing himself to the task, he began to kick, kick, kick, at the slate. Fortunately, the toes of his shoes were iron-shod, and after many a tap ! tap ! tap !—each of which sent cold shivers down the backs of the people in the street—Michael felt the

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first slate crack. One more kick and it was broken into pieces, and the youngster, knowing that behind the slates would be a wooden framework which would afford him a resting place for his feet, kept up his destructive work until he had broken five or six other slates.

Then he knew that the great moment had come. He must let go his grip on the ball, in order to get hold of the pole below it so that he could kick another foothold farther down. For a few moments he hung there making no movement ; in the street the citizens were as silent and as still as he, except for an occasional gasp of horror and a convulsive clasp of hands, as they realised his intention. No one dared call out to tell him that the workmen were coming ; the least sound might unnerve him, and send him tumbling to an awful death.

Then the straining eyes saw a slight movement of one of the boy's hands ; he was loosening his hold ! Inch by inch, slowly and carefully, he was lowering himself. Drawing his hands across the face of the ball, he brought them slowly round until they met close together, his shoulders at the same time arching so that he could balance himself for a bare second. Then, lifting his right hand, with a sudden movement he dropped it and clutched at the base of the ball, repeating the operation with the left hand. The worst part of the task was over !

With a great sigh of relief, the people allowed their aching necks a rest, and the next moment heard the tap ! tap ! tap ! of Michael's shoes as they smashed their way through the slates. In a few minutes he had made his own ladder, and just as the workmen rushed upon the scene with theirs, he had reached the parapet, and then waving his hat in high glee, disappeared into the tower.

As quickly as it had gathered, the crowd dispersed, old Adrian Michaelzon carrying his strap home to await the coming of the scapegrace, who apparently had not had enough excitement for one afternoon. For at that moment the outraged beadle heard the rumble of the great organ, and rushing up, found that the young rascal was amusing himself by blowing the bellows, and then racing back to the keyboard to “make the music come!”

The appearance of the beadle on the scene only added zest to the fun, and Michael led the poor stout man a pretty dance. Darting from the keyboard to the bellows, from bellows to keyboard, Michael raced round and round the organ—of course with the beadle at his heels. After a few times of this exhilarating exercise, he grew weary of the monotony and set off down the aisle. The beadle followed as in duty bound—and wished he hadn’t, for the scapegrace led him in and out of seats, round pillars and posts, until that also grew monotonous. It had grown more than monotonous for the official, who, exhausted by the unaccustomed efforts, dropped into a seat, gasping.

“You young villain! You young rascal!”

To which Michael merely smiled, bowed, turned right about face, and went off home to a whipping!

His father, finding that neither he nor the school-master could do anything with him, sent him to sea to save his neck, fully expecting that he would get drowned. But the spirit of mischief turned later into the spirit of bravery, and Michael Adrianzon lived to make himself famous, not for mere boyish escapades, but for noble devotion to his country; and he died as Admiral Michael Adrianzon de Ruyter, a name which all the world knows.

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MANY years afterwards, and in a country thousands of miles away from Holland, there was another climber who climbed better than he knew.

He was a young Virginian. In history he has no name, but to those who lived with him and knew him, he was William. William was not so much imbued with the spirit of mischief, as with the spirit of emulation. Away there in Virginia is a great natural bridge, which rears its head five hundred feet above the channel, and up the sides are names carved in the limestone—names, some of them, which will stand out in the world's history for all time. Here men, hundreds of them, have cut their way up the steep and dreadful precipice, and carved their names deep into the stone. And top of all was the name of Washington.

And William, climbing up by the little niches men had made before him, came within a foot of the great name, passed hitherto by none, though many had essayed the feat. To do it meant cutting new footholds in the rock—meant being nigh three hundred dizzy feet in mid-air. Yet William resolved to do it.

Grasping his knife in his right hand, he hacked out a niche for his foot, another for his hand. He reached the name of Washington, and side by side with it he cut his own. Yet higher still he aimed, and niche by niche he climbed, cutting his name at every fresh ascent, until at last he had far outstripped all who had gone before him up the perilous bulwark.

Below he knew his friends were watching him, with admiration not unalloyed with anxiety, and then something, he knew not what, made him look down into the depths below. For the first time he realised how far he had gone—realised his danger. One false step, one slip on the soft limestone, and death awaited him.

Then came the awful truth : he could not go back the way he had come. His knife was worn half-way and would never cut out enough new niches to allow him to reach the bottom in safety, and it was impossible to go back by the niches he had climbed by ; they would not take both feet and hands together. He must go up and up, striving to reach the top.

He had not bargained for this, and for a while he hung there in agonised indecision. Could it be done ? Would his knife last out ? Could no one help him from above ?

Down in the channel his friends stood watching him, all thought of admiration swallowed up of fear. His father, mother, brother, sister—all had been called to see him as he swayed between life and death.

With a mighty shout, his father called to him not to look down, to keep his eyes fixed upward. Below he could hear the sounds of horrified people ; above him, too, he could hear the voices of a multitude of anxious watchers, and fixing his eyes upwards, he grasped his half-worn knife and cut yet more niches. Foot by foot, he made his precarious way up the cliff, choosing the softest parts, and resting at each new effort. Fifty new niches cut, and then he found that he must cut his way in a new direction in order to get where ropes might be let down to him. Foot by foot, he carved his way, until but a few more niches were necessary, and the ropes could reach him. One, two, three ; one more, and the struggle would be over. But the niche was never cut, for the knife, now worn almost to the haft, dropped from his nerveless fingers, and went clattering down the precipice !

The watchers groaned ; there was no hope now, the boy must follow the knife !

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William knew that all was over, reeled in despair, let go of the last niche cut, and——

But he did not fall down to that horrible death that seemed about to encompass him, for even as he tottered on the brink, the man above had let the noosed rope drop on to the swaying arm. The aim was true, the noose slipped over the limb, the man at the cliff-head pulled as the boy unconsciously bent his arm—and the noose tightened. He was saved! Yard by yard they drew him up, senseless yet alive. His name was highest on the limestone cliff, but it had been a perilous task to carve it there, and had nearly cost him his life.

SMUGGLING DAYS

Some Stories of the Rock-bound Coast of Old England

IN the good old days smuggling was a profession carried on all round the coast by hardy men who were not afraid of an occasional encounter with the revenue men—indeed, such little conflicts added zest to the business. Most of the smugglers seem to have looked upon themselves as quite “honest men,” who were conferring a favour upon the community by helping them to evade the Customs duty, and many a man whose position should have kept him aloof was partner in a smuggling business. And, it must be said, a good many revenue officers were by no means proof against the frequent present of a cask of fine cognac, or any other things that the smugglers might feel disposed to offer as the reward for being out of the way at the psychological moment. All of which things made it a matter of difficulty to suppress smuggling.

Generally speaking, however, the “free-traders,” as the smugglers were sometimes called, would have little communication with the revenue men, who, on the whole, were a loyal lot, and so it often came about that the two parties were in conflict, sometimes one being victorious, sometimes the other.

An instance where the Government seemed to have taken all the honours, and yet were afterwards deprived of the spoils, was that in which John Carter, or, as he was generally called, “the King of Prussia,” took the leading part.

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Carter was a native of Porth Leah in Mount's Bay, and in course of time Porth Leah, as a result of his connection with it, became known as Prussia Cove. Here Carter brought the business of smuggling to a high standard of perfection ; he built harbours, made roads, turned the neighbouring caves into cellars to store the illicit cargoes. Here, too, he had built a battery, from which he did not hesitate to fire at the revenue cutters which dared to come out against him.

Yet withal Carter was known for an honest man—even amongst the revenue officers ! He would contract with his customers to deliver goods by a certain day, and he would move heaven and earth to keep his promise ; nothing bar swinging on the gallows would have stopped him carrying out his contract. And he was never known to steal. He was an honest man, though a smuggler !

It happened that one day while Carter was away from Prussia Cove, a cargo was run over from France, and kept unstored awaiting the return of the " King." Before " His Majesty " could get back, however, the revenue men from Penzance, perhaps knowing that Carter was away, and probably knowing, too, that the smugglers were bringing the cargo from across the Channel, swooped down on Porth Leah, seized the cargo with very little resistance, and carried it away to Penzance. Here they stored it in the Customs House, and left it for the night.

When Carter returned and discovered his loss, there was, of course, a rare outburst of fury.

" See here," he cried to his fellows, " what be I to do ? I be an honest man, and must keep me woord. I tell 'ee, men, we be going to d'liver they goods 'cordin' to pledge ! "

Quickly he laid his plans, and having warned his



"Carter and his merry men grappled with the officers"
(see page 243).

men to be ready, waited for night to fall so that in the darkness he might go across to Penzance and retake the cargo on which he felt he had staked his reputation.

Night came, and with it the smugglers, all prepared for battle. Embarking on their vessel, they made all haste to Penzance, and, armed to the teeth, rushed the Customs House stores. Naturally the few officers left to guard the various contraband cargoes which were being kept there, did not anticipate that the "King of Prussia" would make such a bold attempt to recover his goods, and they were taken entirely by surprise. With a stealthiness and suddenness of which only smugglers seemed capable, Carter and his merry men appeared on the platform round the stores, grappled with the officers, and secured them after a few minutes' struggle—all done so quietly that no one round about was disturbed. Within a short time they had sorted out their own particular cargo from the others, and had it on board their vessel again. Then it was "up anchor" and away to Porth Leah. Casks were run ashore, chests carried, and in a little while everything was safely hidden away in the cunning cellars round the cliff, to be fetched out again when Carter was ready to sail with them to keep his engagement with his customer. He had saved his reputation as an honest man!

Incidentally he had added to it, for when next day the revenue folk arrived at the Customs House, and found everything in disorder, and yet missed nothing except Carter's cargo, they knew immediately that the "King of Prussia" had been to claim his own.

"He always was an honest man," they said, "and never took anything that wasn't his own!"

The Delectable Duchy was always foremost in the practice of "free trade," and amongst the many towns

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engaged in it along the wild coast, the little town of Polperro was amongst the most important. Every house had its secret cellar ; its little creek was an ideal place up which to run a cargo, and every circumstance about the town made it admirably suited to the purpose to which its hardy inhabitants put it.

The history of Polperro is almost the history of smuggling : story after story could be told of thrilling incidents in connection with illicit trading, but with only one of them will we now concern ourselves.

It is the story of Tom Potter, one of the crew of the lugger *Lottery*, engaged in running contraband cargoes from France to Polperro.

It happened that one day the crew of a revenue cutter noticed a lugger lying becalmed in Whitsand Bay. The glass was fetched and by its aid the revenue officer satisfied himself as to the identity of the vessel.

" It's the *Lottery*, I'll swear ! " he said after a little while, for of course the Government men knew all about the *Lottery*—in fact, they knew too much for their liking, because, do what they would, she had always eluded them. She was one of the best sailers on the coast, and her crew were never so happy as when they were sailing before the wind, giving the slip to their old foes, and dangling a rope behind them as a taunt, calling on the officers to " Look alive ! "

Naturally this made the revenue men mad, and such a splendid opportunity as now presented itself, was not likely to be allowed to slip by unheeded. The cutter was in the same plight as the lugger : she was becalmed, but there was nothing to prevent the men taking to the boats, racing over the stretch of sea, and cutting the smugglers out. So without hesitation the order was given : " Man the boats ! "

With eager rapidity three boats were lowered, and, the men bundled down into them, anxious to come to grips with the foes who had had the laugh of them so many times in days gone by. Then, plying their oars for all they were worth, the men dropped into a steady pace, and all the time the officer in command kept his eye glued to his glass, watching the lugger to see whether the boats had been noticed.

In a little while any doubt on this matter was swept away, for suddenly the officer cried out :

"It's going to be a fight, lads! They're getting ready for us!"

"So much the better!" yelled a dozen voices, and, if possible, the boats gathered speed.

They were still a good distance away from their quarry, but the officer wanted to let them know that business was meant, and at the word "Fire!" a dozen or so guns spat out their leaden messages. No harm was done by this first volley, or, for that matter, by a few others that followed immediately afterwards; the lugger was still too far away. The smugglers apparently wished to throw no shots away, for they did not return the fire until the boats were within easy distance. Then they sent a few bullets whizzing through the air, none of which reached a mark, however, and the boats kept on their way, the men firing as they went. Every shot was now replied to by the smugglers, yet still no harm was done, until when within a few dozen yards of the lugger one of the revenue oarsmen, named Bowden, fell mortally wounded.

For some reason or other this put a stop to the fight; either the revenue men thought they had taken on too big a job, and that the smugglers were going to make a bolder stand than had been thought, or else they imagined

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that the fact that Bowden had been killed was sufficient in itself to warrant the smugglers being taken at sight on land. Whatever the reason, the order to withdraw was given, the boat returned to their cutter, and in due course the *Lottery* ran her cargo through.

Without loss of time the matter was communicated to the authorities, and an inquiry was held concerning the death of Bowden. Some of his companions asserted that the smugglers had killed him; others that he died as the result of a shot from the gun of one of the men in his own boat. The question, of course, was asked, "Where was Bowden's place in the boat?"

Now Bowden was pulling the bow-oar, and so had his back to the smugglers, yet the shot had entered at the breast and passed out through the back. Of course, it might very well have been that he had turned round to take a look at the lugger, and that at that moment the smugglers had fired; but the whole evidence was so conflicting that the point was never proved, in spite of which, however, a verdict of manslaughter was returned. An order was forthwith made for the apprehension of both the *Lottery* and her crew wherever they might be found; and the revenue folk got busy immediately.

Polperro did not take much notice of this for a time; they had become quite used to government activity, which they knew did not last long.

For once, however, they were mistaken. The officers kept on their track night and day, and at last the chase became so hot that the men simply dared not remain in their houses unless a watch had been set. The whole neighbourhood was being scoured by dragoons, and every man of the *Lottery's* crew went in fear of his life, and spent his time in hiding.

Then one day a smuggler named Roger Toms, growing

tired of this terror-filled life, gave himself up, turned King's evidence, and swore that Tom Potter was the man who had fired the fatal shot. No doubt he thought that this would secure him immunity from the wrath of the law, but it certainly did not save him from the vengeance of his fellow-smugglers, who were mightily enraged at his treachery. Even his own wife and children turned against him.

Immediately it was known that Toms had given himself up, the Polperro men began to scheme for his capture, thinking that if they could get him out of the clutches of the revenue men before Tom Potter was caught, the latter could not be convicted, seeing that the all-important witness was missing.

The officers, of course, were aware that the smugglers would spare no effort to capture Toms, and to prevent this they took him on as one of the crew of a cutter which was cruising round the coast. News of this reached the smugglers, and they were ever on the watch for a chance to get at the traitor. At last it became known that the cutter was at Polruan, about six miles to the west of Polperro. Here was the opportunity they had been waiting for.

Hurrying away to Toms's house, they crowded before it, calling loudly for his wife to come out. The sight of the surging mob filled Mrs. Toms with fear, for although she knew that all in Polperro were aware that she was no less embittered than they against her husband for his dastardly conduct, she also knew that there was always the possibility of the smugglers venting their spite upon the traitor's kin.

She came out as commanded, receiving their assurance that they were not going to harm her in any way. They then told her their plan; she was to go to Polruan,

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endeavour to see her husband, and try to get him to accompany her part of the way home; the rest was to be left to them.

At first the woman refused to become a party to the scheme; there was no telling what the angry folk would do, and after all the man was her husband. After a good deal of entreaty, however, and a solemn promise that no harm should be done to Toms, she gave in, and set out for Polruan.

Here she was fortunate enough to find her husband outside the "tiddlywink," or ale-house, in company with the revenue men from the cutter. Toms, by this time feeling pretty much of a rogue for having turned against his old friends, was taken aback at the sight of his wife. She on her part reproached him for his treachery, and assured him that she had had the greatest difficulty in getting to him without being seen. So eager were the Polperro folk to get hold of him that they followed her everywhere in case she should go to meet him.

This was how she presented the matter.

The two then went into the inn-parlour, and for a couple of hours or so man and wife talked things over, Toms asking about Polperro and the attitude of the inhabitants towards him; Mrs. Toms replying to his many questions, finding it difficult to hide her disgust at his conduct. Then, as night was coming on, Mrs. Toms said it was time for her to be going.

"Must 'ee really go so soon?" queried Toms.

"Aye, Roger, for it's getting late," replied his wife.

"Ah! well, I s'pose I'd best see 'ee bit o' the way hoame!" said the man, and so side by side the two passed out of the town on to the Downs.

Mrs. Toms was ill at ease; she still feared for the welfare of the husband she despised, yet believing that

the fate of Tom Potter and many another Polperro man depended upon her doing what she had promised, refrained from warning Toms of the plot that had been laid for his capture.

Toms noticed her preoccupation as they crossed the Downs, and turned to ask her what ailed her. At that moment he heard the rush of feet, and the next instant felt himself grasped by half a dozen pair of hands. There was a short, sharp tussle, and then the traitor found himself bound and gagged, and being carried off; he knew what had happened, and trembled for his life. Later the revenue men missed him, but although they searched Polruan high and low, no traces were found of the man on whom the authorities had fixed their hopes of convicting Tom Potter.

Polperro rejoiced at the success of its stratagem, but the triumph was short-lived. Within a few days the dragoons suddenly marched into Polperro, surrounded Tom Potter's house, and demanded his surrender. Receiving no answer, they smashed the door in, ransacked the house, and presently discovered the man they sought. Potter made a brave defence, but he was hopelessly out-matched, and finally he was secured and carried off to await his trial.

The authorities next turned their attention to finding Roger Toms. Polperro refused to give him up. On the other hand they did him no harm, thus keeping their promise to his wife. From hiding-place to hiding-place they moved him, and then when the search became too warm, determined to send him to America.

They decided to send him to Guernsey first, where they had many good friends amongst the merchants. It was at this point that they were robbed of their triumph, for by some means or other the revenue men got to know

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of their intentions, and on the very night that Toms was hidden away in the hold of a ship about to sail for Guernsey the officers came on the scene, boarded the vessel, and secured their quarry. The game was up.

Potter was hurried off to London, and tried at the Old Bailey for the manslaughter of Bowden. Toms, of course, was called as witness, and swore that while he was in the cabin of the *Lottery* on the fateful day, Potter had come down to him and said, "I've done for one of 'em!" The court regarded the evidence as conclusive, and in due course Potter paid the penalty for a crime which for many a long day few people in Polperro believed he had committed.

TRACKED BY WOLVES

A Terrible Adventure that Ended in the Death of an
Heroic Servant

THROUGH a driving blizzard and a shroud of snow, the carriage drawn by four horses sped lightly over the white ground, the postillions keeping their horses at top speed so that they might make the next post-station before nine o'clock—the hour set by their master, Baron Jaroslav, who was travelling by rapid stages to St. Petersburg. With him were his wife and little daughter and his servant Eric. At the last station the Baron had been urged to wait till morning, for the night was bitterly cold, and the storm now at its height had even then begun. Despite the fact that the landlord had pointed out that the driving snow would very soon make the road almost impassable, and that on such cold nights the ravening wolves were a danger not to be despised, the Baron had insisted on proceeding on his journey.

“It is not late enough in the season,” he had said, “for the wolves to be dangerous, and besides, with these strong horses, we shall reach Bolisov by nine at the latest.”

For mile after mile the carriage had bowled over the white glistening ground, each mile but a repetition as regards scenery of the previous ones; all around was barrenness, broken here and there with snow-bowed pine trees. It was hard work for the horses, for the cold wind whistled in front of them, the snow froze as it fell, making the way difficult.

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And then the wolves came.

The carriage was passing through a dark and dismal forest ; suddenly above the clatter of the horses' hoofs, above the sound of the wind, there rose a fearful howl.

"Hark!" cried the Baron's wife, starting up out of her seat in terror. "Hark! What's that?"

No answer from the Baron, who was dozing and had not heard the warning bay; at a second cry from his wife, however, he opened his eyes, pricked up his ears, and—heard—and knew the portent of the cry!

"It's wolves!" he shouted. "Wolves, and they're seeking food!"

Too well he knew the danger and the need for hurry, and gave quick instructions to Eric to urge the postillions to drive faster.

But while he had slept the postillions had heard the awe-inspiring howl, and had at once begun to flog their horses. From long experience they knew that there was only one way to beat the wolves when they came in packs, and that was to outstrip them. But was there time? Could they outrace the hungry pack?

Even while they asked themselves these questions, the howl was once more borne in upon them through the wind. It was nearer this time; no doubt the wolves had found the track, and were in hot pursuit!

"They'll overtake us!" said Eric to the Baron, "and by the sound there's a large pack. God knows what's to be done!"

"We must hurry! hurry! hurry!" answered the Baron. "It's our one hope!"

"They're sure to overtake us, nevertheless," replied Eric, "but perhaps they will not attack us, for wolves are timid, and the blaze of the lamps may frighten them

away. If not, God help us ! I think you had better load your pistols, *bárin !* ”

While the Baron was doing this, his daughter awoke, roused by the talking, and terror-stricken at what she heard. Wolves ! To the child’s mind, the very word conjured up all the terrors she had ever imagined in connection with wolves, terrors which were soon to become only too real. She immediately began to cry, which in its way was a good thing, for it gave her mother something to do instead of sitting still in silent terror, waiting for the oncoming horde of starving wolves.

Meanwhile the horses raced on and on, straining every nerve to escape the doom that even they seemed to feel was approaching. The deep snow impeded their flying hoofs ; ever and anon they stumbled in some hole in the road, but, recovering themselves with an effort, once more took the bit and put forth their strength. From side to side the carriage tossed, threatening to overturn at every yard, yet still the riders plied both whip and spur.

But the wolves drew nearer, their howls grew louder. The pack of two hundred famishing wolves appeared as a dark blot on the snow, not a hundred yards behind ! Yard by yard they gained upon the fleeing horses, until they were abreast the carriage where the Baron and his servant watched and waited with their pistols cocked.

With a spring the foremost wolf was upon one of the horses, seeking to drag it down ; but even as he alighted on the animal, the servant’s pistol spoke, and the wolf dropped, shot through the head ; the rest of the pack hesitated, halted, and then fell back frightened by the sound of the pistol shot.

“ Well aimed ! ” shouted the Baron, but Eric, heeding not the commendation, hastily fastened a piece of

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stick to a length of string and let it trail behind the carriage.

"That will frighten them, and keep them back for a little while," he said. He knew the peculiar timidity of the wolf at anything out of the ordinary, and knew also that every moment gained meant so many more yards to safety.

For nearly a quarter of an hour that little trailing stick kept the wolves in a state of uncertainty, although they still followed the carriage. At last, however, growing bolder, they rushed past the stick in a body, and were surging round the kicking and plunging horses. Crack! Crack! Eric's pistol rang out; two wolves fell; Crack! Crack! The Baron's spoke with equal effect, and the pack once more dropped back. But only for a moment—the pistol shots had lost their terrors for them, and they raced forward to harass the terrified horses.

There remained but one thing to be done now, and Eric did it.

"Cut the traces!" he cried to the postillions. "We must turn one of the horses loose!"

The traces were cut, the horse, freed of the burden behind it, and lashed into a fury by surging packs at his hoofs, dashed off into the forest, followed by the wolves he vainly tried to shake off. In a few seconds not a wolf remained near the carriage; they were all flying after the runaway horse.

"Thank God!" cried the Baron; "we're saved!"

"For a time only!" said Eric sadly. "As soon as they've caught and devoured the poor beast, they'll be back after us again."

The post-boys also knew this, and continued lashing the remaining horses, now jaded and weary, covered with sweat, and panting from their exertions. Suddenly

through the forest rang the scream of a horse in mortal agony; the wolves had found their prey! Then all was silent; the orgie had begun, and for a time the fugitives nursed the hope that the wolves would set out on some other track. Vain hope! for in a few minutes the baying rolled once more through the forest, and the white snow behind showed the grey patch that told of the oncoming pack.

"Cut loose another horse!" cried Eric to the foremost post-boy, and again the wolves went flying through the forest on the track of a scared horse. The respite was no longer than before, but ere the wolves appeared the light of the inn at Bolisov came into view, and with a shout of joy Eric pointed to them, saying:

"We are saved!"

He spoke too soon; the second feast out there in the forest was over, and the pack was again tearing down the road after the carriage. It was only a matter of a few hundred yards to the inn, but the horses were almost done, while the wolves seemed as fresh as ever.

"*Bárin*," said Eric, "there is but one chance now. We dare not turn another horse loose, or the remaining one would never be able to get the carriage to the inn. I will get down, for I believe that with my pistols I may be able to keep the wolves off till you are safe."

"It cannot be!" cried the Baroness.

"But if I do not this, we shall *all* perish, while if I get down, why, who can tell?—you may be in time to bring me help? Only," and the brave man's voice quivered as he said it, "only, little father, if I die, I pray you look after my wife and child!"

"You must not go, I say!" exclaimed the Baroness again. "We will not escape at the price of your life!"

For a second there was silence; then Eric spoke again:

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"Perhaps I shall be able to climb into a tree. But I must go at once, or it will be too late. You do not care to speak the word, little father? Then must I go without it."

They knew he spoke true, yet it was no small thing to ask a fellow-being to alight from the carriage, and take his place in the midst of that howling, starving pack. It meant his life for theirs! Yet seeing that he was determined to go in any case, the Baron grasped him by the hand, saying:

"If it must be, Eric, God bless you for your noble deed! If you are killed, your family shall be as kin to us."

"Thank you, little father!" replied the servant. "God be with you all! Fire both pistols as I step out," and, without another word, he dropped from the carriage into the thick snow. The pack drew up, rushed on the lonely, heroic man; at the same moment the Baron fired point-blank; Eric's pistols also flashed, and the wolves, disconcerted for a moment, paused. The carriage dashed on its way over the last two hundred yards, yet before the pack was lost to sight the Baron fired once more. Three times from behind came the sound of pistol shots; then a hideous yell of pain, of agony! Eric had met his end! Then there was silence for a while; the awful feast had begun. Soon it was ended, and the pursuit began again, the carriage was caught up. With shouts and cries the frightened people tried to keep the wolves at bay; the Baron's pistols spat out death; the post-boy plied his whip, dug deep his spurs; the horses put forth their last ounce of strength, and, panting and exhausted, reached the inn, whose door was flung wide open, sending a stream of light into the darkness. The travellers were safe, and the wolves,

scared at the sudden blaze of light, turned in their tracks and fled.

And Eric? All that was found out there in the snow were his pistols, but in the place where they lay his grateful master erected a cross, telling the story of the great sacrifice, and bearing the fitting legend:

“Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend.”

Nor did the Baron forget his promise to the brave man; the widow and the fatherless child found devoted friends in those whom the husband and father had died to save.

HELD TO RANSOM

The Story of a Tragedy which Thrilled the World
with Horror

MILE after mile the little company of visitors covered the ground between Marathon and Athens, hastening to get back to the city before the shades of evening fell. The sightseers, consisting of Lord and Lady Muncaster, Mr. Edward Herbert (Secretary of the British Legation), Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd and their young daughter, Mr. Vyner, Count de Boyl (Secretary to the Italian Legation), M. Alexandros, a Greek courier, and a servant, had been on a visit to the famous battlefield of Marathon, escorted by four mounted gendarmes, two riding in front of the carriages, and two behind. An escort was needed in those days (1870), when Greece abounded in brigands, and before the party had set out they had made arrangements for proper protection, taking, in addition to the gendarmes, a small body of infantry, which, however, on the return journey, had not been able to keep pace with the horses, and so had fallen some distance behind.

When the little band were within a dozen or so miles of Athens, passing through a mountainous and well-wooded piece of country, they were startled by the sound of shots coming from out the tree-lined roadside. The attack was sudden, and the first shots had their effect, for the two foremost gendarmes fell wounded from their horses. A further volley sent the occupants of

the carriages crouching low into the bottoms of the carriages, and was immediately followed by a rush of about twenty fierce-looking ruffians, who seized the horses, and made the scared tourists descend. Driving their captives before them, the brigands made for the cover of the bushes and trees, but barely had they entered the wood, than the body of infantry arrived on the scene. Having heard the shots they had hurried forward with all speed, only to find the wounded gendarmes, and the fallen horses kicking in the last agonies of death.

Quickly the order was given to fire, and volley after volley was poured into the dense wood. Little good was effected by this, and the indiscriminate shooting only endangered the lives of the captives, whom the brigands had compelled to lie flat upon the ground, themselves doing likewise. No one was wounded, however, and at last the soldiers, finding that they could not draw the brigands out, and knowing that in such circumstances it would be worse than useless to push through the wood, retired, and hurried back to Athens to convey the news which was to set all Europe agog with excitement and horror.

As soon as the brigands saw the infantry depart, they bade their prisoners rise from the ground, and follow them up through the wooded mountain side—an ideal home for brigands. Then began a terrible climb; up and up the steep ascent the terrified captives were hurried, now pulled, now pushed, the captors caring neither for sex nor weakness. The brigands knew that it was essential that they should get to their mountain fastness as quickly as possible, and whenever a captive seemed to lag behind, he (or she) was ruthlessly hustled forward. Lady Muncaster was struck with a thick

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stick one of the ruffians was carrying, and Mrs. Lloyd was almost choked by one of the brigands dragging her upwards by the collar of her coat.

Arrived at a high point of the mountain, a halt was called for a conference, Alexandros being made to act as interpreter. The brigand-chief soon made his intentions clear; £32,000 was demanded as ransom, the two gendarmes, the Italian servant, the two ladies, and the little girl being sent off to Athens to convey the terms to the authorities.

It was seven o'clock before the messengers were allowed to depart, and, as none of them knew the way down the mountain-side, and the brigands did not offer to show them, it was several hours before they found their way to the road. Terror-stricken and weary, they tramped mile after mile along the dark road to Athens, and after a while were fortunate to reach a small village where they found one of their carriages, and were able to finish the last few miles to the city comparatively quickly—almost prostrate with horror and fatigue.

Athens, of course, was in alarm at the day's happenings as told by the unavailing escort, although the Grecian authorities took things pretty much as a matter of course. Greece was a hotbed of brigandage, and the authorities were incapable of dealing with it.

Lady Muncaster and Mrs. Lloyd made their way to the residence of Mr. Erskine, the British Minister, and told their tragic tale, handing him at the same time a note sent by Mr. Herbert :—

"Do what you can," it said, "to stop the troops from pursuing us. The captain says he requires £32,000. Our 'friends' say they can be heard of in the town, and request that a proper person may be sent to treat with them."

Mr. Erskine's first business was to hurry off to the Grecian Minister of War, to request that the troops be held back, otherwise there was no telling to what extremes the brigands might go.

The morning brought even more alarming news from the mountain fastness. One of the gendarmes brought a note from the brigand-chief saying that unless £50,000 were paid within three days, the captives would be put to death! On all hands this threat was not taken seriously, and it was confidently expected that the price of ransom could be reduced very considerably. There was, of course, no question of not paying anything at all; the brigands and their methods were known too well for that. Without delay, Mr. Erskine sent off responsible messengers to seek out the brigands and to negotiate with them.

Meanwhile the captives, away up in the mountain solitudes, had been compelled to follow the brigands further into the rocky fastnesses. All that first dreadful night they had pushed on through mist and rain, now up, now down, steep ravine sides, until the brigands, feeling safe from the possible approach of troops, called a halt and prepared breakfast of lamb and black bread. The meal finished, the march was resumed until daybreak, when the whole band halted once more, to hide all day beneath the bushes. Once through the still clear air, there came to the crouching captives the sound of approaching troops, and it needed all their self-control to resist the temptation to call out and give the alarm and attract attention. Threats of immediate death put the curb on their inclinations, and the troops passed by uncalled.

During that awful day the prisoners conferred together as to what course to adopt, and after a time resolved

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to ask that one of their number should be permitted to return to Athens and hasten forward the negotiations for ransom.

The haggling with the brigands was carried on through Alexandros. It was hard bargaining. For many hours the consultation dragged on, and at last it was agreed that the ransom price should be £25,000, Lord Muncaster and Mr. Vyner each agreeing to guarantee half that sum.

"It is well," said the chief roughly, when he found that the captives would agree to no higher ransom, "but finish quickly!"

But who should be the one to go? It was, of course, necessary that he should be in a position to raise such a large sum of money quickly, and finally it was decided that Lord Muncaster should be sent, although it was only after much discussion, Muncaster not wishing it to appear that he had left his friends in distress.

It was arranged that Lord Muncaster should leave for Athens that night, but, as no guide could be found, and neither of the brigands dared return to the city and run the risk of capture, the departure had to be postponed. That night, therefore, was a repetition of the preceding one; farther and farther the band moved through the dark ravines, the mist and rain soaking the captives through and through. The journey was not unattended by dangers, for every now and then the brigands took alarm, and thinking that they were being pursued gathered round the prisoners, ready to shoot them at the first sign of succour.

With daybreak a halt was called, breakfast prepared, and the day once more spent beneath the thick bushes, the heavy rain continuing to drench the prisoners, who were, of course, unprepared for such a terrible experience

as had befallen them. Numbed with the cold, weak from long journeying, they lay beneath the bushes, waiting for they knew not what. Their one hope was that a guide would soon be found to take Lord Muncaster back to Athens. Towards night a shepherd was caught and pressed into service, and Lord Muncaster, riding in a rumbling country cart, was able to set out for the city. All night, and the better part of the next day, he journeyed over rough roads, and then at last reached Athens, where he found that their friends were straining every effort to obtain the release of the prisoners.

Lord Muncaster's task now was to raise the ransom money which necessarily would take some time. In the meantime correspondence was carried on between the authorities and the brigands, and between Lord Muncaster and Mr. Vyner.

To Lord Muncaster Mr. Vyner wrote expressing anxiety at the turn of affairs; the brigands were getting anxious as time went on, and nothing definite was settled, and the ransom was not forthcoming.

The brigands complicated matters by demanding, not only the money, but also an amnesty, which the authorities replied it was impossible to grant.

"Then," said the chief to Mr. Vyner, "tell them that unless they grant it at once, you'll all be put to death," and from that position he would not budge.

And so the negotiations dragged on. The Government promised that the brigands should not be molested while terms were being arranged; Mr. Erskine asked that the prisoners should be well treated and comfortably housed, as no attempt would be made to rescue them. Day after day passed and matters seemed no nearer settlement; time after time the captives imagined that they were being sought for, as on several occasions troops

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were espied in the distance. The brigands were bold in their knowledge that they held the lives of the prisoners in their hands ; once or twice, in fact, they even invited the officers of the troops to lunch with them—invitations which were accepted ! And all the time the unfortunate captives knew that they could not be rescued—that at the first sign of attempted rescue they would be butchered !

At last the brigands reached the village of Oropos. Here they took possession of three houses, one of them belonging to the mayor, and several attempts were made to come to terms. The amnesty still stood in the way, both sides refusing to give in on this point. Although the troops were commanded not to imperil the lives of Mr. Vyner and his companions, by attacking the brigands, they invested Oropos, and the commanding officer, Colonel Theagenes, visited the brigand chief several times in the endeavour to bring matters to a climax. The long delay irritated the brigand chief, who, at last, thoroughly exasperated, threatened to shoot the colonel next time he showed his face in the village !

Takos, the chief, finding that Oropos was becoming too warm now that the troops had surrounded it, determined to make a dash for it. At two o'clock a.m. on the 21st of April, he gathered his band of brigands together, and, taking the captives with him, made for the ravines again. Across the swift-flowing river Asopos, rendered difficult of passage by reason of heavy rains, they hurried, reaching the village of Lychaminos at half-past four.

This was the beginning of the end—the tragic end—for Tako's sentries reported that the troops were pursuing them. Infuriated at what he thought to be trickery, Takos sent Alexandros to demand of Colonel Theagenes

what he meant by pursuing him. The colonel replied that no attack would be made unless Takos ill-treated the captives, in which case the troops would advance and wreak vengeance. Alexandros, probably thinking that, now he was out of the brigand's clutches, he had better keep out, failed to return with his message, and Takos, imagining that the colonel had treated his message with disdain, and seeing that the soldier's troops were still advancing, hurried away into the mountains.

Mad with rage, he seized a number of the inhabitants of Lychaminos, thinking that this would make the troops hesitate to fire at him and his people. He was wrong, for Theagenes set out in hot pursuit, and when within range gave orders to fire. One by one the brigands dropped, and the survivors, realising that the end had come, separated into two parties, each taking two of the prisoners.

From rock to rock, the brigands flitted, closely followed by the soldiers; first one, and then another, bit the dust, until at last, seeing that their only hope of escape lay in being free of their prisoners, one party fell upon its charge in a murderous attack. Powerless to help, the troops—still too far away to rush up and stop the cruel work—had to stand and look on at the cold-blooded murder. With a sudden rush, one of Dr. Herbert's guards fell upon him, stabbing him and hacking him to death. It was Mr. Lloyd's turn next, and he fell riddled with bullets.

The other two prisoners were spared a little longer, some of the brigands doubtless hoping, even yet, to make good their escape, and not caring to relinquish all chance of the ransom they had demanded. Still the relentless pursuit went on; hour after hour the guerrilla fight continued, brigand after brigand dropping beneath the

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steady fire of the soldiers—now enraged at the awful tragedy they had been helpless to prevent. Mr. Vyner and Count de Boyl suffered untold tortures throughout that terrible day; dragged, pushed, and beaten, they were hurried through the mountain passes, expecting every moment to be their last, either at the hands of their captors or through a chance shot from the men seeking to rescue them.

Then Takos, leader of the party which had kept Mr. Vyner and the Count, determined to treat his prisoners as the others had treated theirs. Calling a halt, he shot the count as the helpless man came to a standstill, and a few minutes afterwards another ruffian turned his attention to Mr. Vyner.

Unarmed, weak to exhaustion, horror-struck at the events of the last few hours, Mr. Vyner resolved to sell his life dearly. With a sudden bound he was upon the brigand who was advancing to kill him. Gripping him round the waist, Vyner fought for his life, knowing that the other brigands would not fire at him while he held their companion in his grasp. With almost superhuman strength the enraged man fought and wrestled with the ruffian—fought to such good purpose that in a few moments he had laid him lifeless at his feet. Quickly recovering himself, Vyner prepared for the onrush that he knew would come. It came! With a rush the foes were upon him, giving him no chance to catch them in the grip of death. Hot bullets bored their way into his defenceless body—the cowards' work was done; the last captive was dead!

The brigands had lost the ransom; but they had kept their word!

Their nefarious work done, the murderers continued their flight; Takos and a few others managed to elude

the troops for some time, but after a while the majority were caught and brought to Athens to be tried and condemned to death for one of the most dreadful and cold-blooded murders in Europe. It was a tragedy which had thrilled the world with horror, that such things could happen in a century that boasted of its civilisation.

HUNTING WILD ELEPHANTS

Narrow Escapes and Thrilling Adventures Hunting Elephants

Most people's only experience of elephants can be summed up in a visit or so to a Zoological Garden, where the ponderous beasts walk about quite harmlessly, and give infinite pleasure to the youngsters who insist upon paterfamilias paying for a ride on the ungainly looking steeds. But there is another side to the elephant nature. In his wild state he is by no means the docile creature with which Zoo visitors are acquainted, and hunters of big game have some exciting stories to tell of encounters with wild elephants.

In 1873 Mr. G. P. Sanderson was appointed Elephant-catcher-in-chief to the Mysore Government, and during the execution of his duties came very near death on several occasions.

On these elephant-catching expeditions the great herds of leviathans were driven into strong stockades, tied to thick trees, and when they were considered tame enough to be set free, were put to work to draw heavy loads of various kinds, or even take part in expeditions against others of their fellow-creatures.

The tying-up of the brutes was, of course, the most risky part, and as Sanderson often entered the enclosure to superintend this work, he had many narrow escapes from death. Mounted on a fine tame elephant, and armed with a wicked-looking goad, he and his men

would enter the stockades through openings which were closed up immediately they had passed through, and the work would begin. On one of these occasions, just as Sanderson entered the enclosure, several of the captives exhibited great excitement at the coming of the tame elephants, who, by the way, are specially trained to this work. In a few minutes their curiosity overcame them, and they advanced to make a closer inspection of the intruders.

Now, two or three great elephants pressing round is by no means an attention to be wished for, and Sanderson used his goad pretty freely in order to turn them back. While occupied in this tricky piece of work, he was alarmed by one of his men outside the stockade crying, "Sahib! Sahib!" as if in warning.

Turning as quickly as he could, he was startled to find that a ponderous brute, minus one tusk, and with the other broken in half, was heading straight for him. Ducking his head on the offside of his own elephant, which, by the way, he called Ràdhapeary, and gripping his goad in his right hand, he waited for the impact. With an awful thud the wild beast hit Sanderson's left side, and then the hunter, raising himself erect, lunged forward with all his strength and drove his goad well into the cow's mouth. The pain of his bruised leg was terrible, yet he could not move from his position, and the cow, infuriated by the blow he had given her, fell to pounding him still more, while now and again she tried to drive her broken tusk into Ràdhapeary's head.

After keeping this up for a few minutes, the cow moved off, and Sanderson felt that it was time that he, too, made tracks for a safer place, where he could have his battered leg attended to. Hardly had he made up his mind to do this than the elephant, apparently dis-

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satisfied with her work of vengeance for having been taken captive, suddenly turned in her tracks, and once more rushed at him. Again there came that dreadful thud, crushing the bruised leg till the pain was almost unbearable.

Meanwhile, Ràdhapeary was unable to help her master owing to the fact that she was engaged in a little conflict of her own. A young calf, inspired by the fighting spirit of his mother, was doing battle with Sanderson's steed, and what with the boring tusk of the mother and the incessant rushes of the young tusker, Ràdhapeary found herself too fully occupied to make a direct attack upon her master's enemy.

Sanderson shouted aloud for help, but as well whisper in the engine room of an ocean liner going at full speed, and expect to be heard, as call for aid in the midst of the fearful din that was going on in the stockade ; moreover, the black assistants on the other tame elephants were too fully occupied with their own work to notice what was happening to their chief.

And so the strange conflict went on ; time and time again the elephant charged Sanderson ; time and time again the goad was thrust and brought blood, yet still the cow kept up the attack. The pain of his leg was so intense that Sanderson feared that every moment he would tumble off Ràdhapeary's neck, and be trampled to death beneath the feet of the now positively maddened beast.

He determined, therefore, to make one supreme effort to drive the infuriated cow away. Raising himself as best he could, he grasped his goad firmly, and prepared to drive it deep into the mouth of the onrushing elephant.

The elephant never reached Ràdhapeary's side, the

goad never entered her mouth, for at that moment, when everything seemed to depend upon one last thrust, help came from behind. A spear sped through the air and buried itself in the cow's temple, and the black who had flung the weapon urged his ungainly steed forward, and with a fearful impact sent the attacker to the ground. By this time other men had hurried up, and in a few minutes the cow was caught and tied to a stout tree.

And Sanderson was saved, though for several days afterwards he had to lie on his back, helpless and in pain. An elephant-catcher's post is no sinecure !

One of the most remarkable escapes—or rather series of escapes—from a wounded and maddened wild elephant, was that of Sir Samuel Baker in North Africa. Setting out on an elephant hunt, accompanied by a number of natives, he soon located a large herd of bull elephants. Creeping warily through the long grass, Baker and his men came within range of two of the best tuskers. Dismounting, Baker was on the point of firing when the bulls saw the vari-coloured head-coverings of the natives ; and before the hunter could pull his trigger the whole herd was tearing away, stopping for nothing, but clearing everything before it in its mad rush.

In the twinkling of an eye Baker was upon his horse's back, and was flying after the elephants as fast as he could, calling to his men to follow.

He had traversed less than a couple of hundred yards, when his horse, "Tétel," caught his feet in a hole, and horse and rider went tumbling to earth, Baker with his leg fastened underneath the animal. Releasing himself without delay, and happy to find that he had sustained no injuries in the fall, Baker remounted and raced after the retreating herd. For a while a couple of natives ran

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at his stirrups, but after a time they either grew weary or afraid, for they dropped behind, and left Baker to continue the pursuit alone. Nothing daunted by the desertion, Baker still held on, and presently came within firing distance of a fine bull. Crack! Across the intervening space a bullet rang, finding a billet in the shoulder of the flying bull, who slackened his space not one whit, until a second shot put a curb upon his speed—if, on the other hand, it added to his rage.

Even then, however, he was going at a pretty good pace, and Baker, whose rifle was now empty, knew that if he wished to keep his prey in sight he must not stop to reload.

This might have been all right if the elephant had kept going in the same direction, for then Baker might have been able to get near enough to afford time to reload; as it was, however, at that moment the elephant changed his tactics, and, turning round, retraced his steps and bore down at full speed on Baker.

Shouting for his lagging natives to bring another rifle, Baker prepared to meet the hulking beast coming towards him. Getting out of the direct line of the bull's rush, he was in the act of reloading his weapon, resolving to fire point-blank as the elephant reached him and then dodge aside, when a native rushed up with the other rifle.

There was now no time to be lost, and, seizing the rifle, Baker put spurs to his horse and rode hard towards the bull, steering so that he could fire at it as he passed. The shot went true, and with a scream of rage and pain the maddened brute once more turned about and charged at the hunter.

Now the hunter found himself the hunted, and for several hundred yards the ponderous beast kept doggedly

on his track. Had the elephant been uninjured nothing could possibly have saved Baker from being mauled to death, but as it was the three shots which had been fired into the bull were beginning to tell, and in a little while the pounding of the hoofs ceased, and Baker, casting a fleeting glance behind, saw his adversary standing still, apparently about to drop dead.

Another minute and Baker would have been at his side, putting a bullet through his brain, but just as he had turned his horse about, over a dozen more elephants broke through the bush, heading straight for the very spot on which the hunter stood. There was no time to retreat, and the only thing to do was to make a rush towards them in the hope of frightening them. The ruse was successful, for as with a loud shout Baker set his horse at full gallop towards the oncoming herd the latter took fright at the attack, turned tail, and were soon speeding through the thick long grass.

In a very few minutes the majority of them were far beyond the hope of capture, and Baker concentrated his attention and efforts upon overtaking a fine large bull which had become separated from the rest. Yard by yard the horseman gained upon the elephant; then, as he was thinking it time to fire, the bull wheeled round and made for him. So near were the two that there was no time to pull the horse up and take aim, for in a moment they were within a yard or two of each other. With a quick movement of the wrist, Baker turned his steed aside, and with barely a foot between them, pursuer and pursued passed each other, the bull keeping on his tearing way and finally plunging into the jungle, where he became lost to sight.

Realising that it was useless to continue the chase further, Baker made his way towards the spot where he

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had left the wounded bull, thinking to find him dead by this time.

He was mistaken! The bull was by no means dead, and directly Baker appeared in sight thundered down upon him.

Yet again Baker found himself the hunted, for there was no time to take aim. Through the scrub the bull crashed; to him the shrubs and bushes presented no obstacle—he simply swept them down before him, whereas Baker's horse was able to make but little progress. Time after time Baker found himself almost thrown over his steed's head as the animal stumbled through the thick scrub. A dozen yards, and all would have been over, but at that moment Baker was near a tree, his well-trained horse answered to the bridle, and the two just dodged behind the tree as the maddened brute pounded by into the jungle.

Determined not to lose his prize, and caring naught for the dangers already encountered, and for those that might yet be met, Baker dashed off after the bull. For over two hours the chase went on, and then Baker found himself within a hundred yards of the leviathan. The first fifty yards were simply honeycombed with holes, but, picking his way carefully under cover of the long grass, the hunter managed to get near enough to take aim.

Even while his rifle was at his shoulder the great bull caught sight of him, and once more turned and faced his pursuer. Standing his ground, Baker fired, the bullet sped on its way, entering the bull's shoulder, and bringing him to his knees.

Infuriated by the pain, yet clinging tenaciously to life, the plucky brute gathered itself together for one last effort, and once again Baker was flying before

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the monster, which, screaming and snorting, was coming full pelt after him.

Baker's great fear now was that his horse, which had been tearing about all day, seemingly to no purpose, would either fail him altogether from sheer weariness, or catching his feet in one of the pitfalls, go tumbling to earth; in either of which cases nothing on earth could have saved them from being trampled to death. This was indeed the worst moment of all that exciting day, for the bull was now so close that Baker could feel the ground shaking from the pounding hoofs, and casting a hurried look behind, saw that the elephant's trunk was almost touching his horse's tail!

Could the horse hold out? Would the bull even yet fall in his tracks as a result of the four wounds he had received? Such were the questions running through Baker's mind at that instant. But salvation came in an altogether unexpected way. Just as the hunter thought that all was over, the elephant gave an awful scream, which so frightened Tétel that he leaped forward so madly that he gained a few yards in the race for life. For the last few minutes the way had been up a slope, which was naturally telling upon Tétel, and Baker, knowing that if only he could race down the slope, the horse would stand a better chance of escape, determined to double on his tracks. With almost miraculous suddenness he turned, and the next second, the bull, blind with rage, rushed by, and unable to pull himself up, disappeared into the jungle.

Baker now saw that it would be foolhardy to pursue him any farther, for poor Tétel was panting and blowing and almost dropping to the ground at every step. So it was away to the camp till the morning, when the natives went off into the jungle to find the elephant,

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which they knew could not have survived his wounds. Sure enough they found him, and, with native cunning, stole the tusks and hid them! Wherefore the only gratification Baker had out of the day's hot sport was the recollection of the dangers he had passed through—for nothing!

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

The Thrilling Adventures of Ojeda in the New World

WHEN Columbus returned from his triumphant discovery of the New World, telling glowing stories of the wealth to be found there, the soldiers of fortune in the Old World were one and all infected with the fever for exploring the great unknown land. For the first voyage Columbus had had to press men into his service; for all those that followed he had more volunteers than he could do with. It is always thus: pioneers generally stand alone, and have to beg and implore the aid which, when they have vindicated their faith, is given unasked. Also, the fruits of victory are ever clutched after by those who are timid of going forth when there is an element of uncertainty.

So Columbus found it. The great golden west, from which he had turned aside the veil, became the objective of most of the adventurers of Spain, and many expeditions were fitted out with a view to sharing in the golden harvests to be reaped.

Amongst those who determined to go out was Alonzo de Ojeda, who, by the way, had accompanied Columbus on his second voyage. Ojeda was the friend of Bishop Fonesca, one of Columbus's bitterest enemies, and when Columbus returned from his third voyage, bringing news

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of yet richer discoveries along the Pearl Coast, his reverence granted Ojeda permission to fit out an expedition to the Gulf of Paria.

Ojeda took care to have with him men who knew the strange seas better than he did, and on board his vessel was Juan de la Cosa, who had been with Columbus on his first and second voyages, and Amerigo Vespucci, an astronomer, whose services would be specially valuable, seeing that he had but recently returned from the west. It was from Vespucci, by the way, that America received its name; but that is another story.

Ojeda, in command of four ships, set sail from Spain on May 20, 1499, and after an uneventful voyage of just over three weeks arrived off the coast of South America, about five hundred miles south of Trinidad. The search for gold and pearls then began. For many days the adventurers sailed along the coast to the south-west, but the currents being all against them, they turned their ships about and set out to the north-west. Reaching Paria, where Columbus had reported that great stores of wealth were waiting to be taken, the treasure hunt began again.

All along the coast they hunted; searched every island they saw, yet all to no avail—they could find no treasure. The only consolation the disgusted Spaniards had was a few fights with savages. Not that they had any quarrel which called upon them to do battle, but that the natives of the mainland, who had treated them hospitably, had asked their aid against some enemies who inhabited a neighbouring island, and were wont to steal across in their canoes to take vengeance for fancied wrongs, and seek to conquer their sworn foes.

Ojeda and his men needed no second asking ; this dreadful monotony of searching and finding nothing was tiring, and the prospect of a fight was hailed with great satisfaction.

Swords were sharpened, guns cleaned, pikes burnished, and when all was ready, Ojeda, taking several of his native friends to serve as guides, set out for the island where the foe dwelt. After about a week's sailing they dropped anchor in sight of the island, half afraid that the enemy might retreat inland rather than face them. They need have had no fears on that point ; the savages—perhaps because they did not know the ferocity of the fighting men of Spain, for this may have been their first encounter with the men from the Old World—quickly put themselves in battle array, even though they did not know the reason of the visit. The sight of the figures of some of their old-time enemies soon made them understand that this was no ordinary visit, and, despite the strange appearance of the men in shining armour, glistening helmets, and peculiar-looking weapons, they determined to make a bold stand.

Had they but known, this was just what was hoped for by Ojeda and his men, who would have been sadly disappointed if the natives had thrown down their arms and submitted willingly to being conquered.

Without loss of time the Spaniards took to their boats, each of which was provided with a small cannon, and sped over the water towards the island. As soon as the natives saw their intention they sent a cloud of arrows hurtling through the air, brandished their spears, and raised their war-cries. The arrows did little damage, and the boats held on their way. Seeing this, the natives, careless for their lives, dashed into the sea and swam

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towards the oncoming boats. At this, the soldiers, who, till then, had been crouching low in the boats, sprang up, and the fight began. The Spaniards discharged their cannons, fired their guns, and hacked and slashed at the crowding natives, who, startled by the strange weapons that filled the air with smoke and dealt out death from a distance, were possessed by a great fear and began a terror-stricken swim for the shore, followed hard by the boats.

Hardly had the savages reached the shore than the Spaniards leaped out of their boats, formed up in battle array, and began a fierce hand-to-hand tussle. From the very beginning the natives stood no chance against the superior arms and discipline of the white men. With a courage born of despair, however, they stuck to their posts, laid many a Spaniard low, and then, finding that there was no hope that day, at any rate, fled into the woods, leaving many killed and wounded behind them.

Even then they would not own themselves beaten, and next day a larger number than ever suddenly broke out upon the Spaniards, and again the uneven fight began. Hour after hour the conflict waged; sometimes it seemed that the superior numbers of the natives must tell; yet even when it looked as though the white men were about to be driven back on to their boats, they gathered together, put forth one great effort, and the tide of battle turned. Step by step the savages were forced back, until, losing all hope, they turned and fled, pursued relentlessly by their foes. Even then the savage work was not finished; the poor, rude houses were razed to the ground by fire, and many natives were taken prisoners—for Ojeda, unsuccessful in finding other treasure, determined not to return to Spain

empty-handed ; and slaves were almost as valuable as pearls.

After this little affair, concluded both to their own satisfaction and that of their friends on the mainland, the Spaniards continued their cruise along the coast, still seeking the wealth they could not find, and in revenge taking more captives.

At last, disappointed and disgusted at their ill-success, they resolved to pay a visit to Hispaniola, although this was in direct contravention to the orders given Ojeda when the expedition set out. Columbus, according to the terms of his agreement with the King of Spain, was in command there, and Bishop Fonesca did not want these two men to come into conflict.

At this time Columbus was having anything but an easy time ; the natives were in revolt, and the old navigator knew that he was in none too great favour at Court. Therefore the appearance of Ojeda on the scene was by no means welcome to him, and, well within his rights, he determined to refuse him permission to cut the dyewood for which he had no doubt come.

The task of opposing Ojeda was deputed to Roldan, chief judge at Hispaniola—a man as daring and adventurous as Ojeda himself. Columbus, by the way, felt that this was an opportunity to let some of the hot blood out of Roldan, who was by no means a peaceable comrade ; he had been in open revolt against Columbus, and only refrained from going to extremes by many concessions on the part of his leader.

Roldan lost no time in embarking on his undertaking. Fitting out two caravels, he set out toward the place where Ojeda was anchored. When about two leagues

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off he hauled in his sails, landed with about twenty-five men, and made his way through the forest to reconnoitre Ojeda's position. From the natives in the neighbourhood he discovered that Ojeda was several miles inland, attended only by fifteen men, and Roldan determined to take them by surprise. Other natives, however, had hurried off to Ojeda, and informed him of the coming of Roldan.

Ojeda was shrewd enough to understand that Roldan had been sent out after him, and without hesitation resolved to go forth to meet him. He knew that he was cut off from his ships, and the only way to escape from the danger was to make a bold show. Wherefore, Roldan was himself surprised, for, while picking his way carefully through the forest, he came face to face with Ojeda.

Roldan knew that he had been outwitted, and after the usual greetings, asked Ojeda point blank why he had touched at the island, and why, moreover, he had landed without asking permission. Ojeda, who had come for dyewood and slaves, concealed his purpose, and excused the seeming secrecy by avowing that his ships had been in distress, and that he had, therefore, put in at Hispaniola to repair them and to take in provisions, intending to sail round to San Domingo afterwards.

Roldan, knowing that Ojeda was lying, demanded a sight of the licence which empowered him to sail in the new seas.

Ojeda was angry ; he felt that he would like to hurl himself at the man who dared question him, but, knowing the impetuosity of his opponent, refrained from showing his resentment.

"The papers are all on board," he replied, "and



"The natives began a terror-stricken swim for the shore"
(see page 280).

when I have repaired my ships I am going to San Domingo to see the Admiral, who is in disgrace at Court, and is likely to be taken from his command."

After some further conversation Roldan said that he would go to Ojeda's ships to see the licence, and so the two parties marched to the coast. Here the papers were seen, and Roldan, satisfied that Ojeda sailed by authority, departed for San Domingo. His arrival there, and his report as to Ojeda's voyage, filled Columbus with dismay and anger; he regarded the licence as an infringement of the contract between himself and the Court, and he eagerly awaited the promised visit of Ojeda.

That worthy, however, had no intention of keeping his word; he had merely given it in order to get rid of Roldan, and as soon as he was ready he sailed away to Xaragua, put himself at the head of a colony of disaffected Spaniards there, and proposed that they should march off to San Domingo and demand that Columbus pay them certain arrears of pay.

To the majority of the colonists the proposal was welcome; it promised diversion of a kind they loved, and, moreover, held out the prospect of gold. The rest, however, objected so strongly to the suggestion that fighting followed, and for some time a little reign of terror ensued. On both sides men were killed and wounded, but numbers were on Ojeda's side, and finally he was triumphant.

While active preparations for the expedition were being made Roldan appeared. Information of Ojeda's arrival at Xaragua had reached San Domingo and Roldan had been sent out to keep watch on him. News of his coming had been received by Ojeda, who, while a party of the discontented set out to intercept Roldan,

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embarked on his ships. Although he was by no means a coward, he knew that if he took up arms against Roldan he stood to gain nothing and would be in bad grace with the government.

The band which had gone off to meet Roldan were old-time comrades of his, who had taken part in his revolt against Columbus. They felt that they owed him a grudge for having gone over to Columbus again, and they determined to waylay him. Their plan was frustrated, however, for Roldan was ready for them, and they returned discomfited.

Roldan now sent letters to Ojeda, demanding explanation of his conduct, and asking for a conference. Ojeda did not even deign to reply, and he knew very well that if he went on shore again he would be in Roldan's power. He even acted treacherously, seizing one of the messengers and carrying off another of Roldan's followers who was at an isolated point of the island. These he put in irons, and held them as hostages for one of his own men who had deserted.

Ojeda's next move was to sail away to the northward, land forty of his men, and seize anything he could find in the way of provisions. Roldan followed along the coast, but was too late to do any good. He therefore sent one of his men in a light canoe to inform Ojeda that since he would not trust himself ashore, Roldan was content to come on board if he would send a boat for him.

Ojeda consented to this arrangement. It was too good an opportunity to be missed, for once Roldan was on board he would have him in his power. He had reckoned without his host, who was as crafty as himself.

The boat was sent within a short distance of the shore, and Roldan was told to wade across to it.

"How many men may I bring with me?" he asked.

"Five or six," said the men in the boat.

Five men waded out to the boat, and Roldan made two men carry him across, so that the band was eight instead of six. No sooner had they all taken their seats in the boat than Roldan told the boatmen to row to the shore. They refused. Roldan and his seven followers immediately jumped up, drew their swords, and fell upon the oarsmen, wounded some, took them all prisoners, and immediately made all haste to the shore.

Roldan had been playing for this. He knew that the loss of the boat would be a serious matter for Ojeda, and had no doubt that he would alter his tactics, and consent to a discussion. It was as he expected! Ojeda and five men embarked in another boat—the only small one he had left—and rowed towards the shore. Roldan, secretly elated at the success of his stratagem, embarked in the boat he had captured, taking with him seven rowers and fifteen fighting men, leaving fifteen others ready to come to his aid if necessary.

Then ensued a strange interview. Neither leader trusted the other nor would approach very near. Keeping a close watch on each other, and with their men ready to fire at the least sign of treachery, the two men carried on a conversation, the result of which was that Ojeda (who refused to go to San Domingo) agreed to leave the island and restore the men he had captured on condition that his boat was given back.

The next day, therefore, Ojeda weighed anchor,

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but not before he had hurled a taunting threat at Roldan :

"I shall come back, never fear, and when I do it will be with more ships and with more men."

Roldan was not concerned with that, however ; his present task was to see that Ojeda went away now. A few days after the departure of the ships news came that Ojeda had failed to keep his word, and had landed on the coast again. Determined to bring him to account for his bad faith, Roldan set out with a fairly large party of fighting men. Once more he arrived too late, for Ojeda had heard of his coming and set sail immediately, only to land yet farther along, swoop down upon the natives, and capture many of them to make up his slave-drive.

Then, feeling that he had been long enough away from home, he set out for Spain, arriving at Cadiz in June, 1500. He had obtained very little treasure, except in the form of slaves, and was heartily dissatisfied with his expedition, for after all the expenses had been paid there were but five hundred ducats to be divided. His only consolation was that he had seen some fighting, and had caused some trouble at Hispaniola.

His ill-success in this first voyage on his own account does not seem to have made him lose faith in the New World, for soon after his return he found himself at the head of another expedition bound for the glittering west. He had been granted a tract of six leagues of land in South Hispaniola, and the government of the province of Coquibacoa, which province, by the way, he was to colonise, and as a reward, receive half the proceeds that might result.

Ojeda set sail in 1502, and eventually reached the

coast of South America at a place called Cumana. Here " while foraging for immediate supplies, the idea occurred to Ojeda that he should want furniture and utensils of all kinds for his proposed colony, and that it would be better to pillage them from a country where he was a mere transient visitor than to wrest them from his neighbours in the territory where he was to set up his government. His companions were struck with the policy, if not the justice, of this idea and they all set to work to carry it into execution.

Distributing themselves amongst the trees, they lay in wait for the natives, who, all unsuspecting, walked into the ambushade. With a rush the Spaniards were upon them, and although Ojeda had forbidden injury and damage as far as it was possible to avoid them, a frightful skirmish ensued. The Indians were fighting for life and home; for wives and children; and they knew it. They were not willing to part with any of their poor worldly goods without a fierce struggle; and a fierce struggle there was. But superior weapons and discipline were bound to win, and one by one the natives dropped before the fire of the Spaniards, or crumpled up beneath the blow of a Spanish sword. When the killing was done the marauders turned their attention to the search for provisions. Rude huts were ransacked, but no food was found, and in their rage the Spaniards burned down many a cabin, seized all kinds of utensils, and took several Indians captive. Some of these were ransomed with gold, but the remainder were carried away to Coquibacoa.

At Coquibacoa Ojeda found the natives lining the shore, and it was only after a stern fight that a landing was effected. In a short time the Indians became more friendly, a peace was proclaimed, and Ojeda set about

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making his settlement. The first thing was to erect a fort. This was accomplished, though not without bloodshed, for whilst they were in the midst of the work a neighbouring tribe of natives suddenly fell upon the builders. Ojeda sallied forth upon them with such intrepidity and effect as not merely to defeat, but to drive them from the neighbourhood. The fort was then finished, the powder stored within it, and whatever treasure they had with them safely hidden away.

By the time the fort was built Ojeda and his men were beginning to feel the pinch of scarcity. After the raid at Cumana one of the ships had been sent off to Jamaica to fetch provisions, but, as day after day passed and the vessel did not arrive at Coquibacoa, Ojeda grew anxious. His anxiety, however, did not prevent him keeping up his plundering expeditions; the Indians would give no food freely, neither would they barter, and there was nothing to do but to take what was wanted. Provisions were therefore seized, gold and any other valuables they could lay hands upon were stolen. The general spoils Ojeda distributed amongst his followers; the gold he put into the strong box, keeping the keys himself, to the disgust of one Ocampo.

Despite the fact that they found plenty of fighting to be done the Spaniards were by no means content; food was scarce, as has been said, and when a man has an empty stomach he is apt to be troublesome. Ojeda found it so. His men murmured at his government and, hunger seemingly making them scrupulous for once, complained that he was treating the Indians harshly. Also that he had crossed the boundary of the territory assigned to him. Anything to grumble at,

apparently, and by the time that the provision ship arrived from Jamaica Ojeda found he had a pretty handful of trouble to deal with.

Ocampo had not forgotten the incident of the strong box, and directly the ship touched land he went aboard to confer with her commander, Vergara, who was a personal friend of his. The two formed a plot, the essence of which was to capture Ojeda.

Ocampo invited Ojeda on board to inspect the provisions he had secured. Ojeda came. Directly he set foot on deck his two foes "charged him with having transgressed the limits of his government, with having provoked the hostility of the Indians, and heedlessly sacrificed the lives of his followers, and, above all, with having taken possession of the strong box, in contempt of the authority of the royal supervisor, and with the intention of appropriating to himself all the gains of the enterprise." A fine indictment! He must go to Hispaniola to answer to the governor.

Ojeda knew he was trapped, and temporised. Why not let all disaffected men return to Spain, leaving him to pursue the enterprise? The plan seemed to appeal to Vergara and Ocampo, who promised to let him have the smallest ship, a third share of the booty and provisions, and to build him a row-boat. The row-boat was begun, but Vergara suddenly changed his mind about the arrangement, put Ojeda into irons, and set off to Hispaniola, which was reached in due course. Here Ojeda determined to make an attempt to escape. The night that the anchors were dropped the captive commander, shackled though his feet were, let himself down over the side of the vessel, and dropped into the water. He was a good swimmer, but the weight of the irons

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proved too much for him, and before he had gone many yards towards the shore he had, much against his will, to call out for help. With all haste a boat was manned and set out to the rescue of the already half-drowned man.

Vergara and Ocampo landed with their prisoner the next day, taking care, by the way, to leave the strong box on board, and in due course poor Ojeda was hauled before the authorities, tried on the various charges brought against him, and convicted. Ojeda found himself penniless; his properties had been confiscated, his honours taken from him, and though later on he appealed to the Crown, was pardoned and received his property back, the only consolation he obtained was that he was proved to be honourable; for the cost of proving that most important fact had eaten up all his worldly goods.

This, therefore, had been another disastrous expedition for Ojeda, of whom little is heard for the next six years. In 1508, however, he appears once more, indefatigable and optimistic as ever, as the commander of a further expedition.

Trouble presented itself at the very beginning. The object of the expedition was to explore the coast of Veragua, to see what truth there was in the report of Columbus that the Ophir of King Solomon was located thereabouts. King Ferdinand wanted all the gold there was to be had from the New World, and rather than entrust the new work to Columbus's brother Bartholomew, he determined to find new commanders. Ojeda was one of the candidates, and his claims were ably presented by Bishop de Fonesca; Diego de Nicuesa was another, who presented his own claims. The two men were about equally matched as regards ability, daring,

and experience, but Nicuesa had the advantage of being a wealthy man, who could fit out an expedition at his own cost, whereas Ojeda was penniless. Ferdinand, knowing that both men would be valuable to him, agreed to give them equal privileges and grants, making it a condition that each man was to provide his own ships and provisions. This was where Nicuesa triumphed—at first. Almost heartbroken that the great opportunity was within his grasp and yet unable to take advantage of it, Ojeda confided in his friend, Juan de la Cosa, who was with him in Hispaniola. Juan had boundless faith in Ojeda—and he had money. In sporting parlance he put his money on Ojeda, and journeyed to Spain to raise ships and men for the expedition.

As soon as he was ready Cosa, with three ships, set sail for the New World, knowing that Nicuesa had preceded him by a few days with half a dozen better ships than he could boast of. The two expeditions, rivals in every sense, arrived at Hispaniola almost about the same time. Ojeda was afflicted with mingled feelings at the sight. First of all he was delighted to see Juan turn up with his ships; secondly, he was disgusted that Nicuesa had such a superior fleet. He determined to augment his own squadron, enlisted the sympathy of Martin Fernandez de Enciso, who had a little money, and prevailed upon him to invest it in a ship which would follow the main body as quickly as possible.

Meanwhile, Ojeda and Nicuesa had already come into conflict. Jamaica had been assigned to them in common; Darien, each contended, was also within their jurisdiction. Nicuesa wanted to argue the matter out; Ojeda wished to fight it out. He proposed a trial

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by duel. Nicuesa laughed at him, which only made him more angry, so that he refused to come to any other arrangement.

"Very well," said Nicuesa, "but let us make the fight worth while. Let us each put down five thousand catillanos as a prize for the victor."

Nicuesa was wise. He knew that Ojeda had no money, and that this condition would be a check upon his fury. Ojeda knew it, too, but was far too proud to confess it. So matters went on for many days, but at last Juan de la Cosa came to the rescue. He offered to mediate between the rivals, and the upshot was that on the mainland the river Darien should be the boundary between the two jurisdictions.

Peace being patched up in this way, Ojeda set sail on November 10, 1509, reached Cartagena, and once more fell into trouble. The natives resented the intrusion. Cosa advised him to sail along the coast till he found a more friendly, hospitable spot. Ojeda refused. He landed with a considerable force, amongst it being a number of friars who were ordered to read a stately document to the natives drawn up in battle array. It was in Castilian, and although it contained much that might have edified the natives, had they understood it, as it was it affected them not at all.

After the document had been read, Ojeda made signs of peace to the Indians, who, from past experience, had little love for the white men and trusted them not at all. They brandished their weapons and gave every indication of making a stern resistance. Ojeda did not mind that. Calling upon his men to follow him, and muttering a prayer for help—these adventurers were strange combinations of piety and barbarism—threw himself at the natives. For some hours the fight went

on ; and then at last the natives fled into the forest, still pursued by the Spaniards.

For several leagues the white men journeyed into the dense forest, and then happened upon a native stronghold, where the foe was awaiting them.

"Santiago! Santiago!" cried Ojeda. It was the old Castilian war cry, and the Spaniards threw themselves into the fight with all their wonted vigour. The savages fought like demons for some time, but at last turned and fled farther into the forest. Eight of them, however, slipped into a cabin, and put up so brave a defence, sending their poison-tipped arrows hurtling through the air with such precision and in such numbers that for some time the Spaniards were held at bay.

"Shame! Shame!" cried Ojeda at his men, taunting them that a few naked men should daunt them. The taunt went home. One of the men, determined to show his captain that he, at least, was not afraid of a naked savage, dashed through a shower of arrows, flung himself at the door of the cabin, and burst it in. He paid for his intrepidity with his life; an arrow pierced him through the heart and he fell dead on the threshold.

Ojeda took his revenge, and it was a terrible one. Finding it impossible to drive the natives from their refuge, he ordered his men to fire the cabin. In a few moments the place was in a blaze, and the Indians who had put up such a brave fight for life and home and liberty, were roasted alive.

Despite the fact that he had captured seventy natives, whom he sent off to the ships, Ojeda was not satisfied, and decided to penetrate yet farther into the forest. Cosa sought to persuade him to return to his

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ships, but Ojeda refused to do so, and so for many hours the Spanish force cut its way through the forest. That evening they found themselves at a native village. Desolate, peopleless, deserted by the Indians, who had taken the alarm, the place seemed all ready for looting, and the Spaniards spread themselves out into little parties bent on finding booty. It was a foolish procedure. The natives, who were lurking amongst the trees, were only waiting for this in order to swoop down upon the marauders and wreak vengeance.

As soon as they saw the Spaniards scatter themselves about the village the Indians rushed out of their hiding places and flung themselves upon the adventurers. Each little band found itself surrounded by a surging mob of maddened savages, and man after man went down beneath the ferocious blows of war clubs, or fell pierced by poisoned arrows. Courage counted for little ; iron armour for less ; these savages had a great debt to pay, and they paid it in full measure.

Ojeda, as soon as he heard the oncoming natives, gathered a few soldiers together and took up a position in a small enclosure. Here, besieged by crowds of Indians, who showered their poison-tipped arrows upon him, he made a desperate defence. One by one the men at his side dropped in the last agonies of death, until Ojeda found himself alone, facing the mob. It was a perilous moment ; he dropped on to his knees behind the palisade, covered himself with his buckler, and so managed to find protection from the death-dealing arrows.

At that instant, when everything seemed hopeless, Cosa arrived on the scene with a handful of soldiers, stationed himself at the gateway of the enclosure, and faced the horde of warriors. These, undeterred by the coming of reinforcements, kept up their attack, and

Cosa, fighting for the leader whom he loved, realised that there was little chance of escape. As had happened to Ojeda, so it happened to Cosa. One by one his men fell around him, until only three or four remained, and he himself was sorely wounded. But when he thought that the end had come there was a ringing cry of "Santiago! Santiago!" and "Ojeda sprang forth like a tiger into the midst of the enemy, dealing his blows on every side. La Cosa would have seconded him, but was crippled by his wounds. He took refuge with the remnant of his men in an Indian cabin, the straw roof of which he aided them to throw off, lest the enemy should set it on fire. Here he defended himself until all his comrades but one were destroyed. The subtle poison of his wounds at length overpowered him, and he sank to the ground. Feeling death at hand, he called to his only surviving companion.

" ' Brother,' he said, ' since God hath protected thee from harm, sally forth and fly, and if ever thou shouldst see Alonzo de Ojeda, tell him of my fate.' "

And he died.

The man fled, and he alone, of all the seventy men who had accompanied Ojeda on that mad expedition into the forest, managed to escape the fury of the savages.

And Ojeda—what of him? He seemed to bear a charmed life. That last great sally of his, when with almost superhuman strength he hurled himself at his foes, seemed to strike terror into the hearts of the natives. They fell before him like chaff before the wind, and after a while, Ojeda found himself well away of them. But where was he? The forest was a maze to him; the darkness was intense; he knew not whither to turn. All that night he wandered about the forest; the next

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day he took to the mountains, and by a strange freak of chance, that night emerged near the coast. He was so weak from hunger, however, that he could not take another step, even although he knew that almost within hailing distance were the ships he had so foolishly left. All night he lay amongst the mangrove trees that skirted the water's edge, and there it was that next day a party of men from the ships, growing anxious about the expedition, and reconnoitring to see what had happened, found their leader "lying on the matted roots of the mangroves, his buckler on his shoulder, his sword in his hand, but so wasted with hunger and fatigue that he could not speak."

Three hundred arrow marks that buckler bore, yet Ojeda himself was scathless.

While Ojeda's men were attending to their leader's wants on shore, Nicuesa arrived with his fleet. Ojeda was in a quandary; he did not want to meet Nicuesa, and so commanded his men to return to the ships and leave him on shore until his rival had departed. The men obeyed, but Nicuesa's first inquiry was about Ojeda. Where was he? The men replied that he had set out on an expedition but had not returned; they were fearful for his welfare, and trusted that Nicuesa would not take the opportunity to revenge himself.

Nicuesa was angry at the very suggestion of such a thing.

" 'Seek your commander instantly,' he said, 'bring him to me if he be alive; and I pledge myself not merely to forget the past, but to aid him as if he were a brother.' "

Ojeda was found—easily enough; peace was made between the rivals, and the two joined forces to take vengeance on the natives who had so disastrously defeated Ojeda.

Four hundred men and a number of horses set off for the scene of the disaster. The natives, confident that they had disposed of their enemies, had settled themselves down in their village again. The night following Nicuesa's arrival, however, the forest was filled with the cries of a multitude of parrots, but the natives, little thinking what the cries portended, did not stir from their beds until they heard the tramp of many men coming through the village, smelt burning thatch, and heard the clatter of arms. The foe had returned !

The whole place was instantly in an uproar. The natives poured forth from their cabins, some armed, some without weapons of any kind. A fearful sight met them ; hundreds of men in shining armour were scouring through the village ; strange-looking steeds, iron-clad, and, as it seemed to the ignorant savages, belching forth fire, were galloping about. Little time, however, had they for looking : the time for action had come. The Spaniards fell to their deadly work, burned houses, killed men and women and children without mercy, and when their task of vengeance was over, turned to pillaging the village. During this part of the night's work they found the body of Cosa tied to a tree, and presenting such a terrible sight that when the booty was all gathered in, not a Spaniard would stay another moment in the village, and the whole company returned to the ships. Ojeda and Nicuesa were satisfied with the expedition ; it had glutted their vengeance, and, more, it had brought them a rich harvest of booty.

Nicuesa then departed for Veragua, and Ojeda, now realising that Cosa's advice had been good, decided to give up the idea of colonising that part of the coast, and set sail for the Gulf of Uraba. Here he formed a settlement, named it San Sebastian, erected a fort, and then

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dispatched a ship to Hispaniola, with a letter to De Enciso, asking him to come quickly with his recruits, provisions, etc.

This done, Ojeda turned his attention to the survey of his territory. As usual, trouble met him very soon. The natives were hostile, and the story of that expedition inland was but a repetition of previous ones which he had made in other places, and day after day fierce battles were fought. The whole forest was filled with lurking foes who would suddenly dash out and cut off stragglers. Then further difficulties cropped up. Food was running short, and at last they were reduced to eating "such herbs as they could find. The humours of their bodies became corrupted, and various diseases, combined with the ravages of famine, daily thinned their numbers. The sentinel who feebly mounted guard at night was often found dead at his post in the morning. Some stretched themselves on the ground and expired of mere famine and debility; nor was death any longer regarded as an evil, but rather a welcome relief from a life of horror and despair."

Ojeda himself had a narrow escape from death. So often had he gone unscathed that the Indians began to believe that he bore a charmed life (perhaps Ojeda himself almost believed it, too). One day the natives determined to put the matter to the test. They laid an ambush for him; several of their number advanced towards the fort, knowing that Ojeda and his men would sally forth to battle; the men in ambush were to aim only at Ojeda. The plan worked well. Ojeda and his men came out of the fort and engaged in the conflict; the ambushed men let fly their poisoned arrows; three struck the buckler and glanced off, but a fourth lodged in Ojeda's thigh. He was carried

back to the fort, to the distress of both himself and his men, but to the exultation of the natives, who now knew that the fierce soldier was vulnerable.

Ojeda knew the potency of the poison with which the arrows were tipped, and realised that unless something was done quickly he was a doomed man. He instantly made up his mind what to do. He had two iron plates made red hot, and then ordered the surgeon to apply one of them to each of the orifices of the wound. The surgeon refused; it would be nothing less than murdering his general. Ojeda swore to have him hanged unless he did as he commanded. The surgeon gave in and applied the red-hot plates, Ojeda refusing to be tied or held down while the operation was in progress. Setting his teeth, he bore the excruciating pain without a murmur, but his system was so inflamed "that they had to wrap him in sheets steeped in vinegar to allay the burning heat which raged through his body." The remedy was successful, and after a time Ojeda entirely recovered both from the wound and the cure.

Provisions were now so short that when, after a few weeks, a ship, commanded by an adventurer named Talavera, put in at San Sebastian, Ojeda was glad to part with almost everything he had got if by doing so he might get a fair supply of victuals. Talavera, therefore, made a good thing out of the sad condition of the settlement, but even his supplies gave out in time, and the old spectre of starvation stared them all in the face. Added to this, Ojeda found that his men were growing rebellious; some of them, in fact, were contemplating seizing one of the ships and sailing away to Hispaniola. Ojeda knew that if this was done it would be his ruin. His whole future prospects depended upon his making a success of the new settlement, and if the men deserted

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it would be impossible for him to do this. At last, having partially pacified the men, he volunteered to go himself to Hispaniola and bring reinforcements and supplies.

It was a good plan, but badly carried out. Ojeda went in Talavera's ship, and the two men, both used to unquestioned command, soon came into conflict, which ended, naturally, in Ojeda being put into irons.

Ojeda, blustering and impetuous, despite his shackles, raved at the man who had put him to such an indignity ; offered to fight him ; offered to fight every man in the crew, in fact ; and agreed to take them two at a time ! The challenges were not accepted, the men knew him too well, and so poor Ojeda had to remain in chains.

Not for very long, however. A fierce storm arose, and Talavera and his men, though good adventurers, were bad sailors, and had not sufficient knowledge to work the ship safely through the raging tempest. Talavera, therefore, knowing that Ojeda was a good navigator, made a truce with him, knocked off his shackles, and made him pilot of the ship for the rest of the voyage.

Ojeda took the helm, but too late to work the ship to Hispaniola. They were already far to the westward of that island, and do what he would, Ojeda could not steer the ship back. The vessel, after battling with the storm for many days, hove in sight of Cuba, and Ojeda, knowing that the old hulk could not keep together much longer, decided that the only thing to be done was to run her ashore.

This was done, and thus the adventurers found themselves on the southern coast of Cuba, far, far away from Hispaniola, but still with the determination in their hearts to reach that island somehow.

Their plan was to march across Cuba to the eastern extremity and trust to luck to find a means of getting to Hispaniola from there. The march began; through dense undergrowth they cut their way; across mountains and rivers they marched; through morasses they plunged and floundered. One morass took them thirty days to cross, and of the seventy who had left the ship only thirty-five survived at the end of that troublesome journey, for the morass had swallowed up man after man, while others had dropped from sheer exhaustion and weakness through lack of food.

The first sight that met their eyes as they emerged from the frightful morass was a native village. Contrary to their expectations, they were received with kindness, food and drink were brought them, and after a few days' rest they recovered from their exertions and hardships.

Ojeda then proceeded to carry out a vow that he had made. When on the dangerous journey through the morass he had vowed that if he was spared he would erect a small chapel at the first Indian village he entered, and leave there the picture of the Virgin which he always carried with him. He built the chapel, placed the picture over the little altar, and then explained his reasons to the chief. It is said that some years after, Bishop Las Casas visited the village, and saw the chapel and picture. He endeavoured to obtain the latter, but the chief, who was much impressed by Ojeda's story, ran off to the mountains with the relic, and did not return until the good bishop had departed.

The rest of Ojeda's story is soon told. He eventually arrived at Hispaniola, where he discovered that Enciso had already departed for the colony. He himself tried to raise another expedition to proceed thither, but

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failed. The colony was pronounced a failure, and Ojeda, brokenhearted at the ill-luck that had dogged his footsteps, and so poor that he had not sufficient money to leave to pay the expenses of his interment, died at San Domingo. "With his last breath he entreated his body might be buried in the monastery of St. Francis, just at the portal, in humble expiation of his past pride, that everyone who entered might tread upon his grave."

Thus died one of the most adventurous spirits of the golden days of discovery; a man that endured much but achieved little, his failure being chiefly attributable to the fact that, though he was brave and ambitious, he was too headstrong to take things calmly when calmness was most desirable for success. If there were two ways of doing a thing—one peaceful and the other by means of the sword—Ojeda generally chose the latter; and as often failed to accomplish his purpose.

IN DANGER'S HOUR

Perilous Adventures of Brave Boy Scouts

THE Boy Scout is one of the most recent figures of modern life, but already he has made a name for himself, and has accomplished things that make us regard him with hopeful hearts. He has had his adventures, and gone through his perils.

Scout adventures have mostly come when least expected, and have called for heroism and pluck; and the call has never been in vain.

The early morning of December 12, 1910, was dark and stormy, but this did not stop the boat practice on board the training-ship *Mercury*, stationed at Hamble. The boat's crew, officered by Brien, seamanship director, was told off for drill, and prepared to enter the boat. This was to be done by way of the boom, the lads taking up their positions on it one behind the other. The boat lay under the boom end, and the first boy dropped safely and took his place.

Just as the second boy, Raymond Witt, let go his grip on the boom a squall came up, turned the stern of the boat round, and Witt fell, not into the boat, but into the water, sinking immediately.

The splash of the falling body told Brien what had happened, and knowing that something must be done at once if the boy was to be saved, manned another boat and began to search the water for Witt. It was so inky dark, however, that although he rowed around

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for some time he caught no sign of the boy, and was about to go farther from the ship when the boat bumped into a body. Quick as lightning Brien leaned over the side and hauled the boy up, thinking that it was bound to be Witt. Judge his surprise, therefore, when instead of Witt it proved to be a lad named Yateman, who, as soon as he had seen what had happened, had jumped overboard, intending to go to Witt's rescue.

Yateman, swimming round and round the ship, had been unsuccessful in locating Witt, but said to Brien :

"Driver came over with me, and I believe he has found Witt."

"Where is he?" queried Brien hurriedly.

"I think he's nearer the shore," gasped Yateman.

Without losing a moment Brien turned his boat shorewards, his oarsmen pulling for dear life. By this time the darkness had lifted somewhat, and it was possible to discern things more clearly, and presently Brien saw two figures in the distance. They were nearer the shore than they were to the boat, and, as luck would have it, a couple of youngsters were idling about at the pierhead in a small boat.

"Hi! hi!" cried Brien.

His call attracted the attention of the boys, who, the next moment, heard Brien yell :

"Pick those boys up! Quick! They're drowning!"

Away over the water the youngsters sped in their little boat, straining every effort to reach the spot indicated by Brien.

Meanwhile, what had happened to Driver? He had been more fortunate than Yateman, and soon located Witt, who was unconscious and on the point of sinking when Driver grabbed hold of him.

Then began a terrible struggle for life. The darkness

was so intense that he could not see which way to go ; the sea was so rough that, cumbered as he was with his oilskins, which he had not stopped to throw off before he flung himself overboard, he had found it hard enough to keep afloat before he had caught hold of Witt, while now he was handicapped a thousandfold. The unconscious boy was a dead weight upon him, and Driver had to do the swimming for both of them. Yard by yard he made his way through the water, hoping either that he would come up against the ship, and so, by calling out, make his presence known, or else meet one of the boats which he had no doubt would be cruising round on the look-out for Witt. No one on board the *Mercury* knew that Driver had jumped overboard.

Now and again Driver raised his voice in a cry for help, but the wind, howling and blowing like fury, hurled his words back in his teeth. It was hopeless to expect that he would be heard, and at last he gave up the idea and reserved his breath for the task of upholding Witt, and made off towards the pier which by now he could see dimly through the gloom.

After a while the strain began to tell. His head grew dizzy ; his arms ached from their burden ; his legs refused to work ; he felt himself slipping away into unconsciousness. For some time he fought against it, but at length, weary and exhausted, he lost his senses, though with a convulsive grip he still clutched hold of Witt. A few minutes longer and both boys must have gone under, but at that instant the boat from the pier-head reached them, and the lads were hauled up.

Driver's efforts had been all in vain ; Witt was dead, and the rescuer himself was only saved in the nick of time, and had to be brought round by artificial respiration.

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Both Yateman and Driver were scouts, and each received honours from the association which is proud to know that they belong to it.

On May 17, 1911, Scout Dorow, passing by Burleigh Mansions, Charing Cross, suddenly heard a cry of "Fire! Fire!" and the next moment saw that one of the mansions was blazing, and that a number of women were at the windows, screaming for help.

The fire-engines had not reached the scene yet, and something would have to be done at once to get those women from their precarious position.

Dorow's first thought was for a ladder. Was there one handy? Rushing hither and thither in the search, he was lucky enough to find one. Dashing across to the burning building, he planted it against the wall. Heavens! It was far too short. What was to be done? Another search was made, another ladder found, but that, likewise, was not long enough.

Dorow was resourceful, and in a couple of minutes had spliced the two ladders together, and heaved a sigh of relief when he found that he could now reach the helpless women.

Heedless of danger he ran nimbly up his improvised fire-escape, brought down a woman, rushed up again and yet again, each time bringing down a tearful, hysterical woman. By this time the engines and escapes were on the scene, and Dorow found his place taken by the firemen, who were by no means adverse to making use of the ladder in the work of rescue, and five other people were saved by its aid.

On February 2, 1912, the Compton Verney Lower Lake was a scene of flitting figures, all occupied in enjoying themselves by taking advantage of the ice, which afforded them a much-wished-for opportunity

for skating. About eighty square yards of the ice had been broken in order to give the wild fowl a place to swim in, but this had partly frozen over, and was, of course, very dangerous.

Mr. Montague Conway, rushing across the lake, found himself getting unpleasantly close to the thin ice and tried to pull up. To his horror he discovered that he could not do so. He next tried to turn, but before he could do so there was an ominous crack, and the next moment the skater found himself in ten feet of icy-cold water.

Assistant Scout-master Hutton saw the accident and immediately skated towards the spot until he was within eight yards of where Conway had fallen through. Then, carefully, slowly, he crawled to the edge of the hole, reached out his hand to draw Conway up, and then, with a splash, he too dropped into the water! The ice had given way under him!

As soon as Conway saw Hutton in the water beside him he made a grab, caught him by the arm, and began to struggle violently. Do what he would, Hutton could not shake off the frenzied grip of the drowning man, and at last he was pulled under water. With an almost superhuman effort Hutton managed to free himself and rose to the surface again. Conway rose too, only to fall back once more, this time unconscious.

Hutton's efforts were now directed to catching hold of the drowning man. Groping about in the water for him, he at last managed to find him, and was able to keep him up by holding on to his ear.

That done, he shouted out for help.

"A stick! a stick!" he cried, intending to break away the thin ice foot by foot until he could obtain a firmer hold.

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His cry was heard, and Charles Hudson, who also had been coming to the rescue, carefully approached the two men, bringing the stick for which Hutton had called. Four yards more and he would be with them ; he never crossed that four yards, for the ice suddenly gave way beneath him, and he also fell into the water.

As soon as he rose to the top again Hudson flung his stick across to Hutton, and then scrambled out of his own predicament.

Meanwhile Hutton was tackling the thin ice which lay between him and safety. Inch by inch, foot by foot, he broke it away, keeping a firm hold on Conway's ear all the time. It was trying, difficult work, but at last it was done, and then, turning Conway on his back, Hutton pushed him up to the surface of the ice, climbed up himself, and then dragged the inert body to the shore.

Artificial respiration soon brought Conway round, and in a short time neither he nor his rescuer was any the worse for their perilous adventure.

